THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

JULY 29, '11

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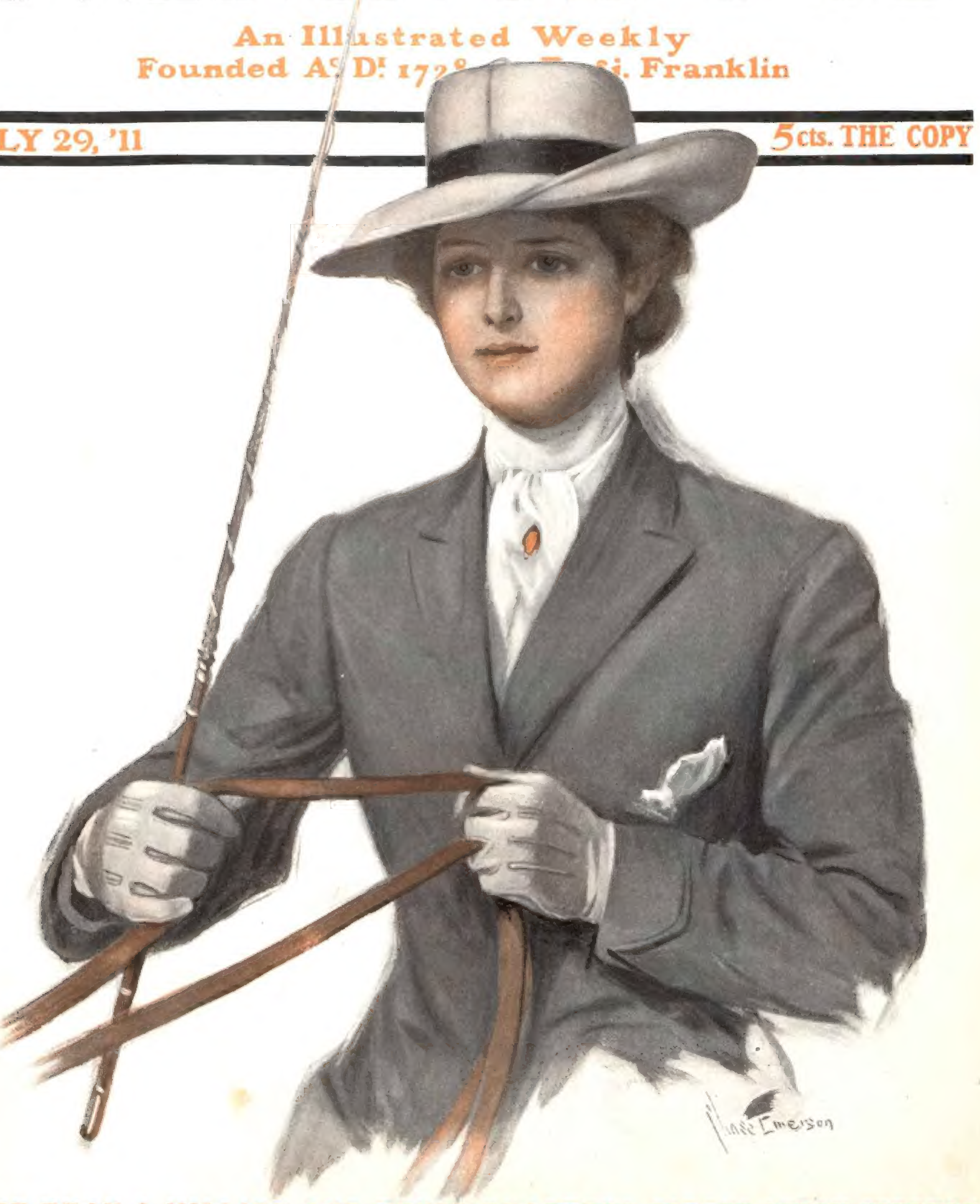
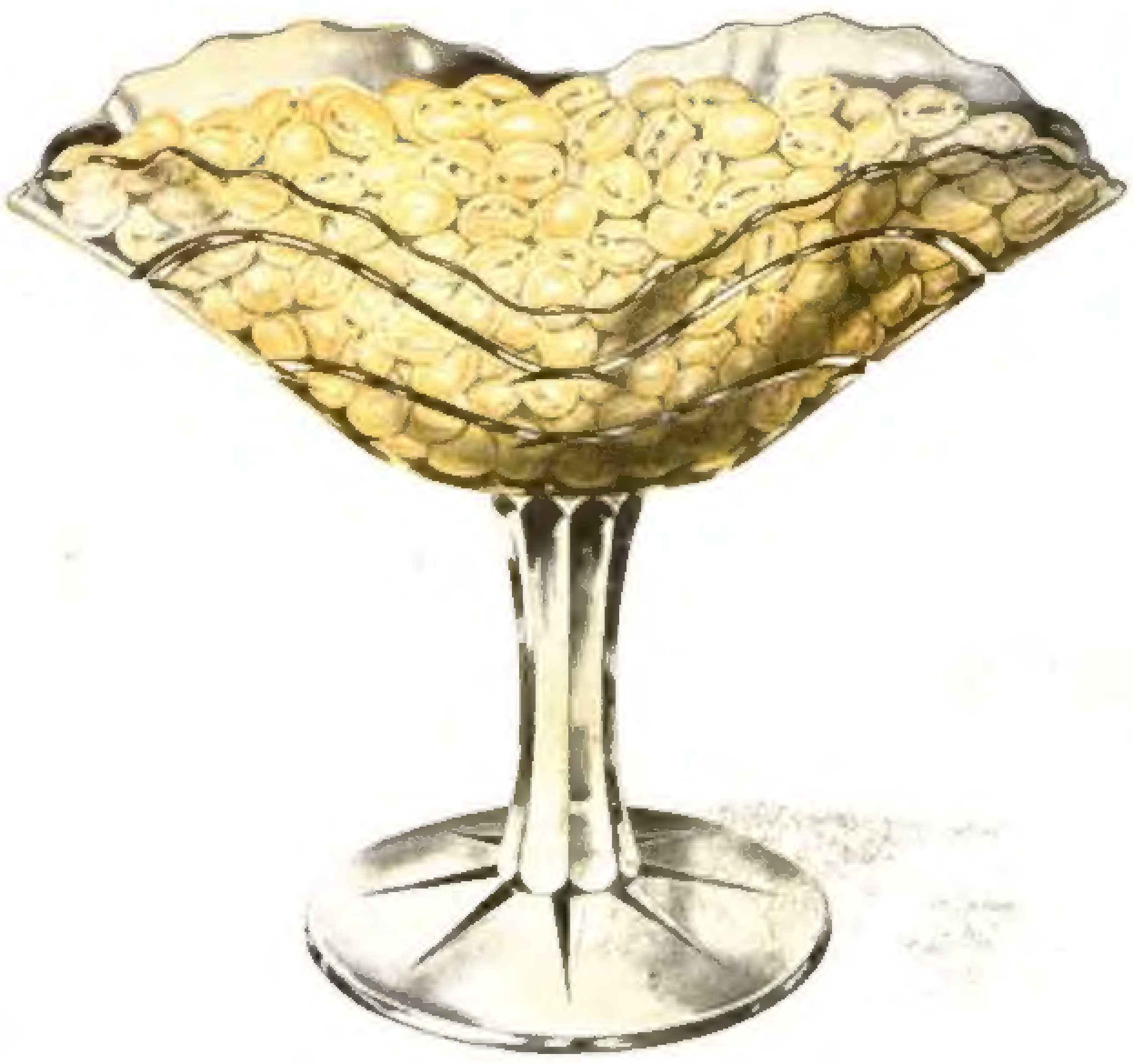
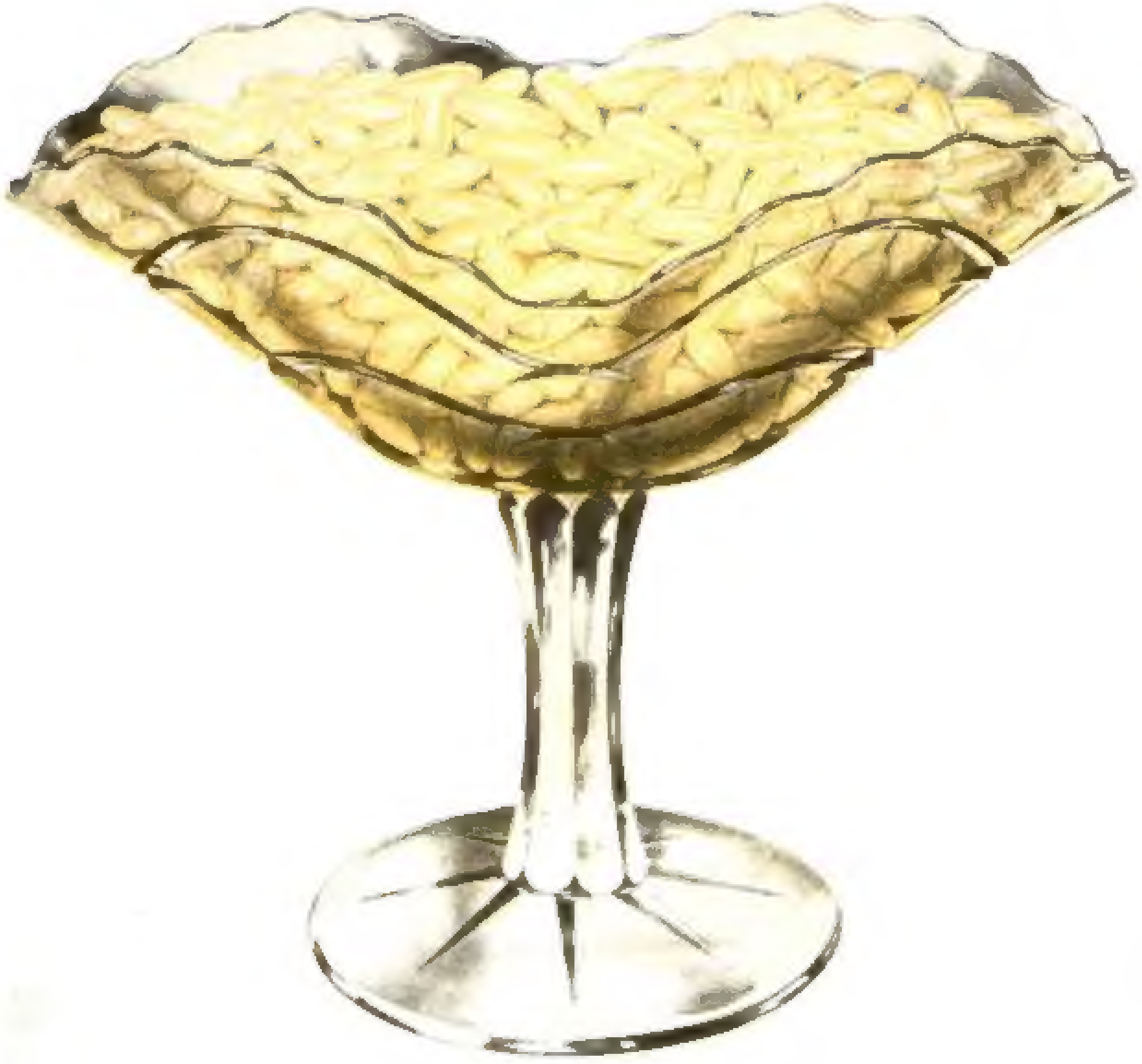


MORE THAN A MILLION AND THREE-QUARTERS CIRCULATION WEEKLY



Like Toasted Nuts



Like Fairy Wafers

Two Royal Foods

Prof. Anderson's Inventions — Grains Exploded by Steam
Puffed to Eight Times Normal Size

One is durum wheat, selected kernels. One is white, plump, luscious rice.

The grains are sealed up in bronze-steel guns. Then the guns are revolved for sixty minutes in a heat of 550 degrees.

Thus the moisture in the grain is converted to steam, and brought to terrific pressure. Suddenly the guns are unsealed, and the steam explodes. Every food granule is blasted to pieces, so that digestion acts instantly.

The grains which shoot out are eight times normal size. They are crisp and brown and porous. Yet the coats of the grain are unbroken.

Never were cereals made half so enticing — never half so digestible — as these gigantic grains.

We conducted a lunch room in the heart of New York when Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice were new. And we watched hundreds of people, day after day, flock there to get these foods.

Since then we have seen the home demand grow until 20,000,000 dishes are now consumed monthly.

Every two minutes, night and day, a gun filled with these foods is exploded.

This appeal is directed to you who don't know them — you who don't know what you've missed.

We ask you to buy just one package of each. Serve them in one of the ways we suggest. Do it now — while the weather is hot — for these are the summer foods.

One dish will tell the whole story. It will open the way to endless meals, more delightful than any without it.

Seven Ways to Serve

For breakfast, serve Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice with sugar and cream, like any other cereal.

Or mix the Wheat and the Rice together. Some folks like the blended foods better than either.

Or mix the puffed grains with your berries. They go well with the tart of fruit.

For luncheon or supper, serve like crackers in a bowl of milk. The puffed grains are crisper than crackers, and four times as porous as bread. They are whole-grain foods.

For dinner, use Puffed Rice as a garnish to ice cream. 'Twill suggest to you toasted nuts.

Use Puffed Rice in candy making — just as you might use nuts. Directions on the package.

Between meals, children like to eat the puffed grains dry, sprinkled with a little salt. Boys like to have a pocketful at play. The puffed grains are ideal for between-meal foods, for nothing else so easily digests.

These two distinct foods, served in these many ways, offer a wide variety. Telephone your grocer for a package of each and try some of these suggestions.

Puffed Wheat, 10c

Except in Extreme West

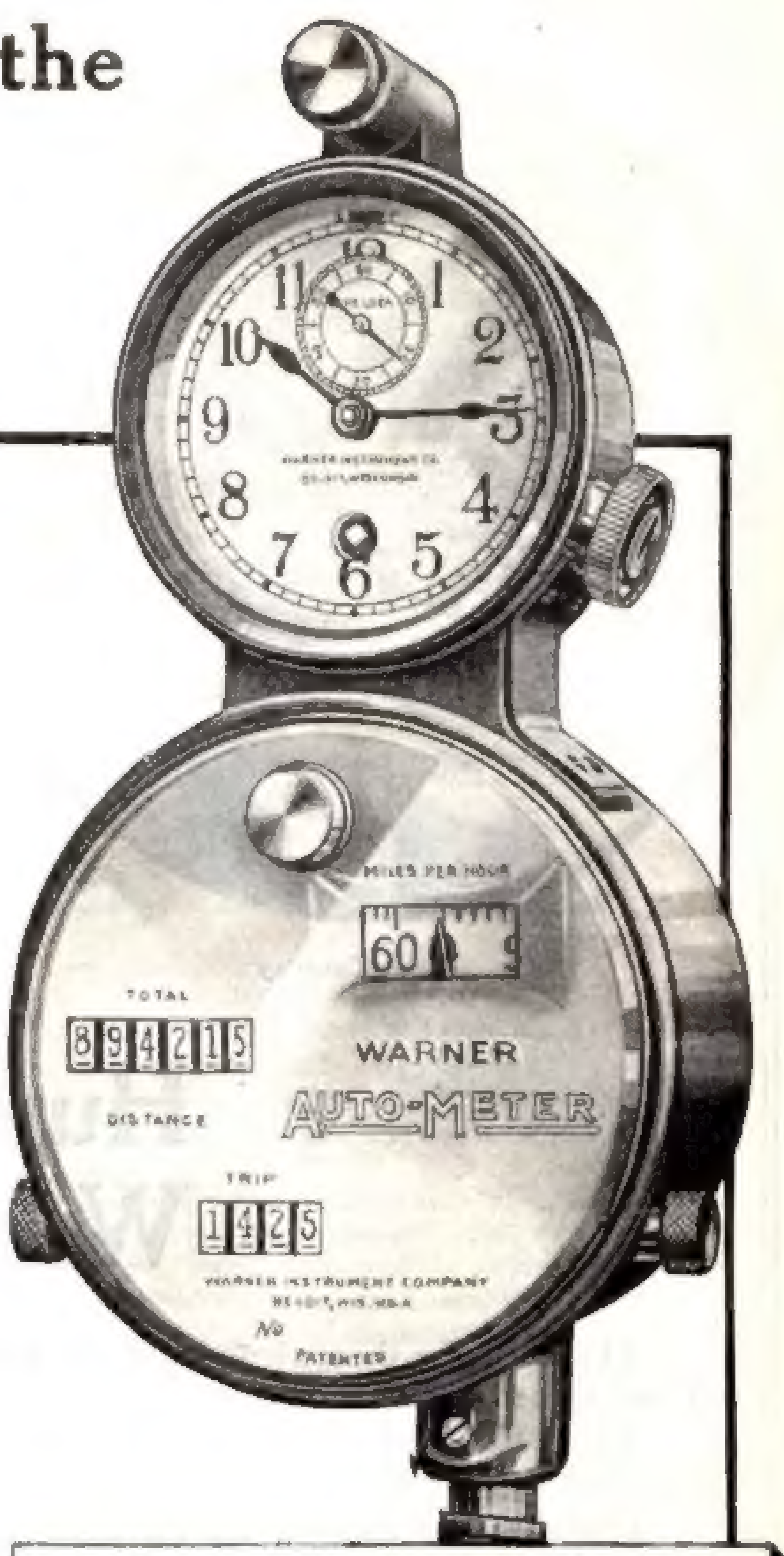
Puffed Rice, 15c

The Quaker Oats Company — Sole Makers

CHICAGO

(187)

The Warner Auto-Meter is Recognized as the "Hall-Mark of QUALITY" on an Automobile



PROSPECTIVE buyers and those in doubt decide on the quality of the car from the speed indicator it carries.

Note Why This Is True—

The speed indicator is the most looked-at thing on a car. The driver refers to it constantly every instant the car is in motion. Aside from indicating speed and distance it is used to check up every important operation of the car—to determine the efficiency of tires, how much gasoline per mile is being used, and in many other ways *it audits the car's performance.*

Because of its marvelous sensitiveness and accuracy and its ability to *continuously* give perfect service during the life of *many cars*, the Warner Auto-Meter is the speed indicator used on the choicest and best cars everywhere.

The Warner is so generally used on Quality cars that its presence on an automobile is accepted by the motoring public as evidence that the car itself is good and reliable.

It is an everyday occurrence to hear one motorist say to another: "I don't see the name of the car, but it *must be a good one*, for it has a Warner on it."

It is logical that it should be so.

Car designs are so uniform that it is difficult to tell one car from another—or the poor from the good by looking at them. For the points which make one car better than another are concealed under the hood—or the floor—or are covered with paint and varnish.

The Warner Auto-Meter is always in plain sight. Its supreme quality is generally known. It implies the same quality throughout the car.

Of course there are the uncaring in the automobile world as elsewhere. Anything that runs is to them a "good automobile." Any speed indicator is "good" if the hand moves. The term "sweet running motor" has no meaning to them and "accuracy and exactness" in the speed indicator is a secondary consideration to *price.*

We cannot sell—nor do we want to—the man content with inferiority and who puts price before performance.

One part of our trade is drawn from the *car manufacturer* who makes a good, reliable car—and who refuses to be influenced by the fact that "he does not make it and is thereby not responsible," to equip his good car with an inferior and unreliable speed indicator.

Such manufacturers either equip with the Warner or insist that their dealers and agents recommend it as of even quality with their car.

The other part of our trade comes from the car buyer who purchases a good car and desires every item of equipment to be in harmony with it. **Those who *care*, specify and insist on the**

New Model M2, $125

The New Model M2 has an *Extra Trip Reset*, permitting the trip odometer to be set to start at any desired mileage. The highest-grade Chelsea Clock now has *outside wind and set* (see illustration). This model is supplied with Warner large-figure odometer.

Season, 100,000 miles and repeat.

Trip, 1,000 miles and repeat.

Electric lights over clock and under bezel of instrument. The most popular Warner model.

Model K2, the same as New Model M, but without the Chelsea Clock, is also very popular at *$75*.

Model O2—"The Twins"—is the same instrument as New Model M above, but with large Chelsea Clock, same size as Auto-Meter, and set horizontally beside it. The *ultimate* in high-class instrument making—*$145*.

Auto-Meter prices range from $50, for Model R, upward to $145. Speed mechanism is the same on all models. Style, Odometer and finish only are different. Any model, with 100 mile per hour speed dial, at slight additional charge. All regular dials show any speed up to 60 miles an hour.

The 1912 Unbreakable Shaft Casing

This is made from two sizes of High Carbon Spring Steel Wire (construction patented) wound into an oil-tight flexible tube which cannot be broken in use. This overcomes shaft troubles under greatest speed strains, jars or shocks.

WARNER AUTO-METER

"The Aristocrat of Speed Indicators"

The Warner can be secured through reputable Automobile dealers in any city or town in the United States. Warner branches are maintained in all the principal cities for the convenience of these dealers and their customers. Inquiry to Beloit or at our branches is invited for Warner literature.

Warner Instrument Company

Main Offices and Factory

1159 Wheeler Avenue, Beloit, Wisconsin

Branch Houses Maintained at

Atlanta
Boston
Buffalo
Chicago
Cincinnati
Cleveland
Denver
Detroit
Indianapolis
Kansas City
Los Angeles
New York
Philadelphia
Pittsburg
Portland, Ore.
San Francisco
Seattle
St. Louis (122)

In the Country

In the Woods

In the City

Hungry People Everywhere Want Van Camp's in August

These are the days when we don't need to argue—the summer months when nobody wants to cook.

The outdoor months when people get hungry. And what else satisfies the hungry as do pork and beans?

Beans are 84 per cent nutriment. They have greater food value than beef. Do you know any food, at any cost, which people in general enjoy like this?

Millions of people now let us do the baking. They carry their meals on the pantry shelf, ready to serve in a minute. They buy Van Camp's a dozen cans at a time, and often serve them daily.

Everywhere in summer—in country and city, outdoors and indoors—people are eating Van Camp's.

Now, for the first time, many thousands are learning how good baked beans can be. They are proving that beans, when properly baked, are easy to digest. They are learning the need for steam ovens.

And never again will those people be satisfied with indigestible, half-baked beans.

They are finding Van Camp's nut-like, mealy and whole. They find them all of one size, and all baked alike.

They are learning the zest which tomato sauce has, made of whole, vine-ripened tomatoes. And they always will want it baked with the beans—baked into the beans—as they find it in Van Camp's.

And we have learned this: When hot weather is over those folks don't go back to home-baked beans, to the mushy and broken, the hard-to-digest. Every summer season brings Van Camp's a myriad new, permanent users.

When you want ready-baked beans, and want them right, insist on getting Van Camp's. You'll get Michigan beans then—the whitest and plumpest, picked out by hand. You'll get a sauce made from Livingston Stone tomatoes—from the whole tomatoes, ripened on the vines.

You'll get beans baked in steam ovens, at 245 degrees. Not a bean will be crisped, not one will be broken. Yet the beans will be baked five times as well as the usual home-baked beans.

The dish will come to your table with all the rich savor it had when it came from our ovens. Yet you can serve it cold in a minute, or hot in ten minutes. It is always ready.

Get Van Camp's once and you'll always demand them. They command by far the largest sale in the world because no other beans are like them. And not many people want any but the best in such cheap, delicious food.

Van Camp's
BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE
PORK AND BEANS

"The National Dish"

Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can.

Van Camp Packing Company Established 1861 **Indianapolis, Ind.**

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EATING FOR EFFICIENCY

Fueling the Bread-and-Butter Motor for Ages and Occupations

By Woods Hutchinson, A.M., M.D.

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

The Poor Youngsters Could Hardly Have Grown Up Had it Not Been for What They Begged From the Cook

MAN, biologically considered, is nothing but a stomach and its appendages—a thickish cast of his food tube. The only great organ in our interior, neither paired nor made in halves, is the stomach. It is the center of our universe, our only one and indivisible ego. To paraphrase the Grand Monarque, "*L'estomac; c'est moi*—the stomach; that is I." If you would hit a man's heart aim at his stomach. It is the real seat of the emotions and the physiological home of the soul.

Man is wonderfully proud of his erect position, but practically still, as Napoleon said of his army, he travels on his stomach like a serpent.

No mental triumph or moral uplift will be permanent unless it results in an improvement of the food supply. The Renaissance unlocked the granaries of a new world and the Victorian resurgence harnessed the elements themselves to the plow and the mill. As Ferrero puts it: "The only durable conquests are conquests made with the plow." He was a wise king of France who, when asked what was his ideal of prosperity for his people, replied that "Every peasant should have a fowl in the pot."

Neither body nor brain will work unless well fed, any more than an engine will run without coal; and the better they are fed, the better work they will do. Plain living and high thinking may go together, but the coincidence is purely accidental, like that between poverty and the virtues. The more pennies the high thinker can get for his thoughts, the better. The bread-and-butter motor which we call man has taken ten million years to make. It were a shame to run it at half speed for the sake of saving mere fuel. We are of more value than many butchers' bills; and of all false economies the falsest is economy in food. Let that be rich and abundant and you can live out-of-doors and go half naked with impunity.

Keep up a good head of steam pressure in your boiler and you are ready for any emergency, armed against any attack. Let it run low and you can neither fight nor run. Starvation will make cowards of us all.

We are what we have eaten. We are galvanized into that series of jerks which we term life by a current of sun-energy flowing through us; and the slot for the plug of the switch that connects us with the great sun-dynamo is the mouth. Pull out that plug, cut that wire—and our vital spark begins to flicker; and when the small supply of sun-current stored in our body-batteries is exhausted out it goes like an arc-light when the current is cut off. We literally hang on to life with our teeth. It is far better to be born with the germs of a good set of teeth in our mouths than with the proverbial "silver spoon."

It is one of the most merciful dispensations of Providence, one of the most convincing proofs of the kindness of Nature, that we actually enjoy chewing our end of the food-wire every time our body-battery is recharged, though we repeat it three times a day, every day in the week and every month in the year, all our lives long.

Happiness at Mealtimes a Sterling Virtue

THINK what a ghastly treadmill, what a weariness to the flesh, life would become if it were not so! In the aggregate, the joy of eating is the greatest and most enduring of the joys of life; like the mercies of Jehovah, it is "fresh every morning and renewed every evening." Yet most of us would be ashamed to admit it in public. We hurry to the table at the stroke of the clock, fall with silent and sawmill-like voracity upon our food; and if we spend more than twenty minutes in ingulfing it we think we are wasting our time!

Eating is a sacrament of Nature; and the most wholesome ceremonial rite ever invented by the ethnic religions was the feast. Why not frankly recognize it as such and elevate cookery to a fine art and the serving of tables to a profession of priestly honor and dignity—and make happiness at mealtimes a virtue and a part of our religion?

There is no such thing as menial service in this world if we only had the wit to see it. Put brains into it and it becomes a profession equal to any in dignity and far superior in importance to most. A cook may look at a king. Let me spread the tables of a people and I care not who makes their laws. Feasting excels fasting in wholesomeness as much as it does in popularity.

Enjoyment from a biologic point of view is Nature's mark of approval, her "pure food" label; and in order to enjoy what we eat we must eat what we enjoy. Appetite is not merely a whim or caprice, a mere preliminary flourish to the grand overture of feeding, which may be omitted or disregarded at pleasure; but it is the one and only solid foundation for a good digestion. "May good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both," is a wish pretty safe to be fulfilled. "Good is as good tastes" is a safe and reliable rule in dietetics.

We have not been experimenting for half a million years as human beings—and ten million years before that as animals—for nothing. What we like is pretty apt to like us, with a few occasional exceptions; and when we have an instinctive liking for a food it usually means that it is good fuel—clean-burning, free from clinkers and excess of ash, and neither likely to clog our flues with soot nor burn holes in our boilers.

"Peck and Trifle With Their Appetites All Day Long"

Nature herself today regards an appetizing flavor or smell as of such fundamental importance that she will not start up her digestion-factory without it. We all know how the smell or even sight of savory food will start our mouths to watering, as we say—in other words, our salivary glands to secreting. Pavloff showed, years ago, that, unless this preliminary reaction occurs and this mouth-watering saliva be swallowed, the stomach will fail to secrete in advance of the coming of the food a certain preliminary form of gastric juice—the now famous appetite juice; and if this juice fails to be secreted the food may lie in the stomach for hours before it begins to digest.

Simply to "poke things down" when mealtime comes, whether you have any relish for them or not, is almost as bad for the digestion as it is for the enjoyment of the meal.

How Appetite Aids Digestion

IF YOU haven't a good appetite go out and get one by exercise in the open air, or change your boarding house or your cook. The same sort of long-distance telephone which sets the eating and digesting machinery going continues all through the meal—each particular kind of food taken sending down its message to the stomach, or the pancreas, or the liver—and they as promptly sending messages back when as much of each kind as they are able to dispose of has been taken in. So that the same mentor which told you when to begin and what to choose tells you how much of each sort to eat and when to stop, in tones that can scarcely be mistaken.

No one of his own accord would make a meal entirely on dry bread or gorge himself solely upon beefsteak, or endeavor to satisfy his hunger with chunks of pure butter or with sugar by the tablespoonful. All we know is that we get tired of or quickly lose our appetite for any one of these single foods alone, no matter how nutritious or digestible it may be. The real reason, however, is that Nature has provided digestive capacity for only such amounts of each of these as she can utilize in the body; and when this limit has been reached we loathe that particular kind of food. We always crave or "jest naturally hanker for" butter on our bread, potatoes with our meat, sugar and cream with our mush, and pudding, pie, dessert or fruit at the end of every meal.

All attempts to regulate our dietary by limiting ourselves to one dish of the meal—or, indeed, to any number under four or five—are simply forms of starvation, useful, perhaps, in getting rid of fat, but incapable of sustaining

The Warden Declared That He Always Had Hopes of the Reformation of a Criminal Who Had Retained His Taste for Apple Pie!

good working power and health. The ancient article of faith that it was a virtue to always leave the table feeling as if we could have eaten a little more is pure superstition, based on the Puritanic assumption that anything we don't like to do is sure to be good for us. Eat until you feel satisfied is the safest rule for health. Very few human beings have the appetite of pigs—even when they "let go" completely; when they have they had better indulge it; they'll probably survive it—worse luck! Some of those who have made more money than they ever earned spend it as foolishly and unwholesomely as they made it; but the sooner they are dead the better, so that the rule, "Eat till you feel you've had enough," still holds.

There is just one kind of good food—and that is every kind. After millions of experiments and thousands of analyses; after elaborate measurements and most delicate balancings of calories taken in and heat and work given out; after checking nitrogen intake against nitrogen outgo—the physiologist has finally come to a conclusion about foods closely resembling that of the Kentucky colonel on whisky. Some one had spoken in his presence of a certain brand as "bad whisky." "Suh," said the colonel in his politest but most positive tones, "there is no such thing as bad whisky. Some kinds are better than others and others are poorer than some; but they are all good, suh!"

The worst fault that any food can have is that there is not enough of it. The advice of "old Mis' Means," in the Hoosier Schoolmaster: "Git a plenty while yer a-gittin'!" is an admirable and fundamental dietetic maxim. One of the consolations of our increasing knowledge is that it has become so enormously complex as to show signs of becoming simple again. After trying every imaginable patent substitute and fancy cookery improvement and laboratory "demnition product," we have finally reached the conclusion that, after all, there is nothing to eat but food. And the only foods that will fill the bill and supply the energy, and stand the wear and tear of three meals a day, seven days out of the week, are the good, common, old-fashioned, every-day foods, fresh from Nature's laboratory, just as they grow or come on our tables—bread and butter, and meat, and cake and cheese, and fruit and pie, and sausages, and buckwheat cakes with maple syrup, and coffee with cream in it—the kinds "that mother used to make."

The Richest Foods the Best

EVEN our sick-room dietaries are now made to resemble every-day diets as closely as possible. No laboratory has ever yet been able to improve upon Nature. For teas and gruels, and panadas and jellies, and pulps and slops of every description, we now substitute pure milk and fresh eggs, and beef and fresh fruits of all sorts, and sugar, and bread and biscuits, and ice cream, much to the advantage of our patients in every way. And there is scarcely a single disease, except inflammatory conditions of the digestive tract, for which starvation, even in the form politely termed "low diet," is considered a remedy. Even strictly to limit food intake in cases of chronic digestive disturbance is no longer invariable. A "dose" of good, wholesome food is often one of the best intestinal antiseptics.

There is not even one food for childhood, and another for manhood, and another for old age—but only different-proportion amounts of the same seventy or eighty different common foods; and the best guides to these various proportions and amounts are our own natural preferences at these different ages. Children, contrary to the general impression, need the richest and most expensive and nutritious kinds of food, of all the ages and of a somewhat less varied range. Like the young of all birds and animals, no matter what their adult diet may be, we start as carnivora-eaters of liquid flesh, called milk. The nitrogen-containing foods—meat, eggs, milk, with fat in the form of butter and cream—should form the backbone of the dietary in childhood, supplemented, but never supplanted, by the starches and sugars—bread, biscuit, puddings, cake, candy and sweet fruits—and, last and poorest of all, mush.

Acid fruits and a moderate amount of fresh vegetables are also wholesome, but for these children as a rule have only a limited appetite.

If We Spend More Than Twenty Minutes in Ingulfing it We Think We are Wasting Our Time

Here, again, the wisdom of babes is superior to that of Solomon, for the sour fruits and the green vegetables are the very poorest and lowest in fuel-value of all our foods, being ninety-five per cent water and fiber; and the child's stomach is really so small that he has no room for such shavings in his firebox; while the acids, alkalies and salts which they contain, though valuable in adult and later life, are present in abundance in his milk, meat, eggs, bread and sweet fruits. Of all the starches and grain, wheat in some form is king in childhood, as in every age of life, because it contains most of the life-building nitrogen combined with its starch. Children love good bread and butter, or biscuits, or toast, or wheat cereals, but take only a languid interest in rice, potatoes, oatmeal or cornmeal. And they know not only on which side their bread is buttered but what color it should be and how thick—just thick enough to carry the butter properly.

It is not best to force children's tastes for fear they will not be able to eat everything that comes on the table later in life. They really have rather a limited range of likings up to ten or twelve years of age. Milk and bread and butter, and eggs, and bacon and fresh meat, and plain cake, and sugar and home-made candy, and plenty of sweet fruits, and a few nuts and green vegetables cover most of their requirements. To their fresh and unblunted palates many articles of diet which adults appreciate highly taste strong and rank, and even nauseating—in their direct and simple phrase, "Nasty!" Though there are exceptions, as a rule these articles of diet are not very nutritious and are quite unnecessary for them; and there need be little fear but that they will develop a taste for them later in life, just as they do for many other things for which they care little in childhood. Nature never provides an instinct ahead of its time.

To compel children to eat whatever is put on their plates or some of everything on the table is both foolish and unnecessary, though it is entirely of a piece with many other things that are done in the name of education and training. You cannot put old palates into young mouths any more than you can put old heads on young shoulders, and the combination would be as ridiculous as impossible in both cases. Old heads and toughened palates are bad enough in the old, without endeavoring to impose them upon the young before their time. Much of the so-called wisdom of advancing years is little better than a more pompous kind of foolishness. And the sapience which lays down children's dietaries is emphatically of this order, for these are usually constructed upon the plan of containing as much as possible of things which are cheap and easy to prepare. "Oh, that will do for the children and servants!" is a common Old World phrase. What the children really needed physiologically did not enter into consideration at all, any more than what they personally preferred. Many of the old-fashioned "plain and simple" dietaries for children were so outrageously deficient in both nitrogen and fuel-value that the poor youngsters could hardly have grown up on them had it not been for what they "commandeered" from the jam closet and the pantry, or begged from the cook—just like the educational menus upon which the young minds of the rising generation are expected to nourish themselves.

Children usually have little liking for dishes of strong, burning or pungent flavor, or for foods that have been heavily salted or peppered, or otherwise highly seasoned; and this repugnance is a real protection, and should be respected and even encouraged instead of attempting to overcome it at the earliest possible age. The simple, natural flavors of the two or three dozen most common and most nutritious foods are really better and more enjoyable than any amount of seasonings and spicings; and the later in mature life we can retain these simple tastes of childhood the longer it will be before we begin to grow old—and wicked. The warden of Millbank Prison declared that he always had hopes of the reformation of a criminal who has retained his taste for apple pie! No small share of the function of spices and pungent flavorings is either to stimulate the jaded palate of middle age or to disguise the faded and musty flavors of cheap and decaying scraps. The skill of the culinary artist is too often wasted in making palatable that which is not fit to eat.

A "Dose" of Good, Wholesome Food is Often One of the Best Intestinal Antiseptics

Hash, for instance, is an onioned sepulcher; and if we never ate anything except those things which are appetizing and palatable, without being highly flavored or smothered in sauces and rich gravies, we should avoid many an attack of indigestion and of ptomaine poisoning. Children often have a distaste amounting almost to disgust for rank and coarse vegetables like cabbage, turnips and onions, or for beans or strong cheese, or for the coarser or oily kinds of fish, and for salt fish and salt meats. For most of these they will naturally develop an appetite and liking in after life—but, even should they not, these vegetables have exceedingly little food value; and beans and salt meat and dried fish, unless very carefully prepared, are so likely to upset the digestion that their high nutritive value is heavily discounted by this fact.

It is relatively seldom that children have a dislike for any food which is nutritious, digestible and free from any objectionable character. It is much better to let them take their food supply from a few simple, nutritious and digestible articles of diet, and to let these unessential tastes develop later, either from natural growth or from the pressure of necessity.

Many of these coarser vegetables, particularly cabbage and turnips, belong to the bygone Dark Ages of dietetics, when it was impossible to secure fresh foods for about six months in the year, and when dried or salted foods were the only resource in the seasons of scarcity and famine that were of decennial occurrence.

Though children are exceedingly fond of fat in the shape of butter or cream, or the more delicately flavored nuts—such as almonds, English walnuts and pecans, and these form a small but very necessary part of their diet—yet they often have an equally decided distaste for the somewhat ranker and slightly musky flavors of the fat of mutton, beef and pork. Those of us whose memories go back to the period when children were brought up strictly and compelled to eat everything that was put on their plates can remember that the morsels that most frequently survived in tallowlike isolation upon that greasy surface were pieces—or, in the downright phraseology of childhood, "gobs"—of fat meat which, like Banquo's ghost, would not down.

The Surest Way of Wasting Food

IN THOSE days this distaste was regarded as pure perversity; and as the principal purpose of education and training was to teach children that no nonsense of any sort would be tolerated, and that they must learn to do what they did not like just because they did not like it, the unfortunate youngster had to swallow his lump of fat or take the consequences. His vindication has come at last, however, for careful experiments on both children and grownups have shown that the fat of meat, and still more the fatty flesh of the richer fishes, are far less digestible than butter and cream, and when they do fail to digest give rise to some of the most dangerous and poisonous products that are formed in the alimentary canal. One little piece of fat that has undergone the rancid butyric-acid fermentation will upset the entire digestive tracts and system.

Let the child cut most of the fat off his meat and pile the butter on his bread half an inch thick if he wants to. Nature knows what she is about when she urges him to do both of these. Incidentally it might be remarked that the most effective way of wasting a piece of food is to compel any one to swallow it who does not want it, or to eat it yourself, "just to keep it from being wasted."

I knew an old guide in the Canadian wilderness who was not altogether of this opinion, for it was his habit when camp was being broken up to put on the bark table for the last meal every particle of food which was not in shape to be packed into the baskets or canoes, and he would sit down and devour it to the last crumb. When we remonstrated with him that he had better throw the stuff away than cram himself like that he would shake his old head and reply: "Petter that the pelly should pust than the good grub should go to waste." I fancy that even the most rigid economist in the matter of eating would hardly be prepared to go as far as that.

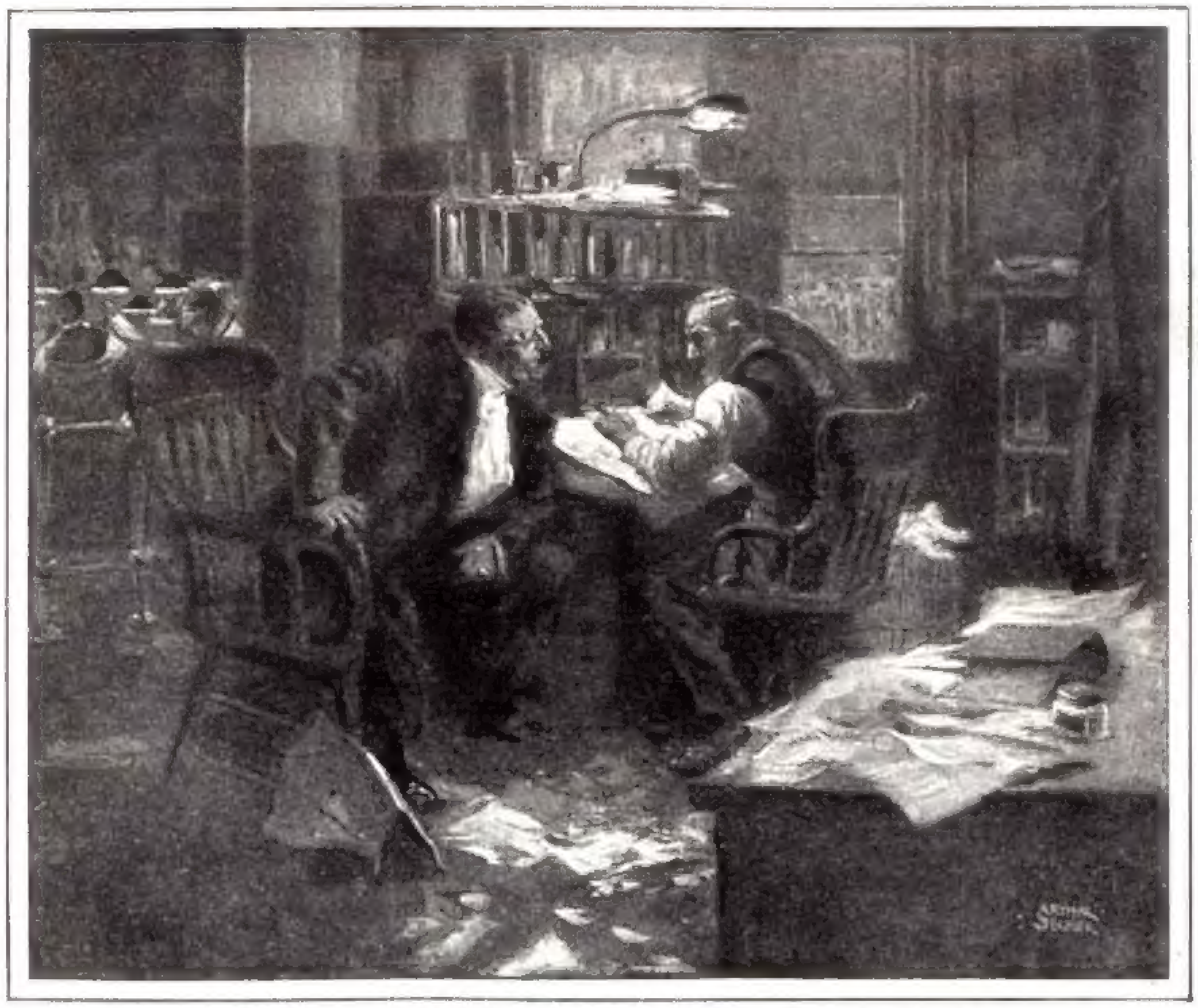
Unfortunately many of the so-called cheap foods and economic dietaries recommended to the poor by diet kitchens and schools of domestic economy, though they may serve to support life and furnish a fair degree of working power for adults, are exceedingly ill-suited to

(Continued on Page 26)

THE LAST EDITION

By Svetozar Tonjoroff

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR E. BECHER



"Boland, You're the First Man Who's Ever Stood Up to Me in All My Life"

JOHN BOLAND sat at his desk with shoulders humped forward, looking over the proofs of the morning's issue of the Standard and nervously tearing each slip into bits after he had read it. The shaded light overhead showed a thin, oddly lined face, with firm lips, scant gray hair and the wrinkled forehead of a man who has lived in perpetual anxiety. The pile of torn paper on the floor by his chair indicated that he had been through most of the night's proofs and that presstime for the last edition was near. Yet he continued to tear those ink-smutted strips with a steady, conscientious movement of the fingers, as if much depended upon the thoroughness of his destructive work.

Suddenly a two-line "head" caught those penetrating gray eyes that had seen with a swift, trained glance through many a questionable affair. He read the matter over twice, with a mildly curling underlip, arose, walked in a leisurely way to the brass rail that cut off his desk from the remainder of the large, dingy room and called to the night editor:

"Henry, take a good look at galley twenty-nine—the story slugged 'Page One.'"

"Yes, sir," responded the night editor from the hollow of the horseshoe desk, fingering the long, narrow slips that hung from the spike at his elbow.

"Kill it," ordered the managing editor, in that quiet voice that nobody had ever heard him raise.

"But—but, Mr. Boland ——"

The night editor shoved his chair back with a clatter from the opening of the horseshoe, approached the rail and began to explain to his chief in an embarrassed undertone:

"I ran that at the personal request of William B. Hansford."

"I don't care if you ran it at the personal request of the Sultan of Sulu, or the Metropolitan of Philippopolis. Consolidated Coal isn't getting any advertising in this paper unless it's run in the advertising columns."

The night editor hesitated. He lowered his voice.

"You know Hansford is chairman of the executive committee of Con. Coal ——"

"Con. Coal is good. It's a 'con' all right!"

"And you've heard that he's negotiating for ——"

"Yes; but he hasn't got the Standard yet. Kill it dead. This paper isn't in the business of cracking up rotten corporations—not yet anyway!"

When the night editor had turned away, slowly shaking a doubting head, Boland resumed his seat, ran his eyes down the last of the proofs, tore the paper reflectively into bits, sat back in his chair, clipped off the end of his cigar and put the weed between his teeth without lighting it. The dry smoke was the outward sign of heavy thinking with John Boland—and he was doing some heavy thinking now. For it was an office secret that William B. Hansford, of Cincinnati, whom the "Row" knew as a successful speculator in moribund newspapers, had been trying to get control of the Standard. What would happen if the deal were to go through Boland surmised at this moment with a wince. For Hansford was the high priest of the saffron cult and the traditions of the Standard were staid and sober in the extreme. Boland had come to the Standard twenty years before, with glowing ideas of what a newspaper should be. Gradually, under the repressive influence of a management consisting mainly of two old maids, he had subsided to the drab level of what was required of him. He recalled now that his fiftieth birthday would arrive in six days; and he turned over in his unquiet mind the dictum of the "Row," that at fifty a newspaper man has ceased to be useful, and that it behooves him to look around for a suitable old men's home in which to end his days with a minimum of discomfort.

And then he fell to thinking of his two daughters at the finishing school in West One Hundred and Twentieth Street and of what would become of them in the event of the sale of the paper to this man Hansford, who had the name of a bully. Ten years earlier the problem would have been easy of solution, but now, when Boland was all but fifty, with a well-established reputation for the sort of journalism at which the "Row" had been scoffing, it would be quite another matter.

His forehead became unmistakably moist and the wrinkles grew deeper upon it as he surveyed the gloomy prospect. He pulled out his check-book and summed up his balance in bank. He shook his head as he contemplated the flimsy thinness of the barrier that lay between those girls and distress. A rapid apportionment of the modest total showed him that, in the event of the loss of his employment, chaos would come in two months—yes, in six weeks. His adventurings into the higher mathematics were interrupted by the awed voice of Eddy, the office-boy:

"Mr. Hansford, Mr. Boland!"

The mention of the name gave Boland a start; yet he replied with his habitual outward calm:

"Show him in."

The next moment a huge bulk in evening clothes, his overcoat open and displaying an unnecessary amount of white shirt-front, his opera hat tilted jauntily back, strode in, and the brass gate swung behind him with a creak.

"Are you Mr. Moreland?" he asked in a slightly asthmatic voice, his hat maintaining its position firmly on his oddly shaped long head.

"No; my name's Boland," replied the managing editor, nettled by the aggressive atmosphere that surrounded the personality of the speculator in moribund newspapers.

"Oh, yes—Mr. Boland!" the other corrected himself, as he advanced with a heavy thump of heels. He waved a fat gloved hand in a deprecating way, as if he really meant to say: "Well, Moreland or Boland, it's all the same. What's the use of splitting hairs?"

He settled himself massively into the armchair beside the managing editor's desk, adjusted his hat at a slightly forward angle, crossed his elephantine legs with an effort and began to set forth his business with simple directness:

"My name's Hansford—W. B. Hansford, of Cincinnati—and I've come to take over the paper."

He said it with a long, sharp face thrust forward, and close-set, disagreeable eyes flickering with an unpleasant light. The man at the desk caught his breath, then quickly recovered himself.

"You've put the deal through, then, Mr.—Mr. Bamford?" he asked, in that gentle voice that concealed much dynamic force. He could not resist the retort in kind.

"Hansford—Hansford!" rejoined the other testily, with a look of doubt. Then he waived the digression as unworthy of the time and the place and went on unfolding a paper, which he laid on the desk before the managing editor.

"Run your eyes over that. I take charge of the property at noon today. And I want to begin getting ready now."

Boland, as he bent over the sealed and signed paper with a queer fluttering sensation in the region of his heart, heard the click of closing jaws, like the click of a sprung trap. He became aware that his own lips were quivering never so slightly; that a hot wave over his body was being fast pursued by a cold one. He found himself cursing his chief and mildly censuring the two old maids who had got from under and left him to deal with this situation. Finally he raised his head from the scrutiny of the document and nodded his assent with the casual air of a man who has been examining an innocuous account of a Saint Patrick's Day dance. His unruffled manner seemed to disappoint the ponderous man opposite him.

"Well, what do you want me to do about it, Mr. Hansford?"

The hand that passed the paper back showed no tremor.

"I want you to fire the staff. They've got to be out here by eleven fifty-nine A. M. today."

"It's customary to give a week's notice. We've been in the habit of giving a month."

"Fire 'em—fire 'em now! It might as well be now as later," blurted Hansford.

For a moment the two men sat taking one another's measure with their eyes. Boland had been accustomed to dismissals and rumors of dismissals by the lightning method. It was the practice in most of the metropolitan newspaper offices. For one whole hour, only three days earlier, the "Row" had discussed the story of the managing editor, only a block down the street, who had arrived at his office at the usual time to find the star reporter installed at the desk of authority and to be greeted with the information that he himself no longer was connected with the paper. But in the Standard office things had been different, thanks to the innate decency of John Boland. Consequently it went much against his finer grain to do the thing that this buccaneer of the journalistic main wished him to do. And yet Hansford's argument commended itself to his reason. They were all fired, surely enough—all these men whom he had sworn by much oftener than he had sworn at—and they might as well know it without unnecessary loss of time. Hansford went on in a belligerent tone:

"I've got my own staff—an all-star aggregation from Cincinnati—and they'll be in this office at twelve noon today—on the dot."

The new owner's manner reminded Boland, without much subtlety, of the flamboyant personality of a circus barker in action.

"Not so loud—not so loud," he protested.

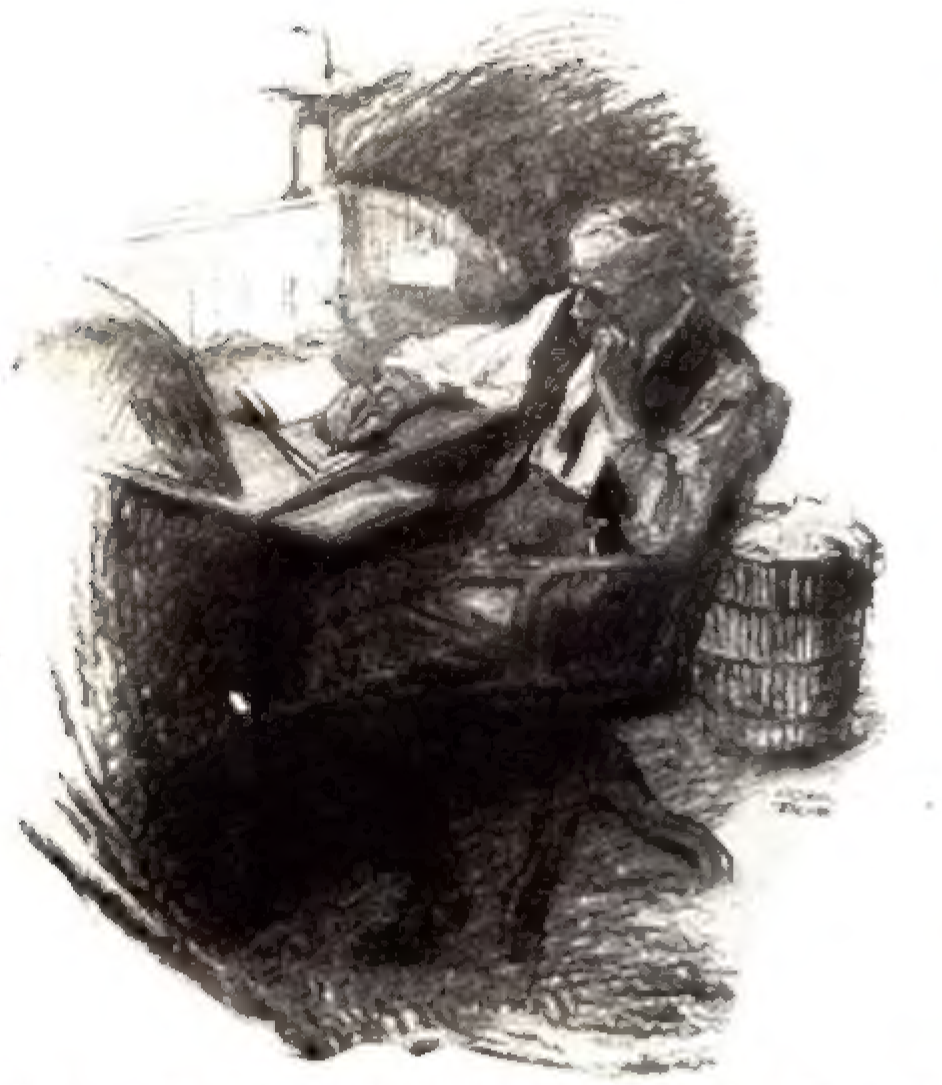
Boland glanced into the dingy region beyond the brass rail and saw heads turned toward the storm-center at his desk.

A picture of unemployed men, pacing the sidewalks of Park Row, arose before his mind. One of the aimless wanderers looked very much like himself. Finally he lifted himself heavily from his chair, feeling his age—that age which relegated men to the junk-heap of the "Row"—crossed to the rail and began:

"Gentlemen ——"

A score of heads bobbed up from half a dozen desks. A score of faces, pasty-white in the shaded glare, turned expectantly to him. The entire rear guard of the night force was there, except the night editor, who had gone up to the composing room to send the last pages to press. Boland cleared his throat.

"Gentlemen," he resumed, "I've been asked by Mr. Hansford—W. B. Hansford, of Cincinnati—to inform you that the paper has changed hands ——"



He Shook His Head as He Contemplated the Flimsy Thinness of the Barrier That Lay Between Those Girls and Distress

He hesitated and stopped. Something seemed to stick in his throat. In the interval of profound silence he heard the creak of the shaver in the stereotype room. In a moment, he calculated, the vibrating roar of the presses would begin and the last edition of the Standard would be out—the last that would come from his hands. He mastered himself and made a fresh start:

"—— and that your connection with the Standard ceases this morning!"

He drew his breath in relief. It was over and done with. It struck him that a stillness had descended upon the large room, with its dark corners unexplored by the light—a stillness so tense that it could be heard like a shout. Even the shaver had stopped its tenuous, metallic shrieking. Then an audible spoken response came to his declaration. It proceeded from the desk of the "rewrite" man—who recently had announced his engagement to the belle of Bronxville—and it sounded suspiciously like "Oh, hell!"

When Boland returned to his desk he found Hansford standing, his hands thrust deeply into his trousers pockets, his opera hat tipped back, a greater expanse than ever of shirt-front showing, an enigmatic smile shadowing mordant features. "Fired 'em all, Mr. Boland?"

The question, asked in an idle, bantering tone, seemed singularly unnecessary to the managing editor. He answered curtly:

"You heard me."

"Then fire yourself," came the rejoinder, like the snap of the jaws of a vicious dog.

Boland chewed on his unlit cigar for relief to his emotions, and settled himself in his chair with a sensation of unsteadiness, as if he were on the back of a bucking horse. He surveyed the sharp face that lowered upon him in gratuitous menace and found his words again:

"I have fired myself, Mr. Hansford. I fired myself the minute I saw you coming into the room. But I didn't expect you'd be in such a hurry. I had an idea ——"

"You had an idea!" echoed Hansford, straightening his back with a jerk, as if he had been galvanized into action by an electric shock. "Did I understand you to say that you had an idea?"

"Yes. I got it canned from Cincinnati," answered Boland. Then he resumed his dry smoke.

Hansford stared at him and a blue vein swelled out on his forehead. His manner began to shrink gradually, like the feathers of a mollified turkey-cock. He resumed in a calmer tone, his astonishment showing in a slight stutter:

"Wh-why, Mr. B-Boland, I didn't think an idea could have sneaked into this God-forsaken old shop when nobody was looking. There hasn't been a sign of one in the Standard for a year, to my knowledge. I've been through the files in the public library with a fine-tooth comb."

The new owner resumed his seat with the air of a man who is buckling down to business after meandering far afield in useless speculation.

"Look here, Boland," he began with a confidential air, "you've heard of me. I'm the original bad man from Badville. Now Badville happens to be in Missouri. Therefore, by the simple accident of birth, I'm willing to be shown. You've acted pretty cocky for a man who's just lost his job, and I w-want to find out if there's anything back of it—to call your b-bluff, in other words. Give us a sample of the ideas you've got—canned from Cincinnati."

Boland saw his advantage. He pressed it hard.

"Haven't any time," he retorted carelessly.

"Haven't any t-time!"

"No; I've got to clean out my desk."

Hansford brought his huge, beefy fist down on the arm of his chair with a bang.

"I m-mean it," he snorted—"on the level!"

The managing editor took swift thought of two girls on the platform at the commencement day exercises in their last year's frocks. He pulled himself together with new finesse to the game he was playing, and eyed the other man with cool eyes bordering upon insolence.

"To begin with," he vouchsafed grudgingly, "I'd close up the London office and open one in the Tenderloin, one in Newark and one in the Bronx. They're nearer home by a few thousand miles."

"Why didn't you do that before?" snapped Hansford.

"I haven't had the chance."

"Oh, on account of that moth-eaten chief of yours and the two old maids who've been bossing him, I suppose?"

Boland frowned forbiddingly. He glanced with swift indignation into the close-set, singularly cold eyes of his interlocutor.

"Go ahead," commanded Hansford, with a face like a mask.

"Well, if you really want to know, Mr. Hansford, I'd put some gimp into the paper all around. In the first place, I'd give the women something to read every morning, including Sundays. Something about new desserts, and how to make a pretty and capacious catch-all out of an old overshoe, or a swell party dress out of a pair of cast-off lace curtains. And I'd cut the debate in Congress down to a stick, unless the proceedings had to do with the poor man's table or his wardrobe, or unless they slopped over into the sporting column because of an argument of fists. And, speaking of sports, I'd expand the sporting department into two pages every morning, four on Sundays."

"You would, eh?"

"I'd dump the heavyweight intellectual editorials and I'd hand out a bunch of light, biffy stuff that would be stronger on argument than on grammar. On top of that I'd adopt a healthy tone of belligerent Americanism, wide-awake and on the job. I'd give the British lion's tail a stiff tweak about once a week, to raise a shout from our Irish and German friends; and I'd turn around and pull a bunch of feathers out of the right wing of the German eagle, to make the Johnny Bulls shout 'Ear—'ear!' But, first, last and all the time ——"

Boland got up and drew a long, eager breath. It seemed good to be talking to a real human being—even if he was the bad man from Badville. His eyes shone; his voice vibrated; the thought flashed through the back of his brain that the theory that consigned the man of fifty to the junk-heap was a singular piece of folly. He went on, nailing each point to the open palm of his hand with resounding blows with his fist:

"First, last and all the time, I'd cater to the women. It's the women who make or break a paper. It's the women who talk about what they see in the paper; the men are too busy. Get the women to reading the paper and rooting for it, and the advertising managers will come tumbling over each other with contracts—on our own terms and no favors asked."

The managing editor paused as if he were out of breath and sank into his seat, suddenly abashed by his flight of oratory—the wildest he ever had taken. Hansford looked him over with a leisurely sweep of the eyes, an enigmatic smile expanding his lips, strangely thin for such a mountain of a man. At last he rejoined in his trifling manner:

"Say, Boland, you talk just like Henderson."

"Who's Henderson?"

"You don't mean to tell me that you don't know Henderson—James McGiffert Henderson—Tabasco Jim, the thrashing live-wire from Cincinnati? Why, he's the man who's coming to take your place."

"Oh," commented Boland non-committally.

"Don't know Henderson, eh—the man who made Cincinnati famous? Boland, I want to tell you about Henderson. You've given me some pretty good conversation, and I want to tell you about Henderson. He's a good deal on my mind just now."

Hansford drew his chair nearer to the desk and went on in a lowered voice, as if he suspected there might be eavesdroppers around:

"Henderson's the keenest proposition in the business—the champion blue-ribbon dog in the All-America bench show—and we call him Tabasco Jim, because of his all-round hot-stuff disposition. Henderson can dig a dead paper out of its grave and make a screaming success of it in less time than it takes the average man to find his way to the cashier's window. I've known Henderson to walk into an office at noon, take hold with a gang of men who never saw the town before, and turn out a paper the next morning that had the oldest subscriber with a high-power reading-glass fooled to a standstill. On the other hand, he could borrow the Sunday-school Herald overnight and make it look like the twin brother of the Sporting Record by going-to-press time the next day. There isn't a thing that ever makes a getaway from Henderson. Why, that fellow could dig a hot scandal in high life out of the morning's quotations on Winter Red, f. o. b. That's the kind of man Henderson is!"

"Henderson must be a hypnotist on top of all that," observed Boland dryly, watching a flicker of mental reservation in the face of the speculator in moribund newspapers—a shadow of doubt and dislike, strangely at variance with the enthusiasm of his eulogy. "It looks to me as if he had you laid away to sleep for keeps."

The other raised his voice to a querulous pitch.

"To sleep? Me? No, he hasn't—not by a few hundred miles and then some. Tabasco Jim's an all-fired smart fellow on the job ——"

The new owner looked behind him with a furtive glance, as if he wished to make sure that nobody else was listening, and then he concentrated his gaze upon the man who sat opposite him, chewing the end of his cigar with a mild expression of ridicule in his face.

"But he's a crook!" he concluded, snapping his opera hat shut and slamming it on the desk with a bang. "He's a crook and he knows it. Why, you've got to watch that fellow twenty-four hours in the day to make sure he doesn't walk off with the paper, presses and all. He'll slip one over while you're looking on with both eyes, and when you start in to call the trick he'll engage you in a line of conversation that'll make you blush for your suspicious nature. Now, don't get the wrong idea on that. Henderson wouldn't steal the stub of a pencil. No, sir! He's for the higher forms of graft. He's for Hendersonizing the universe, starting out with the office. There isn't a thing that he does for the paper that doesn't carry something on the side for James McGiffert Henderson, Esquire. When you pick up the sheet in the morning you feel like handling it gingerly and turning it over to the bureau of combustibles in a hurry, for fear it might be loaded and go off in your hands. You're so busy trying to figure out just where Henderson has put one over you without your knowing it that you've got no time left to read what Pro Bono Publico has written about the cussedness of Schedule K. And the closer you look the more the name of Henderson sticks out between the lines—Henderson, Henderson, Henderson—confound his hippopotamus hide! And, by the way, Mr. Boland, would you mind telling me why you are tearing up all that paper?"

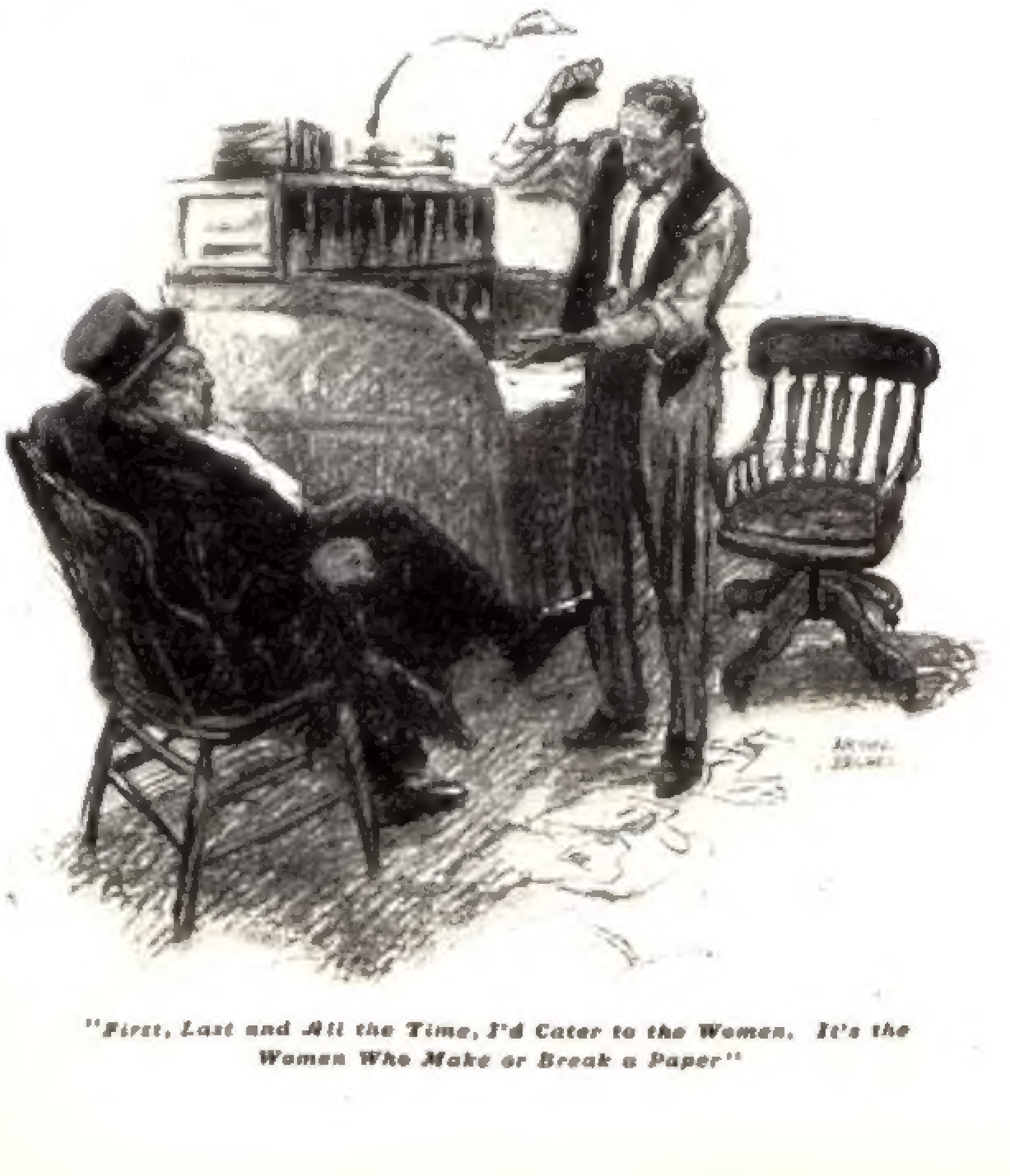
The managing editor glanced confusedly at his fingers, which were piling up scraps of manila pad in a neat little heap on the desk before him.

"Oh, I was thinking," he answered evasively, sweeping the litter off with his hand.

"Thinking, eh? Henderson would set anybody to thinking. He's had my intellect working overtime for quite a spell. Do you know, Mr. Boland, I ——"

The conversation was interrupted by the arrival of the office boy with an unusually brisk step. True to the

(Continued on Page 24)



"First, Last and All the Time, I'd Cater to the Women. It's the Women Who Make or Break a Paper"

ARTEMAS QUIBBLE, LL.B.

OF THE NEW YORK BAR

His Autobiography Revised and Edited by Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

VI

AS I JOT down these random reminiscences I am impressed in a singular fashion with the fact that my career consisted entirely in the making, or rather getting, of money and the spending of it. I had no particular professional ambitions and never but once sought distinction as a constitutional lawyer; and, however unworthy of an officer of the court such a confession may be, I am quite ready to admit that a seat upon the bench would have afforded me neither amusement nor sufficient compensation to satisfy my desires. Let other men find their gratification and emolument in the supposed honor of wearing the ermine! I have never found that a judge became any the less an erring human being after his elevation to the dais, and I could rake out of one good semi-criminal case twice the salary of any judge on the Supreme Bench. I felt that what is popularly regarded as respectability is ofttimes—if the truth were known—merely stodginess and stupidity.

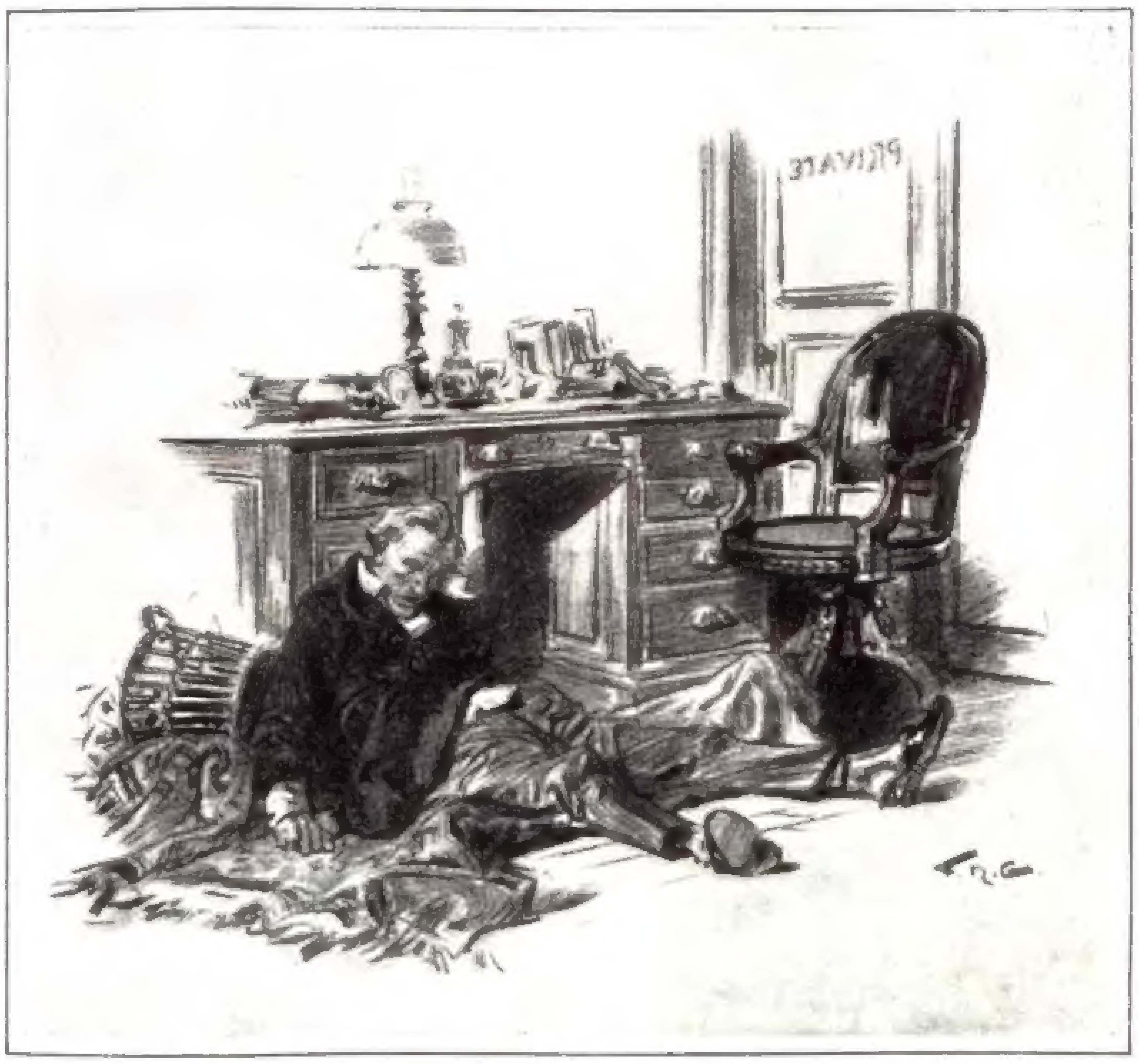
I am compelled to admit that in my early days, before I had formed my affiliation with Gottlieb, I had different ambitions, although they were none the less worldly. Then I wanted to be a judge because I supposed a judge was the king-pin of the profession. Now, as Pat Flanagan says, "I know different." The judge is sometimes no less a tool of the boss than any other public officer elected by the suffrages of a political party. He is merely less obviously so. There are a few men in Wall Street who can press a button and call for one of these boss-made judges—and he will come—and adjourn court if necessary to do so—with his silk hat in his hand. And if any young aspirant for legal honors who reads these fugitive memoirs believes that the road to certain judgeships leads via Blackstone, and is lighted by the midnight oil of study, let him disabuse himself of that idea, and seek rather the district leader; and let him make himself useful in getting the boys that are in trouble out of it. Under our elective system there is no more honor in being a judge than in being a sheriff; but, when one is young it may seem otherwise.

If any of my lay readers believes that the practice of the law is a path of dalliance, let him but hazard his fortunes for a brief space on the good ship Jurisprudence. He will find the voyage tedious beyond endurance, the ship's company but indifferent in character and the rations scanty. I make no doubt but that it is harder to earn an honest living at the law than by any other means of livelihood. Once one discovers this he must perforce choose whether he will remain a galley slave for life or hoist the Jolly Roger and turn freebooter, with a chance of dangling betimes from his own yardarm.

Many a man has literally starved at the law. And most of the profession nearly do so; while some, by merest luck, have managed to struggle on until they stumbled upon some professional gold mine. I have heard many stories of how some young men managed to pull success out of disaster when the odds seemed overwhelming. One which has particularly appealed to me I shall call the anecdote of A Capable Young Lawyer.

Some years ago there came to the great city a young fellow who had always lived in a country town where the neighbors were all such good friends that they never went to law. He was able and industrious, but in his native place found it almost impossible to earn a living; and when by chance he met a well-known and prosperous attorney from the city who advised him to seek his fortune in the whirlpool rather than in the back eddies of life, he decided to follow the suggestion.

"I will endeavor to throw you something from time to time," said the prosperous lawyer, for it made him feel his own success to see such a poor young man, and it tickled his vitals into benignity.



That is the Only Time That the "General" Ever Got His Real Deserts

The country boy sold all his possessions for a few hundred dollars and came to the city. His friend was very kind in his manner and prolific of advice, but unfortunately he had no room in his own office for a junior or even an errand-boy. So Peters, for that was the young man's name, dragged himself up and down the city trying to find an opening, no matter how small. He was too old to begin as a clerk and too much of a bumpkin for anything else, and he found that nobody had any use for a young man of his particular type and training. At last, in despair, he hired desk-room in an office, shared jointly by half a dozen young men like himself, and waited for something to turn up; but nothing came. His bank account fell lower and lower, and he became more and more shabby. Moreover, he was eating his heart out with disappointment, for he could not return to his native town and confess himself a failure.

From time to time he would drop into his prosperous friend's offices, but the latter never had anything to turn over to him and he would return dejectedly to his own solitary desk. At last he was forced to give up lunch and get along as best he could on two scanty meals a day; he grew thin and haggard, his Adam's apple projected redly above a frayed collar, his trousers grew wrinkled and shiny, and he looked ready to take his place in the "bread line." Finally he spent his last cent on a pretzel and made ready to "turn in his checks."

At this point Peters paid a last visit to his friend, who was visibly shocked at his emaciated appearance; for his eyes burned with the fever of starvation and his jaw was set in a pitiful determination to keep going until he dropped.

"Mr. Banks," said he grimly, "unless you give me something to do I'll go under. The fact is, I'm starving!"

Mr. Banks looked at him critically.

"Pretty near ready to give up, eh?" he remarked. "Better chuck it and go back! I guess I was wrong when I told you to come down here."

"Not yet," answered Peters doggedly. "When I go back it'll be in a wooden box."

"Well," replied Mr. Banks, "I'm sorry; but there isn't a thing in this office I can give you." He pondered a minute. "I've got a lot of old judgments against a fellow named Rosenheim—in the cigar business; but he's no good—judgment proof—and they aren't worth the paper they're written on."

"Give them to me!" almost shouted Peters.

Mr. Banks laughed.

"You can have ninety per cent of all you collect," said he as he bent over and, pulling out a lower drawer, removed a bundle of soiled documents. "Here they are. My blessing to you!"

Peters grabbed the transcripts and staggered down the stairs. It took him less than ten minutes to find Mr. Simon Rosenheim, who was sitting inside a brass fence at a mahogany desk, smoking one of the best of his own cigars.

"Mr. Rosenheim," said Peters, "I have some judgments here against you, amounting to about three thousand dollars."

"Yes?" remarked Rosenheim politely.

"Can you let me have the money?" inquired Peters.

"My dear fellow," retorted Rosenheim with an oily sneer, "I owe the money all right, but I don't own a thing in the world. Everything in this room belongs to my wife. The amount of money I owe is really something shocking. Even what is in the safe"—he nodded to a large affair on the other side of the room—"belongs to somebody else."

Rosenheim had been through this same performance hundreds of times before, but not with the same dénouement.

Suddenly he saw a lean young man, with hollow cheeks and blazing eyes, leap over the brass railing. In another instant horny hands grasped him fiercely by the windpipe and a voice hissed in his ear:

"Pay me those judgments or I'll strangle you here and now!"

With bursting veins and protruding tongue Rosenheim struggled helplessly to escape as his assailant dragged him toward the safe.

"I mean what I say!" half shrieked Peters. "I'm starving! I'd as lief die one way as another; but before I die you'll pay up those judgments—every cent!"

Rosenheim was on his knees now before the safe, his eyes starting from his head.

"Open the safe!" commanded Peters.

Rosenheim, the sweat of death on his brow, fumbled with the combination; the tumbler caught, the door swung open. Peters lifted his captive enough to permit him to reach in and take out the bills.

"Count 'em out!" he ordered.

Rosenheim did as he was told, shaking with fear. Peters stuffed the money into his pocket.

"Now do your worst!" he shouted. "I've had one piece of law business before I died! Good afternoon!"

Rosenheim crawled back to his desk, relit his cigar and endeavored to pull himself together. He had a half-scared, half-puzzled look on his face and once in a while he scratched his head.

Meantime Peters repaired to the nearest hotel and ordered a dinner of steak and fried potatoes, washed down with a pint of champagne. He then purchased a new suit of clothes, a box of collars, a few shirts and a hat. When he entered Mr. Banks' office a little later the latter with difficulty recognized his visitor.

"I owe you three hundred dollars, I believe," remarked Peters, laying down the bills.

"Owe—me —— What? You didn't get that money out of Rosenheim?" stammered Banks.

"Why not?" asked Peters casually. "Of course I did. Every cent of it."

Banks looked at him in utter amazement. He, too, scratched his head.

"Say," he suddenly exploded, "you must be quite a feller! Now, look here, I've got a claim against the

Terminal Company for two million dollars that I wish you'd come and give me a little help on. What do you say?"

Peters hesitated and pursed his lips.

"Oh, I don't mind if I do," said he carelessly.

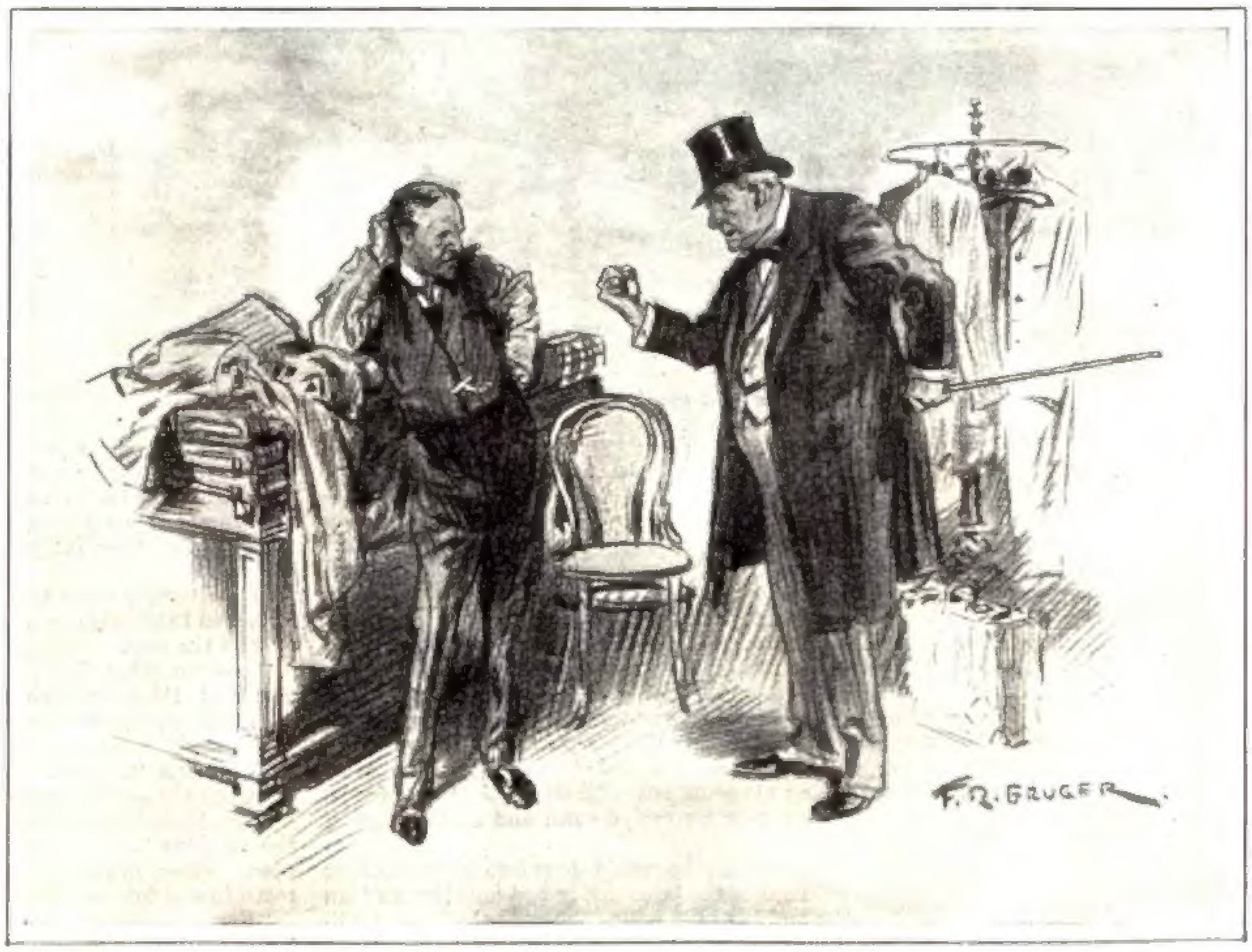
You may have heard of the celebrated law firm of Banks & Peters—who do a business of about four hundred thousand a year? Well, that is Peters. Banks says he's "the most capable young lawyer in the city."

Peters, however, does not deserve the same credit as another young fellow of my acquaintance, since in Peters' case necessity was the parent of his invention; whereas in the other the scheme that led to success was the offspring of an ingenuity that needed no starvation to stimulate it into activity.

Baldwin was a youth of about thirty, who had done pretty well at the bar without giving any evidence of brilliancy and with only moderate financial success. He perceived the obvious fact that the way to make money at the law is to have moneymakers for clients, but he had no acquaintance with financiers and had no reason to advance to himself why he should ever hope to receive any business from such. Reading one day that a certain young attorney he knew had received a large retainer for bringing an injunction in an important railroad matter, it occurred to him that, after all, it was merely chance and nothing else that had sent the business to the other instead of to himself. "If I'd only known Morgan H. Rogers I might have had the job myself," thought he.

So he pondered deeply over how he could get to know Mr. Morgan H. Rogers, and at last conceived the idea of pretending that he had a client who—without disclosing his name for the time being—desired to create a trust for the benefit of a charity in which the railroad magnate was much interested. With this excuse he found no difficulty in securing an interview and making an agreeable impression.

The next step was more difficult.



"You Think You Can Take Advantage of Me Because I'm an Old Man!"

Finally, having learned through a clerk in the banker's office with whom he had cultivated an acquaintance that Mr. Morgan H. Rogers was going to Boston at a certain hour that very afternoon, he donned his best funeral suit and boarded the same train himself. As he passed through the drawing-room car he bowed to the great man, who returned his greeting with the shortness characteristic of him, and passed on to the smoker, where he ensconced himself in a chair near the door, depositing on the seat next to him a pile of magazines and his coat. Half an hour passed and the car filled up, save for the seat next the young lawyer. Presently the bulky form of Morgan H. Rogers filled the doorway. He already had a black unlit cigar in his mouth, and he scanned the rows of seats with ill-concealed disappointment. Then his eye caught the one occupied by our friend's coat.

"Let me have this seat!" said he abruptly.

"Oh, how are you, Mr. Rogers?" exclaimed the young lawyer. "Certainly! Allow me to give you a light."

"Your name's Baldwin, isn't it?" inquired the banker as he took up a magazine. "Saw you about that trust matter last week, didn't I?"

"Yes," answered Baldwin. "Nothing has occurred in connection with it since then." And he returned to his paper without paying any further attention to his companion. At Bridgeport a telegraph boy rushed into the car and yelled: "Baldwin! Mr. Baldwin!"

Mr. Baldwin held out his hand, in which lay half a dollar, and without much apparent interest opened the envelope and scanned its contents.

"H'm!" he remarked, half inwardly, and thrust the paper into his pocket.

At New Haven another boy boarded the train, calling anxiously for Everitt P. Baldwin—this time there were two telegrams; and just as the train pulled out a third arrived.

Mr. Baldwin read them all with the keenest interest and could hardly conceal an exclamation of satisfaction; but the magnate gave no sign. At New London there was another flurry and, in spite of himself, Mr. Baldwin slapped his knee and muttered: "Good enough!"

As the train started again Morgan H. Rogers let fall his magazine and growled half-facetiously:

"What the devil are all those telegrams about?"

"Just a little injunction suit," the young man answered modestly, "in which my firm has been quite successful." And, without giving any names—for, indeed, there were none—he sketched rapidly a hypothetical situation of the greatest legal delicacy, in which he had tied up an imaginary railroad system with an injunction, supposedly just made permanent. Morgan H. Rogers became interested and offered Mr. Baldwin a remarkably big cigar. He had been having a few troubles of his own of a similar character. In a few moments the two were deep in the problems of one of the financier's own transcontinental lines, and a week later Baldwin was on Rogers' regular staff of railroad attorneys.

It is pleasant to reflect upon such happy incidents in the history of a profession that probably offers more difficulties to the beginner than any other. Yet the very obstacles to success in it are apt to develop an intellectual agility and a flexibility of morals which, in the long run, may well lead not only to fortune but to fame—of one sort or another. I recall an incident in my own career, upon my ingenuity in which, for a time, I looked back with considerable professional pride, until I found it a common practice among my elders and contemporaries of the criminal and even of the civil bar.

It so happened that I had an elderly client of such an exceedingly irascible disposition that he was always taking offense at imaginary insults and was ready to enter into litigation of the fiercest character at the slightest excuse. Now, though he was often in the right, he was nevertheless frequently in the wrong—and equally unreasonable in either case. He was turned over to me in despair by another and older attorney, who could do nothing with him and wished me joy in my undertaking. I soon found that the old gentleman's guiding principle was "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute." In other words, as he always believed himself to have been imposed upon, he litigated almost every bill that was presented to him, with the result that three times out of five judgment was given against him. He himself had studied for the bar and had a natural fondness for technicalities; and he was quite ready to pay handsomely any one he believed to be zealously guarding his interests.

He was, at the time I became acquainted with him, nearly seventy years of age and his chief diversion was to sit in my office and harangue me upon his grievances. Being a sort of sea-lawyer himself he was forever devising quaint defenses and strange reasons why he should not pay his creditors; and he was ever ready to spend a hundred dollars in lawyers' fees in order to save fifty. This is the most desirable variety of client a lawyer can have.

One trifling weakness, common to mankind in general, gave him much encouragement; for he soon discovered that, rather than incur the trouble of hiring lawyers and going to court, his creditors would usually compound with him for considerably less than their just claims. This happened so frequently that he almost never paid a bill in the first instance, with the natural result that those who had sent him honest bills before, after one or two experiences with him, made it a practice to add thirty per cent or so to the total in order that they might later on gracefully reduce their demands without loss. Thus my client, by his peevishness, actually created the very condition regarding which, out of an overactive imagination, he had complained originally without just cause.

It so happened that the first matter in which he required my services was a dispute over a tailor's bill that he regarded as excessive. He had ordered a pair of trousers without inquiring the price and was shocked to discover that he had been charged three dollars more than for his last pair. The tailor explained at great length that the first had been summer weight and that these were winter weight; but to no purpose.

"You think you can take advantage of me because I'm an old man!" he shrieked in his rage. "But you'll find out. Just wait until I see my lawyer!"

So down he came to my office and fumed and chattered for an hour or more about the extra three dollars on his trousers. If he had been less abusive the tailor might have overlooked the matter; but even a tailor has a soul, and this time the man swore to have the law on his cantankerous customer.

"Fight to the last ditch!" shouted the old man. "Don't yield an inch!"

A day or two later the tailor served my client, whose name was Wimbleton, with a summons and complaint; and I was forced to put in an answer, in which I took issue upon the reasonable value of the trousers. By the time I had drawn the papers and listened to my client's detailed history of the transaction, as well as his picturesque denunciation of his opponent, I had already put in about a hundred dollars' worth of my time without any prospect of a return. I knew that if the case were tried it would mean a day lost for myself and a judgment against my client. The old fellow had a large amount of property, however, and I was willing to take a loss if it meant future business. Yet the time involved and the trifling character of the suit annoyed me and I resolved to take it upon myself to settle the matter over my client's head.

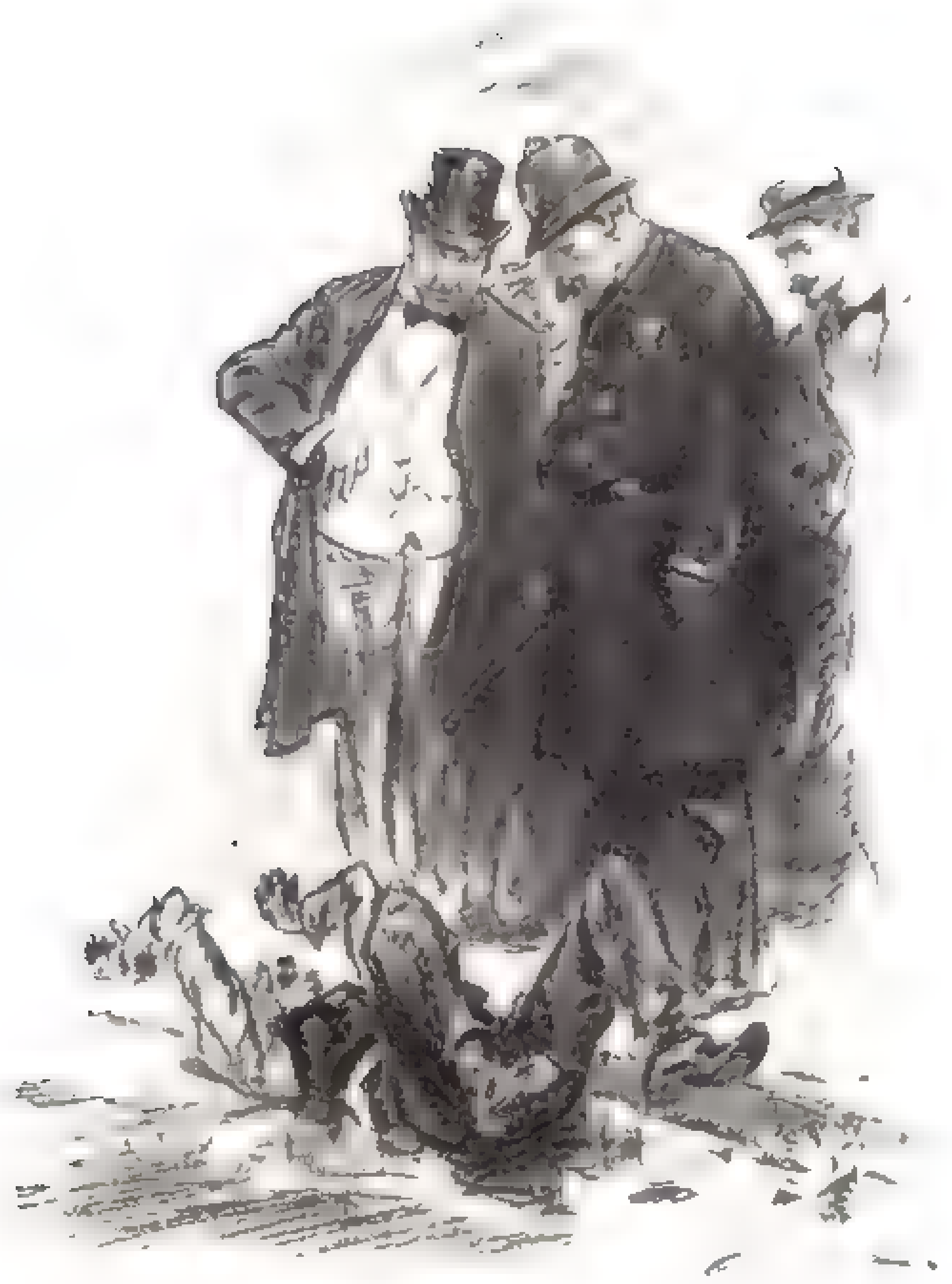
On my way home I stopped in at the tailor's and told him to take his three dollars and discontinue his action, which he was glad enough to do. The next day I wrote Mr. Wimbleton that I had forced his enemy to capitulate—horse, foot and dragoons—and that the suit had been withdrawn. My embarrassment may be imagined when my client arrived at the office in a state of delirious excitement and insisted not only on inviting me to dinner but on paying me fifty dollars for services in giving him the satisfaction of beating the tailor. Instantly I saw a means of entirely satisfying the old man and earning some good fees without the slightest exertion.

The same method—although for another purpose—will be recalled by my readers as having been invoked by the unjust steward who called his lord's debtors to him and inquired how much they owed. One, if I remember correctly, said a hundred measures of oil.

"Take thy bill," said the steward, "and sit down quickly and write fifty."

Another, who confessed to owing a hundred measures of wheat, the steward let off with eighty. On discovering what he had done his lord commended him for having done wisely, on the ground that the children of this world are wiser than the children of light.

Thus, it will be observed, my early Biblical training stood me in practical stead; and the only difference



He Was a Familiar Sight and a Bugbear to the Police

between the unjust steward and myself lay in the manner in which we were each eventually treated by our respective masters.

Some one would commence a suit against my client for breach of contract amounting to a couple of thousand dollars, where he thought he ought to pay only fifteen hundred, but where he really had no defense. I would file an elaborate answer setting up all sorts of defenses, move for an examination of the plaintiff and of his books and papers, secure a bill of particulars and go through all sorts of legal hocus-pocus to show how bitterly I was contesting the case as a matter of principle. Before the action came to trial, however, I would settle it for one thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars, telling my client that we had brought the other side to his terms, and charge him seven hundred and fifty dollars for my services—thus netting five hundred dollars in fees.

Often, when the amount sued for was small—say, fifty or one hundred dollars—and where my client had absolutely declined to pay anything, I paid the claim in full, simply for the satisfaction of leading him to believe that he had been successful in resisting what he regarded as an unjust or excessive demand.

This went on for several years, until, quite by chance, one of his creditors, with whom I had settled over his head, either out of forgetfulness or an evil wish to do me a bad turn, wrote him a letter thanking him for his generosity. The next day he appeared, purple with rage, and for some unaccountable reason, instead of "commending" me, denounced me for a shyster. And this in spite of the undoubted fact that my pacific methods had probably saved him hundreds of dollars!

It was about this time that Gottlieb devised a truly brilliant scheme, which had to commend it the highly desirable quality of being absolutely safe.

There is a very wise provision of our law to the effect that, where a wife desires to bring an action against her husband for divorce and is without means for the purpose, the courts will allow her a counsel fee and alimony *pendente lite*. The counsel fee is to enable her to pay a lawyer and prepare for trial.

One morning my partner came grinning into my office and showed me a very soiled and wrinkled paper.

"What d'ye think of that?" he laughed

The document, which turned out to be an affidavit executed in Chicago, read as follows

State of Illinois
Cook County, City of Chicago

Lizzie Yarnowski, being duly sworn, deposes and says that she is over twenty-one years of age and engaged in the employment of making artificial flowers; that in the year 1881 the defendant induced her to leave her home in New York and to journey with him in the West under a promise of marriage, representing himself to be a traveling salesman employed by a manufacturer of soda fountains; that they were married on July 5, 1881, in the town of Piqua, Ohio, by a justice of the peace under the names of Sadie Bings and Joshua Blank, and by a rabbi in Chicago on August 17, 1881; that two weeks thereafter defendant deserted plaintiff and has never since contributed toward her support, and that she has since learned that defendant is a banker and broker, doing business on Wall Street in the city of New York.

The affidavit then went on to state that the defendant had given the plaintiff good grounds for seeking for a divorce and that she was without means to engage counsel or prepare for trial. The contents of the paper was skillfully worded so as to convey the impression that the deponent was a woman of somewhat doubtful character herself, but that on the other hand she had been tricked by the defendant into a secret—and what he intended to be a temporary—marriage. Attached thereto was another affidavit from the justice of the peace to the effect that on the date in question he had united in the holy bonds of matrimony a man and a woman who had given the names of Sadie Bings and Joshua Blank.

"Well, Gottlieb," said I, "this is interesting reading, whether it be fact or fiction; but what is its significance to us?"

"Why," answered my associate, "these are the papers I propose to use on a motion for counsel fee and alimony in a divorce action brought against Mr. Chester Gates, a broker downtown—and, I may add, a very rich and respectable young gentleman. Of course I have no personal knowledge of the matter, as the case has been sent to us by one of our legal friends in Chicago; but I am quite sure that the court will grant me a counsel fee in order to enable the poor woman to prepare her case and bring it to trial."

"But," I replied, "we have made just such applications a thousand times before, have we not?"

Gottlieb gave me one of his long, slow winks.

"Not just like this," said he, and went back to his room, while I pondered on what I had read.

A few days later Gottlieb served the complaint in an action for absolute divorce upon Mr. Chester Gates, to the young man's great indignation and annoyance; and shortly thereafter a very respectable and prosperous old family lawyer called upon us to explain that the whole matter was a mistake and that his client had never, never been married and knew no Miss Lizzie Yarnowski, either as Sadie Bings or under any other name.

Gottlieb and I treated him with the greatest deference, explaining that we had no option but to go on with the matter, as we were only acting for our Chicago correspondent. At this the old lawyer grew very indignant and muttered something under his breath about perjury and blackmail, to which, however, neither Gottlieb nor I paid any attention. A week or so later we made our motion for alimony and counsel fee *pendente lite*, and in spite of the vehement affidavit of Chester Gates, Esquire, that he had never seen or heard of the plaintiff nor been married to anybody in his life, the court granted us two hundred and fifty dollars as counsel fee.

This was made payable at our office, as the attorneys for the plaintiff; and a day or two later Mr. Gates himself called and asked to see us. He was a rosy-cheeked, athletic young fellow who could, I fancy, have knocked both our heads together had he chosen to do so.

"Good afternoon, gentlemen," said he, closing the door and seating himself at Gottlieb's invitation. "This is a very interesting experience you are putting me through. I am made the defendant in a divorce action and ordered to pay you two hundred and fifty dollars on affidavits that I know to be perjured from start to finish. Well, if that's law I have nothing to say. Of course you can't win your case, because you can't prove that I ever married anybody—which latter fact, of course, you very well know. I would never pay you a cent to settle this or any other unfounded suit, and I never did anything for which you or any other scoun—beg pardon, I mean lawyer—could blackmail me. But this is a new one on me. You have got a court order that I am to pay you two hundred and fifty dollars to bring a bogus action against myself. Well, here's my check for it. I congratulate you. Now I'm amused to see what you're going to do next. I want to get something for my money."

Gottlieb took the check and rang a bell for the office-boy.

"Take this over to the bank and cash it," he directed. "That's the first thing I'm going to do," turning to Gates. "The next is this." He opened the top drawer of his desk and took out a legal paper. "Here," said he, "is a discontinuance of the action, which I received this morning from Chicago. I suppose you have no objection to having the matter disposed of in that way? You'll take it?"

Mr. Gates looked at him for a moment and then burst out laughing.

"By George!" he exclaimed. "Take it? Of course I'll take it. I have no particular desire to go on with the litigation, I assure you. I fully expected to be adjudged the father of a large family of little Yarnowskis. But, now that the matter is settled, would you mind telling me who the lady really is?"

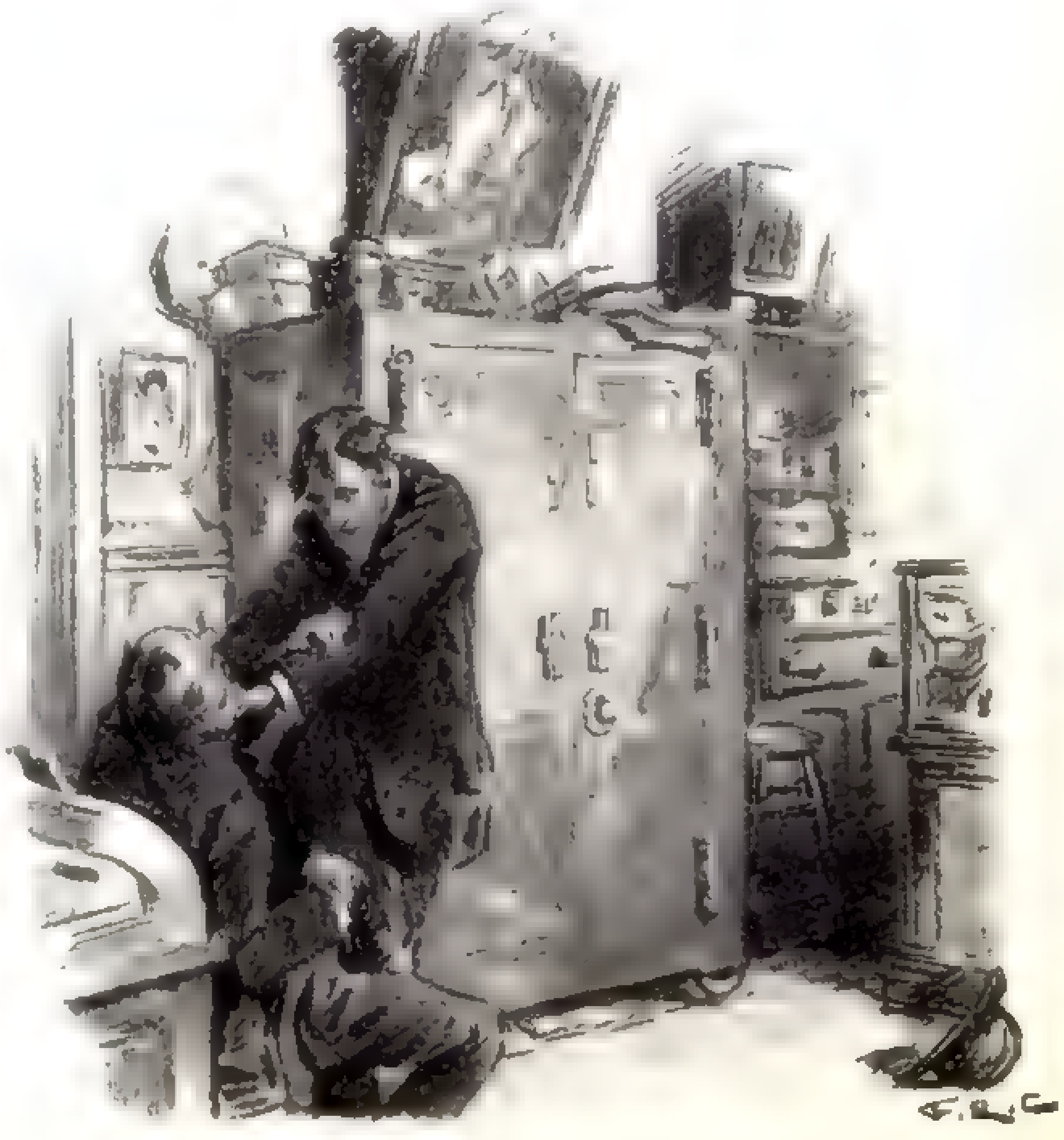
Gottlieb looked at him very solemnly and to my horror gave an imperceptible wink.

"All I can tell you, sir," he replied, "is that her name is Lizzie Yarnowski and that you married her under the name of Sadie Bings before a justice of the peace at Piqua, Ohio."

Quite naturally our firm attracted a number of strange wastrels in the way of clients, all of whom were picturesque and many of them profitable. Among these was a gentleman known as the "Human Dog," who frequented the main thoroughfares during the crowded hours and simulated the performances of a starving animal with a verisimilitude that I believe to have been unsurpassed in the annals of beggary. He would go on all fours snuffing along the gutters for food and when he came to a morsel of offal he would fall upon it and devour it ravenously. If he found nothing he would whine and sit on his hind legs—so to speak—on the curb, with an imploring look on his hairy face. If a police officer approached the "Human Dog" would immediately roll over on his back, with his legs in the air, and yelp piteously; in fact, he combined the "lay" of insanity with that of starvation in a most ingenious and skillful manner. He was a familiar sight and a bugbear to the police, who were constantly arresting him; but, as he never asked for money, they had great difficulty in doing anything with him. Usually the magistrate sent him to the "Island" for thirty days and then Gottlieb would get him out on a writ of habeas corpus. Some of these writs attracted the attention of the bar and several appear in the reports. I am under the impression that we secured his release some twenty-nine separate times. At last he died in a fit of apoplexy caused by overeating; and when we administered his estate we found that he had already laid by, in a comparatively brief career, the very creditable sum of forty-one thousand dollars.

The "Human Dog" was but a clever variation of the "Crust Thrower"—the beggar who throws a dirty crust of bread into the gutter when no one is looking and then falls upon it with a cry of fierce joy. These "crust throwers" have plied their trade for over six hundred years and were known in England and Flanders long before the discovery of America. Gottlieb was very

(Continued on Page 33)

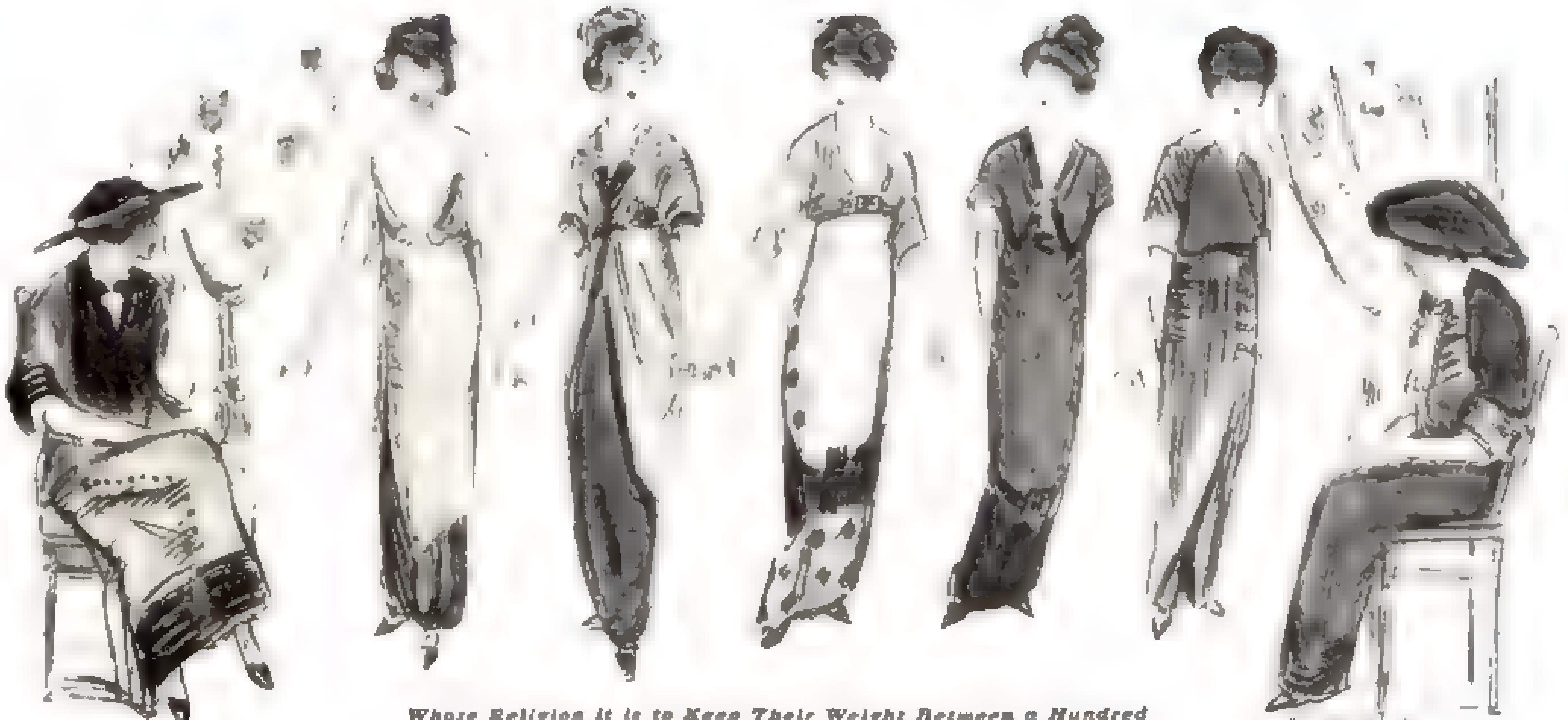


"Pay Me Those Judgments or I'll Strangle You Here and Now!"

HUNTING THE FASHIONS

By Maud Weatherly Beamish

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON



Whose Religion It is to Keep Their Weight Between a Hundred and Twenty and a Hundred and Forty Pounds

IT IS a far cry from the Place Vendôme to Oskaloosa. It is a long way from the Grand Prix at Longchamps to a garden party at Sewanee. The stretches of time and land and sea, however, are bridged by a little woman whose eyes are cameras that catch the fashions before they appear in Paris, and whose brain is a dressmaking shop that transforms the creations of Paquin into the simplicity of modes that will "go" in America.

The achievements of a Sherlock Holmes are eclipsed by the women who search the ateliers of Paris for styles of the coming season and whose intelligence wrests the secrets from the most exclusive and most vigilantly guarded shops. It was with such a woman, Mrs. Long—fashion editor and fashion hunter—that I went to the fashion center of the world on her quest for styles. She needed some one to look after the photographic end of the work and to sketch roughly. As I could do both, I was employed. Two artists, who were to make the finished drawings, completed the party.

I expected to find Mrs. Long hard and aggressive. Instead, she was small and exquisite, with a whimsical turn of mind and a keen business sense. Her greatest asset was her personality.

She descended or rose to the level of each person who possessed some quality of which she could make use. I have known her to give up a dinner party with one of our foremost American financiers to dine with one or more of the dictators of fashion. With engaging grace she laid out her campaign like a general, asking a question here and there and making suggestions, with the result that she obtained all their plans and schemes. She played with them in her naïve way, visited them frequently, and left them so entirely enthralled that, by mere suggestion, which at no time could be remembered, every other fashion writer was debarred from the inner circle.

In Paris, as at home, she went into the most exclusive society. Her complexion and clothes were the despair of many women and in consequence she brought a great following to the houses she patronized. Her hats and costumes were renowned for their beauty and wonderful simplicity.

She spent money lavishly. During our two months' stay at an expensive hotel in the Rue de la Paix she lived like a princess. She had the entire second floor, her private dining room and a luxurious bathroom, which alone mounted up to the sum that the average traveler would spend on a summer tour.

The Ceremonial Morning Drive

MRS. LONG was a decided personage at the hotel. Her morning drive was as much of a ceremony as that of the German princess who occupied the third floor. A maid carried her wraps to the foot of the stairs, where the clerk gathered them reverently and handed them in turn to the secretary, who waited her coming at the great doors that shut in every French house. With bared head, the secretary, in turn, passed the wraps to the footman, who followed her obsequiously to the curb, where the smartest of traps stood.

In the morning the trappings and uniforms of her equipage were blue and silver. In the afternoon she used a luxurious victoria in tan and gold. Everything was expensive and correct. I secretly wondered what this little accessory to successful business cost!

On the morning after our arrival in the French capital we drove out upon the beautiful Champs Elysées. It was eleven-thirty and society was taking its morning drive.

At twelve we stopped at X ——'s, in the Place Vendôme, where Mrs. Long was on intimate terms with the proprietor; and for the first time I saw the machinery of a great atelier. Everything about the shop was exquisite and expensive. We went through aisles lined with gilt chairs piled high with delicate lingerie, any piece of which would have run into hundreds of francs. White wood and soft hangings of pale gold satin made a fitting background for the billowy masses.

The second floor was given over entirely to showrooms running off from a luxurious waiting room. We went back of a pair of heavy velvet curtains which cut off one end of the waiting room. There I saw the lithe-bodied *mannequins*, or models, whose religion it is to keep their weight between a hundred and twenty and a hundred and forty pounds. They seemed very beautiful to me, with their marceled heads and cleverly madeup faces. Each one wore the tight, scant combination of black satin with the low-cut bodice and knickerbockers. Over this some wore a one-piece covering. Others sat negligently and gracefully in this startling bit of attire, their slender limbs incased in silken hose, their feet in dainty slippers, and their beautifully coiffured heads giving them the appearance of masqueraders without their masks.

A promising customer was waiting in the big salon and I watched the *mannequins* as they put on the many costumes for her inspection.

When a customer arrives at the shop—and in nine cases out of ten she has been "spotted" and her rating looked up—these *mannequins* are sent flying to don the best models, while the enterprising saleswoman explains that "a different dress is absolutely necessary for every occasion if one would do the right thing." One after another the *mannequins* file into the room, regal and lovely in frocks for every possible use, from the severely tailored street suit to delicate evening gowns of such sheerness that the entire garment could be pulled through a curtain ring.

Out of the mass the customer chooses one or more models worn by the *mannequins*. The materials are then selected, measurements are taken in the twinkling of an eye, and—yes, madame can have her dress in two days—or even one, if the case is urgent—and profitable.

I found that the French modistes do not cut from patterns. They build upon the human form, as an artist paints a portrait. First of all, a lining is fashioned upon the purchaser and pinned into shape until it fits as though she had been poured into it. It is then placed on a pneumatic form and filled with air. In this manner exact measurements are obtained. When the customer is a "regular" this form is kept and carefully numbered, so that dresses can be ordered at any time from any corner of the globe; and in nine cases out of ten, unless the person has grown fat or thin, the production will be as satisfactory as though she had been in Paris during the making and had had the customary number of fittings.

That I might obtain an idea of the method of construction, I was permitted to watch a gown being "built."

The long, inanimate "form" of one of our New York belles was in the process of metamorphosis. Upon this figure a foundation for the gown was made. A bolt of material was placed on the floor and drawn up over the dummy. It was plaited and tucked, gathered and shirred, as the design called for—all by hand—and constructed so quickly that my eye could scarcely follow. Then the goods proper were worked up from another bolt and molded as a sculptor molds his clay. A bit of lace or embroidery, a tuck here or there, done with that incomprehensible art which the French alone know—and it was finished, at a price that seemed exorbitant in comparison with the amount of material and time used in the making, but that was small, indeed, when measured with the nervous energy and fever of creation used up in the making.

After Mrs. Long had exchanged greetings with all and pleased the *mannequins* with her flattering remembrances, we were taken down to the office of Monsieur X——. "He is getting up a new color scheme," we were told, "and may be in a bad humor."

He was in a bad humor, and the white face of the *mannequin*, on whom he had heaped yards and yards of colored gauze, showed harassment and fatigue. Around the room were five or six women, each poised for the next order of her irate employer—each with her eye and brain alert to his slightest question or demand. He was trying to obtain "the gleam of gold through seafoam," as he expressed it. And his efforts had evidently been arduous. Strewn on the tables were pieces of embroidery from the East, showing that harmony and blend of coloring for which the Orient is famous. Heaped kneehigh on the floor were yards and yards of shimmering material in every shade of blue and green and purple, which the artist had discarded in his hunt for the "divine color." In the midst of it he stood, with his face of thunder, looking at the lovely combination of colors that swathed the *mannequin*.

With a shrug of his shoulders and a wave of his hand he sank into a chair and covered his face tragically with his hands. In a moment he had started up again and pointed to the weary girl who bore the vivid stuffs.

"Take her away!" he cried; "one can get nothing but death from that face. And I want life—sunlight! Get me a live woman, you see—alive! Pink—not green! Bah!" And he shuddered.

All Rose, With a Glint of Gold

THEN for the first time he saw Mrs. Long. His face lighted up and he came over to her, dragging a wave of sea-green chiffon with reckless feet.

"My friend!" he exclaimed tenderly, putting out his hands. "My dear friend!" Bending, he kissed her palms. "When you come? And how are? So beautiful as ever! Ah, you are here at the right moment. I am sick. Yes, I am sick!" He lifted his shoulders high in a despairing shrug and stood dejectedly, with limp arms. In a moment his face and figure changed. They fairly radiated with enthusiasm. "I have found a beautiful hue—so exquisite, so delicate, so elusive! Ah!"—he blew a kiss in ecstasy from his fingertips—"I will show you." Turning, he cried shrilly to the women: "Get me Yvonne. Quick!"

While he was waiting, he explained to Mrs. Long his latest color scheme and how "it would make of woman a goddess!"

"I shall make, for the blonde, all rose, with a glint of gold to match her hair and her skin. And for you, my friend, it would be violet and a hint of the rose—just a hint—ah, so infinitesimal. What you think?"

He asked the question eagerly and then went on without waiting for her answer: "And this gown will be all chiffon. I will suggest the figure while I hide it. I will blend the meeting of that chiffon and the skin with so pale a gauze that you say they are one. She shall be all soft and all woman—this new gown of mine. No hard lines; no interruptions—all one. And all light, like a pink cloud."

So he described his opalescent evening dress, which later started the vogue for translucent gowns.

Meanwhile the tired, white *mannequin* had been replaced by Yvonne, and we watched Monsieur X—— weave upon her rainbow shades in which the red predominated

First, he gathered the soft tissue high under the bust and let it flow as in the draperies of Madame Récamier. Then a soft knot was tried in the center of the back, which suggested the Watteau. A semifitting waistline melted in the twinkling of an eye into the Directoire. And so he worked, trying first this style and then that, suggesting many periods and at last making a beautiful underdress, incrusted with a jeweled trimming, and shrouding the whole with a cloud of pale chiffon.

He stood a moment looking at this last effect and then turned to Mrs. Long with a radiant smile.

"So," he said, "you see, it is finished. It is the most beautiful thing that I have yet done. How you like?" he asked Mrs. Long.

"It is perfect!" she declared—and it was, even in its half-finished state.

Then I looked at Yvonne. Though straight and willowy as ever, her face was taking on a gray tinge beneath its rouge; and glancing at the clock I realized that she had been standing three hours!

Later we heard that the first *mannequin*, on whom the scheme of colors had been originated, had stood since early morning until we saw her dismissal, five hours later.

The gown made a great furor some weeks later when it was placed on view in the fall opening of the ateliers and it still has a tremendous vogue.

All Periods Ransacked for Styles

WHILE in Paris and visiting the many exclusive shops to which Mrs. Long had *entrée* I had a chance to watch the making of new modes. Sometimes a mere suggestion will cause a style that will set the whole world back several centuries or strike a new and startling note. Often the natural sequence will produce a change, as in the *jupe-culotte*. After the hobble the only thing, to my mind, was either to revert to fullness or to retain the tightness and yet permit more action by a slit in the skirt. As the sheath skirt was *passé* and the tendency was to gathers held in around the feet, the Turkish pantaloon very aptly suggested itself

The French modistes are marvels of ingenuity. They realize that the world is ever on the hunt for the new and the daring; and, since these adjectives suggest Paris to many persons, the fashion-makers live up to the full extent of the meaning. They will often sacrifice beauty to the bizarre, for they have found that many Americans prefer this. As a clever little Frenchwoman said to me: "Why not? If Madame Millionaire takes home a simple dress her friends would not believe she bought it in Paris."

Planning the modes is a matter of the greatest importance and takes a vast amount of time and patience. In the winter preparation is made for the spring and even the fall styles. The dictators go carefully over the various points of the current fashion. They consult books and plates, showing the evolution of dress, back to the beginning of apparel. The head of the atelier, with her mind keenly alert to the taste of the feminine and the influence of the moment, selects portions of many periods either bearing on the present style or striking an entirely new note. These are given to the staff of artists, who work them into designs combining the various sections. Take, for instance, the Roman tunic, the short waist of the Empire period, the wide revers of the Directoire, the rich trimming of the Byzantine age and the Grecian flow of drapery—combined by the craft of France—and we have the dress of today.

The modistes are secretive in the evolution of their ideas. They work over the designs and the models made from them for months, changing here and adding there; while the artists are busy making sketch after sketch that might suggest a novelty.

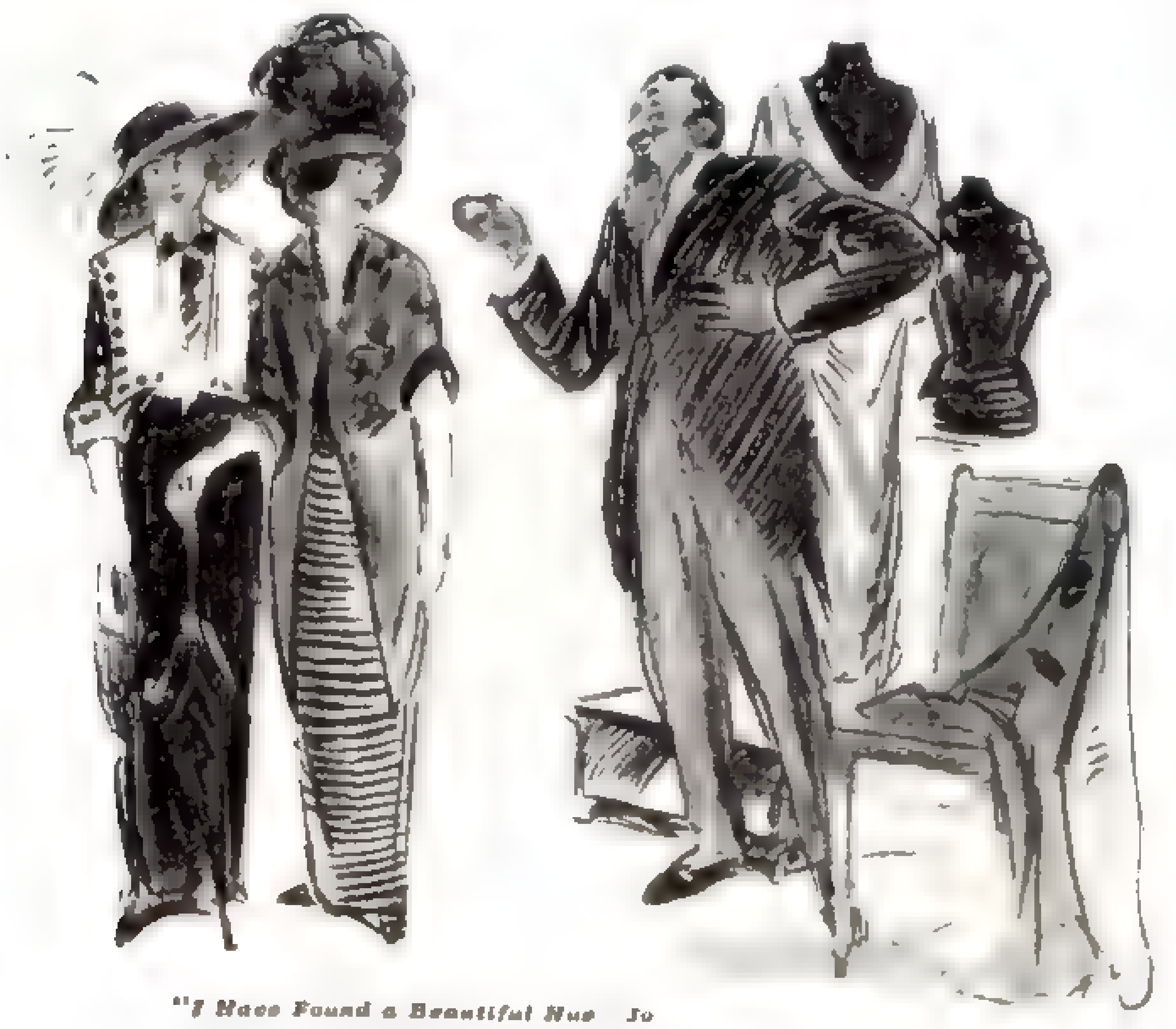
I discovered that each house has its individuality and, though new dictators are constantly coming into the field, the old favorites hold their own. Mrs. Long divided the establishments into classes. For instance, though any kind of costume can be got from a famous firm of sisters—perhaps the best all-round house for buying—we went to them principally for their evening gowns.

These women are very versatile. They create every kind of costume for every kind of person. A fat or ungainly woman will be reduced in the twinkling of an eye to the essence of smartness under their clever fingers. While other dressmakers would leave such a customer to the *première* or a subordinate, they make a personal study of her; and the result has helped to make the reputation of that house. These sisters are marvels of energy and intuition, and think nothing of spending days locked up in a room with a form, trying to solve the problem of making embonpoint attractive.

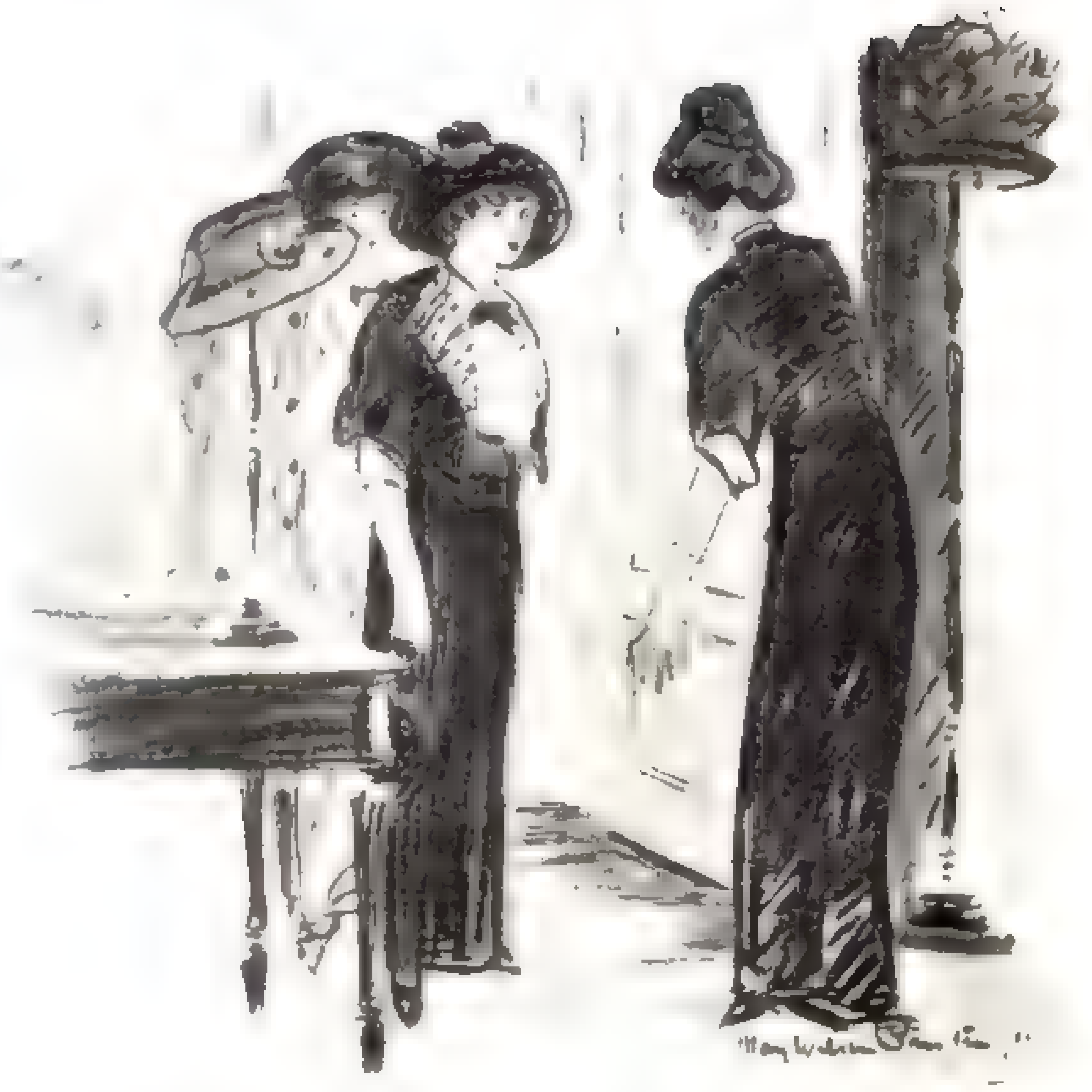
One story was told me of how the elder sister spent two days and nights on a wedding dress for a woman weighing far over the hundred-and-forty mark. On the morning of the third day she was found asleep on her studio floor surrounded by hundreds of dollars' worth of satins and laces which she had discarded in her efforts; but on the dummy was a wonderful creation of simplicity and elegance which, by a trick of ingenuity, reduced the corpulence of the figure considerably. They never overdress their patrons—these sisters. If a dress of this sort is desired in any instance, the customer is recommended to another shop, where art is a matter of dollars and cents. They may lose a bit of money through their independence, but they have also increased their reliability and reputation.

Another establishment in the Rue de la Paix, which is run very much on the same lines, owes a great deal of its success to the beauty and charming personality of the proprietress; and women of fine tastes from all over the world order their costumes from this house.

We went to a smart shop in the Rue Royal for unusual coat suits and to a brilliant atelier in the Avenue de l'Opéra for dinner dresses and afternoon frocks. There is still another, in the Place Vendôme, but Monsieur —— up to the present has not proved popular with Americans. He is too extreme, too daring in many cases, for any except the eccentric matron or the French, who adore him; but they adore his rivals with the same ardor. His wife, who is lovely in a cold, patrician way, never wears the models created by the house. She has special designs made for herself; and in many cases her gowns of exquisite plainness bring more patronage to the establishment than the carefully prepared exotic styles. Monsieur, on the other hand, loves richness. He revels in the languorous brunette on whom he can hang purples and rare reds, incrusted with gems and heavy laces. He prefers, if possible, to design the costume for the individual. Like a painter, he dreams over it and tries to weave in the personality. As a result of the combination of his eccentric taste with the simple taste of his wife, this house turns out some of the loveliest morning and afternoon frocks in Paris.



"I Have Found a Beautiful Hue—So Exquisite, So Delicate, So Elusive! Ah! I Will Show You!"



"Her Majesty Would Not Like It if We Have Not Obeyed Her Order to Have the Shop Empty for Her Royal Pleasure!"

I was greatly surprised when Mrs. Long told me that I could not sketch at any of the ateliers, but that I must train my mind to remember what I had seen and to jot it down as soon as we were in the street. This information was staggering at first, but I soon found that remembering was not at all difficult and tremendously interesting. Of course the gowns that she bought were sketched when they arrived at the hotel. The most important thing was to catch at a glance the new touches, which are the trademarks of Paris. Just how a sleeve was tucked or a novel cutting of a skirt—these and a hundred little things that would have escaped the casual observer were pointed out to me by Mrs. Long as most important. Dresses, as a whole, are easily photographed on the brain; and, after I grew accustomed to the methods of the different houses, memorizing the main points became second nature.

When Sketching Came High

I WAS permitted to sketch openly only on one occasion and that was at X——'s. Mrs. Long received a cable for an extra page of fashions, to be sent on the next steamer. As it would have taken several days to go the rounds and select the styles and simplify them, she obtained permission to sketch direct eight dresses, exactly as they were. For this privilege she paid five hundred dollars. The price seemed huge, as Mrs. Long had dealt with this house for years and was a great friend of the proprietors; but I learned that these dresses could not be used as new models since they would appear in America simultaneously with the showing of them in the summer exhibit in Paris, and therefore would have to be sold at a reduction.

The French houses must protect themselves against the American buyer and the American fashion editor. Dresses that are bought are, of course, the property of the purchaser and can be used as the latter sees fit. As fashions are usually published three months after they are sketched in Paris, the originators are protected for that length of time at least; and buyers and editors are usually obliged to give their word that the styles will not be shown before that period expires. For one can very readily see that the French shops would suffer if expensive gowns were sold to good customers as exclusive and the duplicates should appear in America at the same time.

It would be possible to get very good ideas by merely buying so much from each house; but Mrs. Long had the advantage over many workers in this line through her unusual personality and her forethought in becoming affiliated with X——'s.

This house was absolutely at her disposal, with a very few exceptions. She had known Madame X—— when the latter was a saleswoman and she let no occasion pass that would increase the indebtedness of both Monsieur and Madame X——. When their shop was small and obscure Mrs. Long sent them many customers, for her eye saw far into the future, when they would be of use to her.

When they did open their famous shop and simultaneously became the rage, Mrs. Long doubled her forces by sending them titled acquaintances and enthusiastic Americans, who spread their fame broadcast.

Continued on Page 29)

THE GOAT MAN OF FUATINO

By Jack London

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

OF HIS many schooners, ketches and cutters that nosed about among the coral isles of the South Seas, David Grief loved most the Rattler, a yachtlike schooner of ninety tons, with so swift a pair of heels that she had made herself famous, in the old days, opium-smuggling from San Diego to Puget Sound, raiding the seal-rookeries of Bering Sea and running arms in the Far East. A stench and an abomination to Government officials, she had been the joy of all sailormen and the pride of the shipwrights who built her. Even now, after forty years of driving, she was still the same old Rattler, forereaching in the same marvelous manner that compelled sailors to see in order to believe, and that punctuated many an angry discussion with words and blows on the beaches of all the ports from Valparaiso to Manila Bay.

On this night, close-hauled, her big mainsail preposterously flattened down, her luffs pulsing emptily on the lift of each smooth swell, she was sliding an easy four knots through the water on the veriest whisper of a breeze. For an hour David Grief had been leaning on the rail at the lee fore-rigging, gazing overside at the steady phosphorescence of her gait. The faint back-draft from the headsails fanned his cheek and chest with a wine of coolness, and he was in an ecstasy of appreciation of the schooner's qualities.

"Eh! She's a beauty, Taute, a beauty," he said to the Kanaka lookout, at the same time stroking the teak of the rail with an affectionate hand.

"Ay, skipper," the Kanaka answered in the rich, big-chested tones of Polynesia. "Thirty years I know ships, but never like this. On Raiatea we call her Fanauao."

"The Dayborn," Grief translated the love phrase. "Who named her so?"

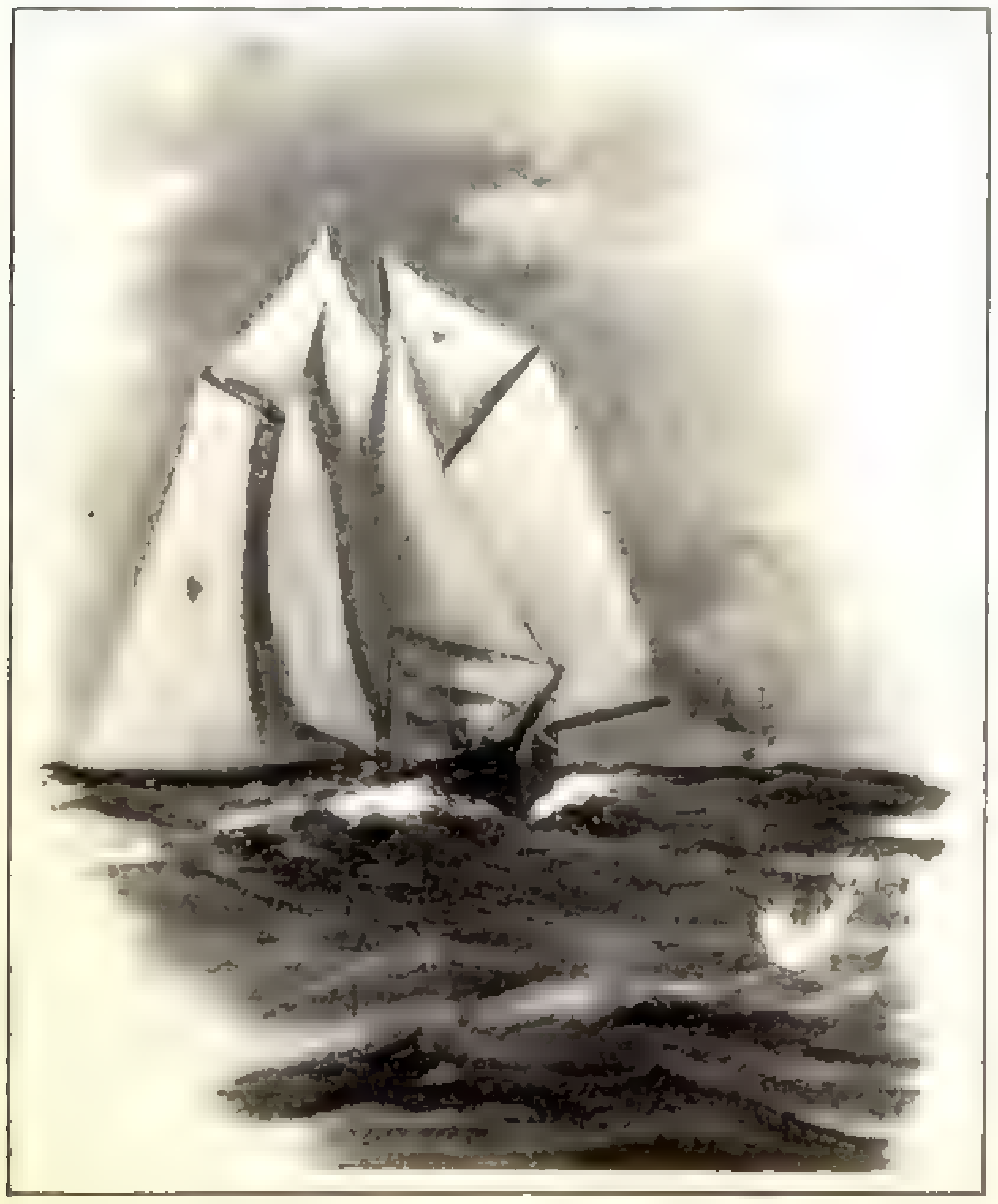
About to answer, Taute peered ahead with sudden intensity. Grief joined him in the gaze.

"Land," said Taute.

"Yes; Fuatino," Grief agreed, his eyes still fixed on the spot where the star-luminous horizon was gouged by a blot of blackness. "It's all right. I'll tell the captain."

The Rattler slid along until the loom of the island could be seen as well as sensed; until the sleepy roar of breakers and the blatting of goats could be heard; until the wind, off the land, was flower-drenched with perfume.

"If it wasn't a crevice she could run the passage a night like this," Captain Glass remarked regretfully, as he watched the wheel lashed hard down by the steersman.



The Joy of All Sailormen and the Pride of the Shipwrights Who Built Her

The Rattler, run off shore a mile, had been hove to to wait till daylight ere she attempted the perilous entrance to Fuatino. It was a perfect tropic night, with no hint of rain or squall. For'ard, wherever their tasks left them, the Raiatea sailors sank down to sleep on deck. Aft, the captain and mate and Grief spread their beds with similar languid unconcern. They lay on their blankets, smoking and murmuring sleepy conjectures about Mataara, the Queen of Fuatino, and about the love affair between her daughter, Naumoo, and Motuaro.

"They're certainly a romantic lot," Brown, the mate, said. "As romantic as we whites."

"As romantic as Pilsach," Grief laughed, "and that is going some How long ago was it, captain, that he jumped you?"

"Eleven years," Captain Glass grunted resentfully.

"Tell me about it," Brown pleaded. "They say he's never left Fuatino since. Is that right?"

"Right-O," the captain rumbled. "He's in love with his wife—the little hussy! Stole him from me, and as good a sailorman as the trade has ever seen . . . if he is Dutch."

"German," Grief corrected.

"It's all the same," was the retort "The sea was robbed of a good man that night he went ashore and Notutu took one look at him. I reckon they looked good to each other. Before you could say seal she'd, put a wreath of some kind of white flowers on his head; and in five minutes they were off down the beach, like a couple of kids, holding hands and laughing. I hope he's blown that big coral patch out of the channel. I always start a sheet or two of copper warping past."

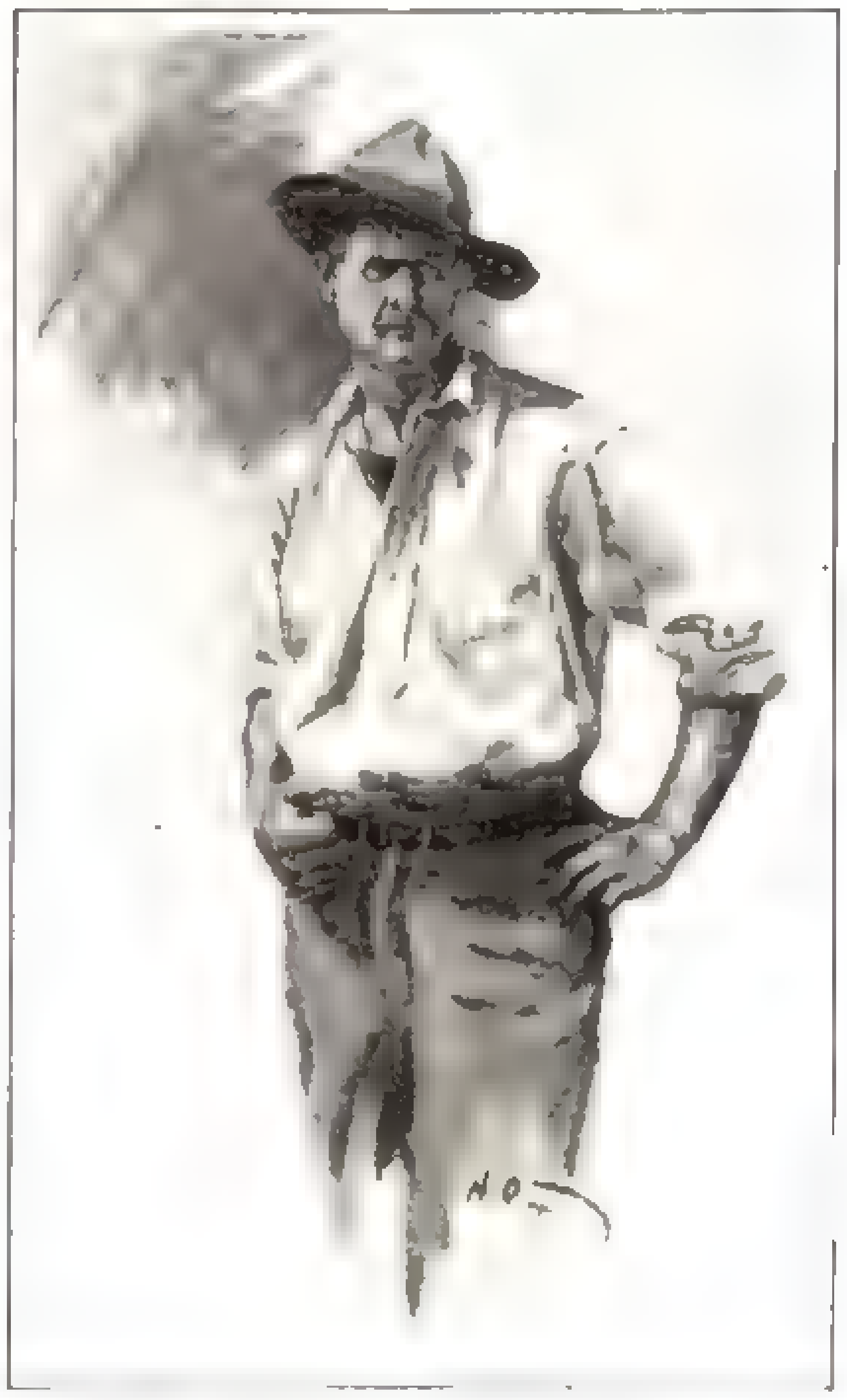
"Go on with the story," Brown urged.

"That's all. He was finished right there. Got married that night. Never came on board again. I looked him up next day. Found him in a straw house in the bush, bare-legged, a white savage, all mixed up with flowers and things and playing a guitar. Looked like a bally ass. Told me to send his things ashore. I told him I'd see him damned first. And that's all. You'll see her tomorrow. They've got three kiddies now wonderful little rascals. I've a phonograph down below for him and about a million records"

"And then you made him trader?" the mate queried of Grief

"What else could I do? Fuatino is a love island and Pilsach is a lover. He knows the native, too—one of the best traders I've got or ever had. He's responsible. You'll see him tomorrow."

"Look here, young man," Captain Glass rumbled threateningly at his mate: "are you romantic? Because, if you are, on board you stay. Fuatino's the island of romantic insanity. Everybody's in love with somebody. They live on love. It's in the milk of the cocoanuts, or the air, or the sea. The history of the island for the last ten thousand years is nothing but love affairs. I know. I've talked with the old men. And if I catch you starting down the beach hand in hand ——"



"We Might Have Been Fighting for Empires a Hundred Years Ago"

His sudden cessation caused both the other men to look at him. They followed his gaze, which passed across them to the main rigging, and saw what he saw—a brown hand and arm, muscular and wet, being joined from overside by a second brown hand and arm. A head followed, thatched with long elfin locks, and then a face, with roguish black eyes, lined with the marks of wild wood's laughter.

"My stars!" Brown breathed. "It's a faun—a sea faun."

"It's the Goat Man," said Glass.

"It is Mauriri," said Grief. "He is my own blood brother by sacred plight of native custom. His name is mine, and mine is his."

Broad brown shoulders and a magnificent chest rose above the rail, and with what seemed effortless ease the whole grand body followed over the rail and noiselessly trod the deck. Brown, who might have been other things than the mate of an island schooner, was enchanted. All that he had ever gleaned from the books proclaimed indubitably the faunlikeness of this visitant of the deep. "But a sad faun," was the young man's judgment, as the golden-brown wood's god strode forward to where David Grief sat up with outstretched hand.

"David," said David Grief.

"Mauriri, Big Brother," said Mauriri.

And thereafter, in the custom of men who have pledged blood brotherhood, each called the other, not by the other's name, but by his own. Also, they talked in the Polynesian tongue of Fuatino, and Brown could only sit and guess.

"A long swim to say *talofa*," Grief said, as the other sat and streamed water on the deck.

"Many days and nights have I watched for your coming, Big Brother," Mauriri replied. "I have sat on the Big Rock where the dynamite is kept, of which I have been made keeper. I saw you come up to the entrance and run back into darkness. I knew you waited till morning, and I followed. Great trouble has come upon us. Mataara has cried these many days for your coming. She is an old woman, and Motuaro is dead and she is sad."

"Did he marry Naumoo?" Grief asked, after he had shaken his head and sighed by the custom

"Yes. In the end they ran to live with the goats, till Mataara forgave, when they returned to live with her in the Big House. But he is now dead and Naumoo soon will die. Great is our trouble, Big Brother. Tori is dead, and Tati-Tori, and Petoo, and Nari, and Pilsach, and others."

"Pilsach too!" Grief exclaimed. "Has there been a sickness?"

"There has been much killing. Listen, Big Brother. Three weeks ago a strange schooner came. From the Big Rock I saw her topsails above the sea. She towed in with her boats, but they did not warp by the big patch and she pounded many times. She is now on the beach where they are strengthening the broken timbers. There are eight white men on board. They have women from some island far to the east. The women talk a language in many ways like ours, only different. But we can understand. They say they were stolen by the men on the schooner. We do not know, but they sing and dance and are happy."

"And the men?" Grief interrupted.

"They talk French. I know, for there was a mate on your schooner who talked French long ago. There are two chief men, and they do not look like the others. They have blue eyes like you, and they are devils. One is a bigger devil than the other. The other six are also devils. They do not pay us for our yams and taro and breadfruit. They take everything from us, and if we complain they kill us. Thus was killed Tori and Tati-Tori and Petoo and others. We cannot fight, for we have no guns—only two or three old guns.

"They illtreat our women. Thus was killed Motuaro, who made defense of Naumoo, whom they have now taken on board their schooner. It was because of this that Pilsach was killed. Him the chief of the two chief men, the Big Devil, shot once in his whaleboat, and twice when he tried to crawl up the sand of the beach. Pilsach was a brave man, and Notutu now sits in the house and cries without end. Many of the people are afraid and have run to live with the goats. But there is not food for all in the high mountains. And the men will not go out and fish, and they work no more in the gardens because of the devils, who take all they have. And we are ready to fight.

"Big Brother, we need guns and much ammunition. I sent word before I swam out to you, and the men are waiting. The strange white men do not know you are come. Give me a boat and the guns, and I will go back before the sun. And when you come tomorrow we will be ready for the word from you to kill the strange white men. They must be killed. Big Brother, you have ever been of the blood with us, and the men and women have prayed to many gods for your coming. And you are come!"

"I will go in the boat with you," Grief said.

"No, Big Brother," was Maurini's reply. "You must be with the schooner. The strange white men will fear the schooner, not us. We will have the guns, and they will not know. It is only when they see your schooner come that they will be alarmed. Send the young man there with the boat."

So it was that Brown, thrilling with all the romance and adventure he had read and guessed and never lived, took his place in the stern-sheets of a whaleboat loaded with rifles and cartridges, rowed by four Raiatea sailors, steered by a golden-brown, sea-swimming faun and directed through the warm tropic darkness toward the half-mythical love island of Fuatino which had been invaded by twentieth-century pirates.

II

IF A LINE be drawn between Jaluit, in the Marshall Group, and Bougainville, in the Solomons, and if this line be bisected at two degrees south of the equator by a line drawn from Ukuor, in the Carolines, the high island of Fuatino will be raised in that sun-washed stretch of lonely sea. Inhabited by a stock kindred to the Hawaiian, the Samoan, the Tahitian and the Maori, Fuatino becomes the apex of the wedge driven by Polynesia far to the west and in between Melanesia and Micronesia. And it was Fuatino that David Grief raised next morning, two miles to the east and in direct line with the rising sun. The same whisper of a breeze held, and the Rattler slid through the smooth sea at a rate that would have been eminently proper for an island schooner had the breeze been thrice as strong.

Fuatino was nothing else than an ancient crater, thrust upward from the sea-bottom by some primordial cataclasm. The western portion, broken and crumbled to sea level, was the entrance to the crater itself, which constituted the harbor. Thus Fuatino was like a rugged horseshoe, the heel pointing to the west. And into the opening at the heel the Rattler steered. Captain Glass, binoculars in hand and peering at the chart made by himself, which was spread on top of the cabin, straightened up with an expression on his face that was half alarm, half resignation.

"It's coming," he said. "Fever. It wasn't due till tomorrow. It always hits me hard, Mr. Grief. In five minutes I'll be off my head. You'll have to con the schooner in. Boy! Get my bunk ready! Plenty of blankets! Fill that hot-water bottle! It's so calm, Mr. Grief, that I think you can pass the big patch without warping. Take the leading wind and shoot her. She's the only craft in the South Pacific that can do it, and I know you know the trick. You can scrape the Big Rock by just watching out for the main boom."

He had talked rapidly, almost like a drunken man, as his reeling brain battled with the rising shock of the malarial stroke. When he stumbled toward the companionway his face was purpling and mottling as if attacked by some monstrous inflammation or decay. His eyes were setting in a glassy bulge, his hands shaking, his teeth clicking in the spasms of chill.

"Two hours to get the sweat," he chattered with a ghastly grin; "and a couple more and I'll be all right. I know the damned thing to the last minute it runs its course. Y-y-you t-t-take ch-ch-ch-ch "

His voice faded away in a weak stutter as he collapsed down into the cabin and his employer took charge. The Rattler was just entering the passage. The heels of the horseshoe island were two huge mountains of rock a thousand feet high, each almost broken off from the mainland and connected with it by a low and narrow peninsula. Between the heels was a half-mile stretch, all but blocked by a reef of coral extending across from the south heel. The passage, which Captain Glass had called a crevice, twisted into this reef, curved directly to the north heel and ran along the base of the perpendicular rock. At this point, with the main boom almost grazing the rock on the port side, Grief, peering down on the starboard side, could see bottom less than two fathoms beneath and shoaling steeply. With a whaleboat towing for steerage and as a precaution against back-drafts from the cliff, and taking advantage of a fan of breeze, he shook the Rattler full into it and glided by the big coral patch without warping. As it was, he just scraped, but so softly as not to start the copper.

The harbor of Fuatino opened before him. It was a circular sheet of water, five miles in diameter, rimmed with white coral beaches from which the verdure-clad slopes rose swiftly to the frowning crater walls. The crests of the walls were saw-toothed volcanic peaks, capped and haloed with captive trade-wind clouds. Every nook and crevice of the disintegrating lava gave foothold to creeping, climbing vines and trees a green foam of vegetation. Thin streams of water, that were mere films of mist, swayed and undulated in sheer descents of hundreds of feet. And to complete the magic of the place, the warm moist air was heavy with the perfume of the yellow-blossomed *cassi*.

Fanning along against light, vagrant airs, the Rattler worked in. Calling the whaleboat on board, Grief searched out the shore with his binoculars. There was no life. In the hot blaze of tropic sun the place slept. There was no sign of welcome. Up the beach on the north shore, where the fringe of cocoanut palms concealed the village, he could see the black bows of the canoes in the canoe houses. On the beach, on even keel, rested the strange schooner. Nothing moved on board of her or around her. Not until the beach lay fifty yards away did Grief let go the anchor in forty fathoms. Out in the middle, long years before, he had sounded three hundred fathoms without reaching bottom, which was to be expected of a healthy crater-pit like Fuatino. As the chain roared and surged through the hawse-pipe he noticed a number of native women, lusciously large as only those of Polynesia are, in flowing *ahus*, flower-crowned, stream out on the deck of the schooner on the beach. Also, and what they did not see, he saw from the galley the squat figure of a man steal for'ard, drop to the sand and dive into the green screen of bush.

While the sails were furled and gasketed, awnings stretched and sheets and tackles coiled harbor fashion, David Grief paced the deck and looked vainly for a flutter of life elsewhere than on the strange schooner. Once, beyond any doubt, he heard the distant crack of a rifle in the direction of the Big Rock. There were no further shots, and he thought of it as some hunter shooting a wild goat.

At the end of another hour, Captain Glass, under a mountain of blankets, had ceased shivering and was in the inferno of a profound sweat.

"I'll be all right in half an hour," he said weakly.

"Very well," Grief answered. "The place is dead, and I'm going ashore to see Mataara and find out the situation."

"It's a tough bunch; keep your eyes open," the captain warned him. "If you're not back in an hour send word off."

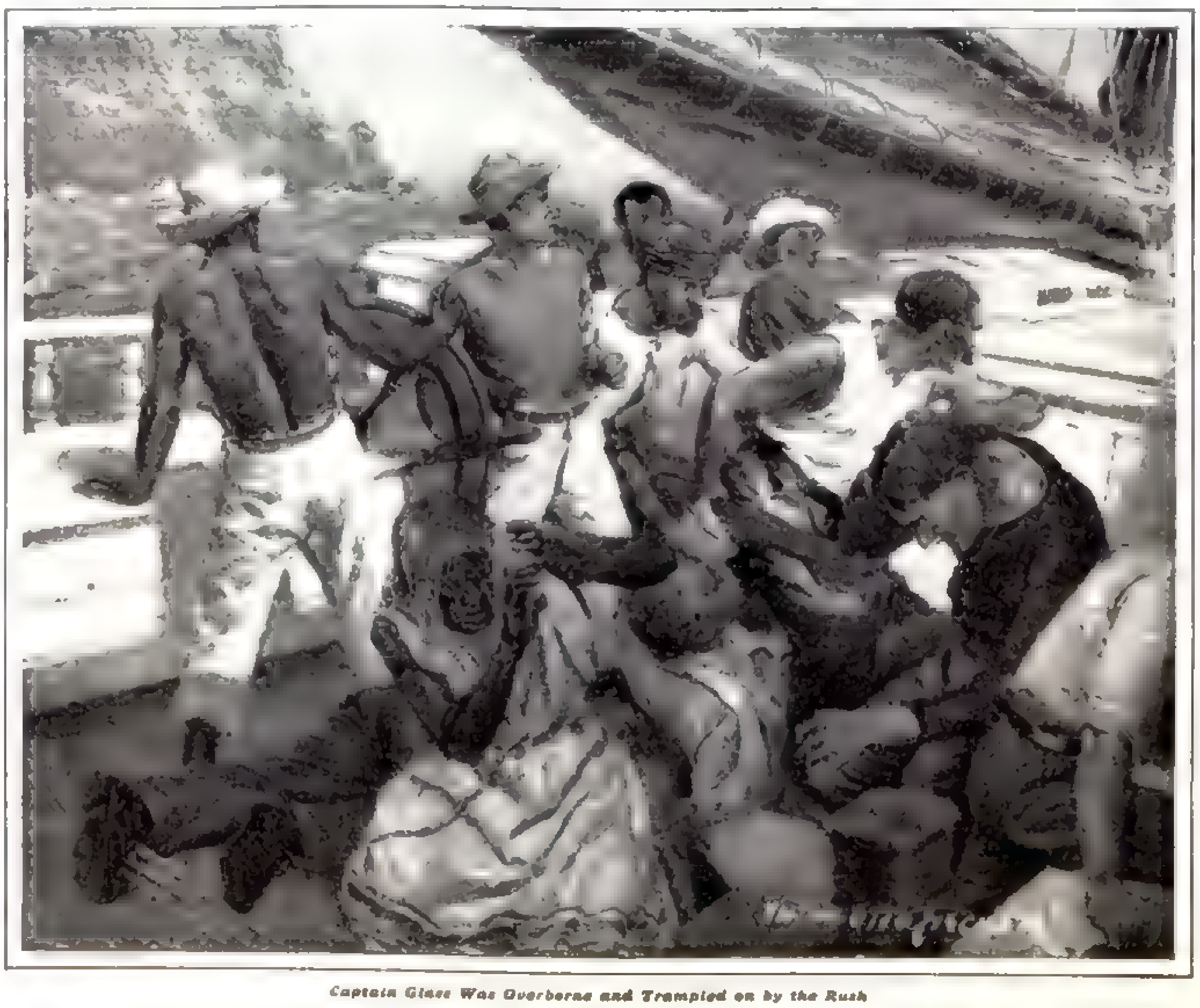
Grief took the steering-sweep and four of his Raiatea men bent to the oars. As they landed on the beach he looked curiously at the women under the other schooner's awning. He waved his hand tentatively, and they, after giggling, waved back

"*Talofa*," he called.

They understood the greeting, but replied "*Iorana*," and he knew they came from the Society Group.

Huaheine, one of his sailors unhesitatingly named their island. Grief asked them whence they came, and with giggles and laughter they replied Huaheine.

"It looks like old Dupuy's schooner," Grief said in Tahitian, speaking in a low voice. "Don't look too hard. What do you think, eh? Isn't it the Valetta?"



Captain Glass Was Overborne and Trampled on by the Rush

As the men climbed out and lifted the whaleboat slightly up the beach, they stole careless glances at the vessel.

"It is the Valetta," Taute said. "She carried her topmast away seven years ago. At Papeete they rigged a new one. It was ten feet shorter. That is the one."

"Go over and talk with the women, you boys. You can almost see Huaheine from Raiatea, and you'll be sure to know some of them. Find out all you can. And if any of the white men show up don't start a row."

An army of hermit crabs scuttled and rustled away before him as he advanced up the beach, but under the palms no pigs rooted and grunted. The cocoanuts lay where they had fallen and at the copra-sheds there were no signs of curing.

Industry and tidiness had vanished. Grass house after grass house he found deserted. Once he came upon an old man, blind, toothless, prodigiously wrinkled, who sat in the shade and babbled with fear when he spoke to him. It was as if the place had been struck with the plague, was Grief's thought, as he approached the Big House. All was desolation and disarray. There were no flower-crowned men and maidens, no brown babies rolling in the shade of the avocado trees. In the doorway, crouched and rocking back and forth, sat Mataara, the old queen. She wept afresh at sight of him, divided between the tale of her woe and regret that no follower was left to dispense to him her hospitality.

"And so they have taken Naumoo," she finished. "Motuaro is dead. My people have fled and are starving. And there is no one to open for you even a drinking cocoanut. Oh, Brother, your white brothers be devils."

"They are no brothers of mine, Mataara," Grief consoled. "They are robbers and pigs, and I shall clean the island of them. ——"

He broke off to whirl half around, his hand flashing to his waist and back again, the big Colt's leveled at the figure of a man, bent double, that rushed at him from out of the trees. He did not pull the trigger, nor did the man pause till he had flung himself headlong at Grief's feet and begun to pour forth a stream of uncouth and awful noises. He recognized the creature as the one he had seen steal from the Valetta and dive into the bush; but not until he raised him up and watched the contortions of the hare-lipped mouth could he understand what he uttered.

"Save me, master, save me!" the man yammered in English, though he was unmistakably a South Sea native. "I know you! Save me!"

And thereat he broke into a wild outpour of incoherence that did not cease until Grief seized him by the shoulders and shook him into silence.

"I know you," Grief said. "You were cook in the French hotel at Papeete two years ago. Everybody called you Hare-Lip."

The man nodded violently.

"I am now cook of the Valetta," he spat and spluttered, his mouth writhing in a fearful struggle with its defect. "I know you. I saw you at the hotel. I saw you at Lavina's, I saw you on the Kittiwake. I saw you at the Mariposa wharf. You are Captain Grief and you will save me. Those men are devils. They killed Captain Dupuy. Me they made kill half the crew. Two they shot from the crosstrees. The rest they shot in the water. I knew them all. They stole the girls from Huaheine. They added to their strength with jailmen from Noumea. They robbed the traders in the New Hebrides. They killed the trader at Vanikoro and stole two women there. They ——"

But Grief no longer heard. Through the trees, from the direction of the harbor, came a rattle of rifles, and he started on the run for the beach. Pirates from Tahiti and convicts from New Caledonia! A pretty bunch of desperadoes that even now was attacking his schooner. Hare-Lip followed, still spluttering and spitting his tale of the white devils' doings.

The rifle-firing ceased as abruptly as it had begun, but Grief ran on, perplexed by ominous conjectures, until, in a turn of the path, he encountered Mauriri running toward him from the beach.

"Big Brother," the Goat Man panted, "I was too late. They have taken your schooner. Come. For now they will seek for you."

He started back up the path away from the beach.

"Where is Brown?" Grief demanded.

"On the Big Rock. I will tell you afterward. Come now."

"But my men in the whaleboat?"

Mauriri was in an agony of apprehension.

"They are with the women on the strange schooner. They will not be killed. I tell you true. The devils want sailors. But you they will kill. Listen!" From the water, in a cracked tenor voice, came a French hunting song. "They are landing on the beach. They have taken your schooner—that I saw. Come."

III

CARELESS of his own life and skin, nevertheless David Grief was possessed of no false hardihood. He knew when to fight and when to run, and that this was the time for running he had no doubt. Up the path, past the old man sitting in the shade, past Mataara crouched in the doorway of the Big House, he followed at the heels of Mauriri. At his own heels, doglike, plodded Hare-Lip. From behind came the cries of the hunters, but the pace Mauriri led them was heartbreaking. The broad path narrowed, swung to the right and pitched upward. The last grass house was left, and through high thickets of *cassi* and swarms of great, golden wasps the way rose steeply until it became a goat-track. Pointing upward to a bare shoulder of volcanic rock, Mauriri indicated the trail across its face.

"Past that we are safe, Big Brother," he said. "The white devils never dare it, for there are rocks we roll down on their heads, and there is no other path. Always do they stop here and shoot when we cross the rock. Come."

A quarter of an hour later they paused where the trail went naked on the face of the rock.

"Wait, and when you come, come quickly," Mauriri cautioned.

He sprang into the blaze of sunlight, and from below several rifles pumped rapidly. Bullets smacked about him and puffs of stone-dust flew out, but he won safely across. Grief followed, and so near did one bullet come that the dust of its impact stung his cheek. Nor was Hare-Lip struck, though he essayed the passage more slowly.

For the rest of the day, on the greater heights, they lay in a lava glen where terraced taro and *papaia* grew. And here Grief made his plans and learned the fullness of the situation.

"It was ill luck," Mauriri said. "Of all nights this one night was selected by the white devils to go fishing. It was dark as we came through the passage. They were in boats and canoes. Always do they have their rifles with them. One Raiatea man they shot. Brown was very brave. We tried to get by to the top of the bay, but they headed us off and we were driven in between the Big Rock and the village. We saved the guns and all the ammunition, but they got the boat. Thus they learned of your coming. Brown is now on this side of the Big Rock with the guns and the ammunition."

"But why didn't he go over the top of the Big Rock and give me warning as I came in from the sea?" Grief criticised.

"They knew not the way. Only the goats and I know the way. And this I forgot, for I crept through the bush to gain the water and swim to you. But the devils were in the bush, shooting at Brown and the Raiatea men; and me they hunted till daylight, and through the morning they hunted me there in the low-lying land. Then you came in your schooner, and they watched till you went ashore; and I got away through the bush, but you were already ashore."

"You fired that shot?"

"Yes; to warn you. But they were wise and would not shoot back, and it was my last cartridge."

"Now you, Hare-Lip?" Grief said to the Valetta's cook.

His tale was long and painfully detailed. For a year he had been sailing out of Tahiti and through the Paumotus on the Valetta. Old Dupuy was owner and captain. On his last cruise he had shipped two strangers in Tahiti as mate and supercargo. Also, another stranger he carried to be his agent on Fanriki. Raoul Van Asveld and Carl Lepsius were the names of the mate and supercargo.

"They are brothers, I know, for I have heard them talk in the dark, on deck, when they thought no one listened," Hare-Lip explained.

The Valetta cruised through the Low Islands, picking up shell and pearls at Dupuy's stations. Frans Amundson, the third stranger, relieved Pierre Gollard at Fanriki. Pierre Gollard came on board to go back to Tahiti. The natives of Fanriki said he had a quart of pearls to turn over to Dupuy. The first night out from Fanriki there was shooting in the cabin. Then the bodies of Dupuy and Pierre Gollard were thrown overboard. The Tahitian sailors fled to the forecastle. For two days, with nothing to eat and the Valetta hove to, they remained below. Then Raoul Van Asveld put poison in the meal he made Hare-Lip cook and carry for'ard. Half the sailors died.

"He had a rifle pointed at me, master; what could I do?" Hare-Lip whimpered. "Of the rest, two went up the rigging and were shot. Fanriki was ten miles away. The others went overboard to swim. They were shot as they swam. I only lived, and the two devils, for me they wanted to cook for them. That day, with the breeze, they went back to Fanriki and took on Frans Amundson, for he was one of them."

Then followed Hare-Lip's nightmare experiences as the schooner wandered on the long reaches to the westward. He was the one living witness and knew they would have killed him had he not been the cook.

At Noumea five convicts had joined them. Hare-Lip was never permitted ashore at any of the islands, and Grief was the first outsider to whom he had spoken.

"And now they will kill me," Hare-Lip spluttered, "for they will know I have told you. Yet am I not all a coward, and I will stay with you, master, and die with you."

The Goat Man shook his head and stood up.

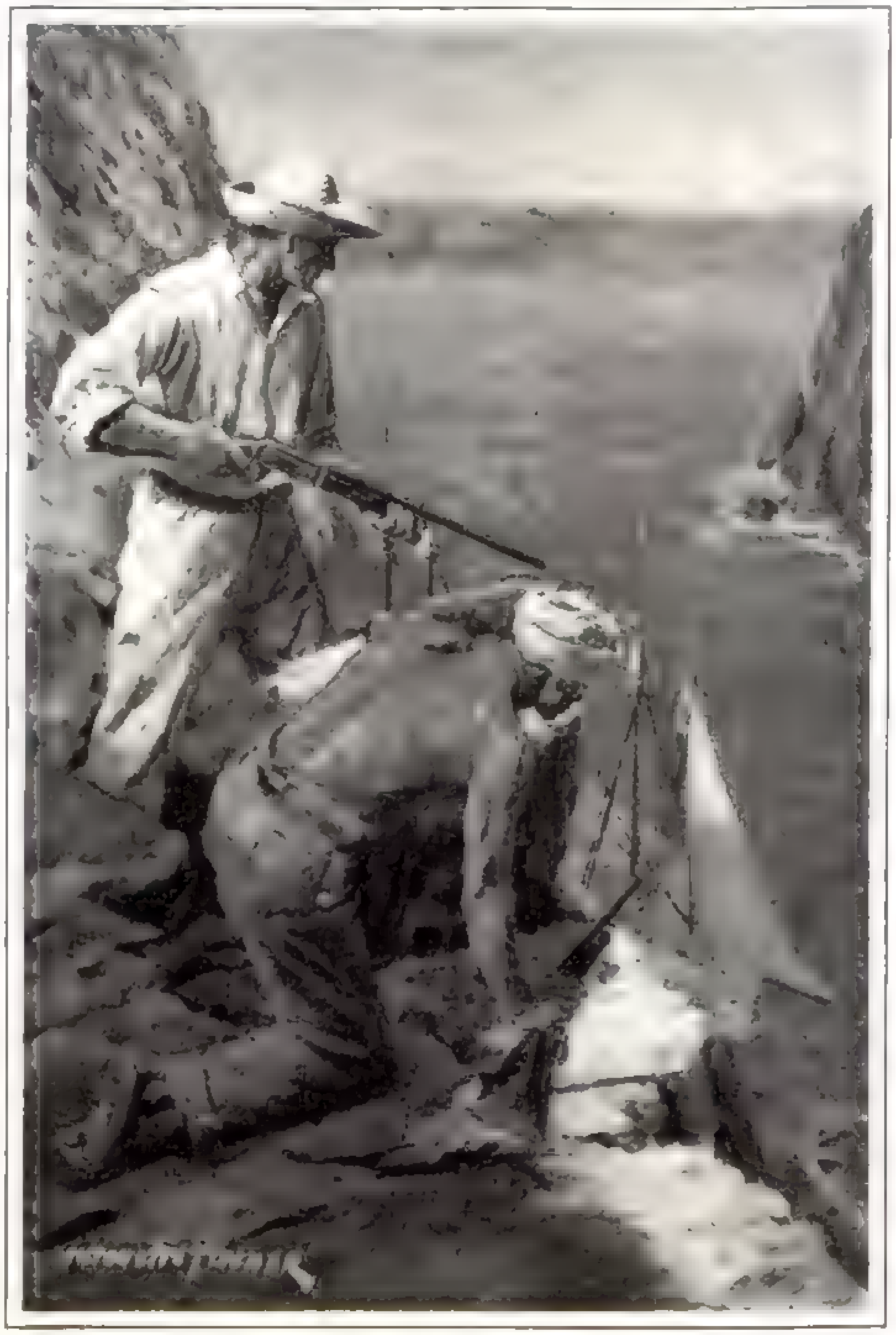
"Lie here and rest," he told Grief. "It will be a long swim tonight. As for this cookman, I will take him now to the higher places where my brothers live with the goats."

IV

"IT IS well that you swim as a man should, Big Brother," Mauriri whispered.

From the lava glen they had descended to the head of the bay and taken to the water. They swam softly, without splash, Mauriri in the lead. The black walls of the crater rose about them till it seemed they swam on the bottom of a great bowl. Above was the sky of faintly luminous star-dust. Ahead they could see the light that marked the Rattler, and from her deck, softened by distance, came a gospel hymn played on the phonograph intended for Pilsach.

The two swimmers bore to the left, away from the captured schooner. Laughter and song followed on board after the hymn, then the phonograph started again. Grief grinned to himself



"Turn Back, or I'll Blow Your Schooner Up!"

at the appositeness of it, as Lead, Kindly Light, floated out over the dark water.

"We must take the passage and land on the Big Rock," Mauriri whispered. "The devils are holding the low land."

Half a dozen rifle-shots at irregular intervals attested that Brown still held the Rock and that the pirates had invested the narrow peninsula.

At the end of another hour they swam under the frowning loom of the Big Rock. Mauriri, feeling his way, led the landing in a crevice, up which for a hundred feet they climbed to a narrow ledge.

"Stay here," said Mauriri. "I go to Brown. In the morning I shall return."

"I will go with you, Brother," Grief said.

Mauriri laughed in the darkness.

"Even you, Big Brother, cannot do this thing. I am the Goat Man, and I only, of all Fuatino, can go over the Big Rock in the night. Furthermore, it will be the first time that even I have done it. Put out your hand. You feel it? That is where Pilsach's dynamite is kept. Lie close beside the wall that you may sleep without falling. I go now."

And high above the sounding surf, on a narrow shelf beside a ton of dynamite, David Grief planned his campaign, then rested his cheek on his arm and slept.

In the morning, when Mauriri led him over the summit of the Big Rock, David Grief understood why he could not have done it in the night. Despite the accustomed nerve of a sailor for height and precarious clinging, he marveled that he was able to do it in the broad light of day. There were places, always under minute direction of Mauriri, that he leaned forward, falling across hundred-foot deep crevices, until his outstretched hands struck a grip on the opposing wall and his legs could then be drawn across after. Once there was a ten-foot leap above half a thousand feet of yawning emptiness and down a fathom's length to a meager foothold. And he, despite his cool head, lost it another time on a shelf a scant twelve inches wide, where all handholds seemed to fail him. And Mauriri, seeing him sway, swung his own body far out and over the gulf and passed him, at the same time striking him sharply on the back to brace his reeling brain. Then it was, and forever after, that he fully knew why Mauriri had been named the Goat Man.

◆

THE defense of the Big Rock had its good points and its defects. Impregnable to assault, two men could hold it against ten thousand. Also, it guarded the passage to open sea. The two schooners, Raoul Van Asveld and his cutthroat following were bottled up. Grief, with the ton of dynamite, which he had removed higher up the rock, was master. This he demonstrated, one morning, when the schooners attempted to put to sea. The Valetta led, the whaleboat towing her manned by captured Fuatino men. Grief and the Goat Man peered straight down from a safe rock shelter three hundred feet above. Their rifles were beside them, also a glowing fire-stick and a big bundle of dynamite sticks with fuses and detonators attached. As the whaleboat came beneath, Mauriri shook his head.

"They are our brothers. We cannot shoot."

For'ard, on the Valetta, were several of Grief's own Raiatea sailors. Aft, stood another at the wheel. The pirates were below, or on the other schooner, with the exception of one who stood, rifle in hand, amidships. For protection he held Naumoo, the Queen's daughter, close to him.

"That is the chief devil," Mauriri whispered, "and his eyes are blue like yours. He is a terrible man. See! He holds Naumoo that we may not shoot him."

A light air and a slight tide were making into the passage and the schooner's progress was slow.

"Do you speak English?" Grief called down.

The man, startled, half lifted his rifle to the perpendicular and looked up. There was something quick and catlike in his movements, and in his burned blond face a fighting eagerness. It was the face of a killer.

"Yes," he answered. "What do you want?"

"Turn back, or I'll blow your schooner up!" Grief warned. He blew on the fire-stick and whispered: "Tell Naumoo to break away from him and run aft."

From the Rattler, close astern, rifles cracked, and bullets spatted against the rock. Van Asveld laughed defiantly and Mauriri called down in the native tongue to the woman. When directly beneath, Grief, watching, saw her jerk away from the man. On the instant Grief touched the fire-stick to the match-head in the split end of the short fuse, sprang into view on the face of the rock and dropped the dynamite. Van Asveld had managed to catch the girl and was struggling with her. The Goat Man held a rifle on him and waited a chance. The dynamite struck the deck in a compact package, bounded and rolled into the port scupper. Van Asveld saw it and hesitated, then he and the girl ran

(Continued on Page 33)

THE GLORY OF CLEMENTINA

By WILLIAM J. LOCKE

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR I. KELLER

XXIII

THE next morning Clementina put off a sitter—a thing she had never done before—and, letting her work go hang, made an unprecedented irruption into Russell Square.

"It's about this dinner of yours," she said as soon as Quixtus appeared. "I telephoned you yesterday that I was coming."

"And I said, my dear Clementina, that I was delighted."

"It was the morose wart-hog inside me that made me decline," she said frankly. "But there's a woman of sense also inside me that can cut the throat of the wart-hog when it likes. So here I am, a woman of sense. Now will you let a woman of sense run this dinner party for you? Oh, I know what you may be thinking!" she went on hastily, without giving him time to reply. "I'm not going to suggest liver and bacon and a boiled potato. I know how things should be done, better than you."

"I'm afraid I'm inexperienced in entertainments of the kind," said Quixtus, with a smile. "Spriggs generally attends to these things for me."

"Spriggs and I will put our heads together," said Clementina. "I want you to give a rather wonderful dinner party. What kind of table decorations have you?"

Spriggs was summoned. He loaded the dining-room table with family plate and table centers and solid cut glass. His pride lay in a Mid-Victorian épergne that at every banquet in the house proudly took the place of honor, with a fat load of grapes and oranges and apples. Clementina set apart a few articles of silver and condemned the rest, including the épergne, as horrors.

"You'll let me have the pleasure, Ephraim," she said, "of providing all the flowers and making out a scheme of decoration. Anything I want I'll get myself and make you a present of it. I'm by way of being an artist, you know; so it will be all right."

"Could any one doubt it?" said Quixtus. "I am very much indebted to you, Clementina."

"A woman comes in useful now and then. I've never done a hand's turn for you and it's time I began. You'll want a hostess, won't you?"

"Dear me," said Quixtus, somewhat taken aback. "I suppose I shall. I never thought of it."

"I'll be hostess," said Clementina. "I'm a kind of aunt to Tommy and Etta, for whom you're giving the party. I'm a kind of connection of yours—and you and I are kind of father and mother to Sheila. So it will be quite correct. Let me have your list of guests and don't worry."

Clementina in her sweeping mood was irresistible. Quixtus, mild man, could do no more than acquiesce gratefully. It was most gracious of Clementina to undertake these perplexing arrangements. New sides of her character exhibited themselves every day. There was only one flaw in the newly revealed Clementina—her unaccountable disparagement of Mrs. Fontaine; but even this defect she remedied of her own accord.

"I take back what I said about Mrs. Fontaine," she said abruptly. "I was in a wart-hoggy humor. She's a charming woman, with brilliant social gifts."

Quixtus beamed, whereat Clementina felt more wart-hoggy than ever; but she beamed also, with a mansuetude that would have deceived Mrs. Fontaine herself.

Clementina, after an intimate interview with a first resentful, then obfuscated and finally boneless and submissive Spriggs, went her way, a sparkle of triumph in her eyes. And then began laborious days during which she sacrificed many glorious hours of daylight to the arrangements for the dinner party. She spent an incredible time in antique shops and schools of art needlework, and even haunted places near the London docks hunting for the glass and embroideries and other things she needed. She ordered rare flowers from florists. She wasted her evenings over a watercolor design for the table decoration and over designs for the menu and namecards.

"It's going to be a dinner that people shall remember," she said to Etta.

"It's going to be splendid," said Etta. "You think of everything, darling, except the one thing—the most important."

"What's that, child?"

"Have you got a dress to wear, darling?"

"Dress?" echoed Clementina, staring at the child. "Why, of course. I've got my black—"

Etta stood aghast. "That old thing you took with you, packed anyhow, on the motor trip?"

"Naturally. Isn't it good enough for you?"

"It's not for me," said Etta, growing bold. "I love you in anything. It's for the other people. Do go and get yourself a nice frock. There's still time. I've never liked to tell you before, dear, but the old one gapes at the back"—she paused dramatically—"gapes dreadfully."

"Oh, Lord! Let it gape!" cried Clementina impatiently. "Don't worry me."

Etta continued to worry, however, with only partial success. Clementina obstinately refused to buy new raiment, but consented to call in Miss Pugsley, the little dressmaker round the corner in the King's Road, who fashioned such homely garments as Clementina deigned to wear, and hand over the old black dress to her for alterations and repairs. Etta sighed and spent anxious hours with Miss Pugsley and forced a grumbling and sarcastic Clementina to stand half clad while the frumpy rag attained something resembling a fit.

"At any rate, there are no seams burst and it does hook together," said Etta, dismally surveying the horror at the final fitting.

"Humph!" said Clementina, contemplating herself wryly in the mirror. "I suppose I look like a lady. Now I hope you're satisfied."

Meanwhile such painting as she did in the intervals of her daily excursions abroad progressed exceedingly. Tommy, coming into the studio one evening, caught sight of the lady in the gray dress standing on its easel.

"Stunning!" he cried. "Stunning! You can almost hear the stuff rustle. How the dickens do you get your texture? You're a holy mystery! By Jove, you are! All this"—he ran his thumb parallel with a fold in the drapery—"All this is a miracle." He turned and faced her with worshiping eyes in which the tears were ready to spring. "By Jove, you're great!"

The artist was thrilled by the homage; the woman laughed inwardly. She had dashed at the task triumphantly and as if by magic the thing had come out right. She was living, these days, intensely. There was no miracle that she could not work.

A morning or two afterward she issued a ukase to Tommy and Etta that they were to accompany her on an automobile excursion. Tommy, to whom she had constituted herself taskmistress, boyishly glad of the holiday, flew down Romney Place and found a great, luxurious hired motor standing at her door. Presently Etta arrived and then Clementina and Sheila and the young lovers started. Where were they going? Clementina explained. As she could not keep Sheila in London during August, she had decided on taking a furnished cottage in the country. Estate agents had highly recommended one at Molehamon-Thames. She was going down to have a look at it and wanted their advice. The motor plowed through the squalor of Brentford and then sped along the Bath Road, through Colnebrook and Slough and Maidenhead, and through the glorious greenery in which Henley is embowered; and on and on, by winding, shady roads, with here and there a flashing glimpse of river, by fields lush in golden pasture, up and down the gentle hills, through riverside villages where sleeping gayety brings a smile to the eyes, between the high hedges of Oxfordshire lanes, through the cool, verdant mystery of beech woods, until it entered a gateway and proceeded up a long avenue of elms and stopped before a red-brick manor-house.

"This the cottage?" asked Tommy.

"Do you think it's a waterfall?" asked Clementina.

They alighted. A caretaker took the "order to view" given by the estate agents and conducted the party over the place. The more Tommy saw the more amazed did he grow. There was a park; a garden; a pergola of roses; a couple of tennis courts; a lawn reaching to the river. The house, richly furnished throughout, contained rooms innumerable—four or five sitting rooms, a large dining room, billiard room, countless bedrooms, a magnificent studio; in the grounds another studio.

"I'll take it," said Clementina.

"But, my dear," gasped Tommy, "have you considered? I don't want to be impertinent—but the rent of this place must be a thousand pounds a minute."

She drew him apart from Etta and Sheila.

"My dear boy," she said, "for no reason that I can see I've lived all my life on tuppence a year. It's only quite lately I've realized that I'm a very rich woman and can do anything more or less I please. I'm going to take this place for August and September and hire an automobile, and you and Etta are coming to stay with me; and you can each bring as many idiot boys and girls as you choose, and I shall paint and you can paint, and Sheila can run about the garden—and we're all going to enjoy ourselves."

Tommy thrust his hands into the pockets of his gray flannels and declared she was a wonder. Whereupon they proceeded to Moleham and, after lunch at the Black Boy, motored back to Chelsea.

These were days filled with a myriad activities. The dinner party engaged her curious attention. She sent back proofs of the menu and namecards time after time to the firm of art printers before she was satisfied. Then she took them to Quixtus. He was delighted.

"But, my dear Clementina, why are you taking all this ridiculous trouble?"

She laughed in her gruff way and summoned Spriggs to another dark and awful interview.

A day or two before the dinner Mrs. Fontaine, who, although she had suggested the idea, did not view a dinner party as a world-shaking phenomenon, bethought her of the matter. A pretty little note had summoned Quixtus to tea. They were alone.

"I have been wondering, my dear Doctor Quixtus," she said sweetly, her soft eyes on his, as soon as she had heard of the acceptances of the people in whom she was interested—"I have been wondering whether we are good enough friends for me to be audacious."

He smiled an assurance.

"If I brought you a few flowers for the table would you accept them? And, if you did, would you let me come and arrange them for you? It would be such a pleasure. Even the best-trained servants can't give the little touch that a woman can."

Quixtus flushed. It was difficult to be ungracious to the flower of womanhood; yet the flower of womanhood had come too late in the day with her gracious proposal. He explained, wishing to soften the necessary refusal, that he had already called in the help of his artistic friends, Miss Clementina Wing and Tommy Burgrave.

"Why didn't you send for me?"

"I did not venture," said he.

"I have been deluding myself with the fancy that we were friends." She sighed and looked at him with feminine significance. "Nothing venture, nothing win."

Quixtus, simple soul, was too genuinely distressed by obvious happenings to follow the insidious scent. With great wisdom, Clementina had shown him her watercolor design, and he knew that Mrs. Fontaine, with all her daintiness, could not compete with the faultless taste and poetic imagination of a great artist. He wondered why so finely sensitive a nature as the flower of womanhood did not divine this. Her insistence jarred on him ever so little. And yet he shrank from wounding susceptibilities.

"I never thought you would be interested in such trivial domestic matters," he said.

"It is the little things that count."

For the first time in his intercourse with her he felt uncomfortable. Here was the lady maintaining her reproach of neglect. If she took so much interest in this wretched dinner party why had she not offered her services at once? Unwittingly he contrasted her inaction with Clementina's irresistible energy. In answer to her remark he said, smiling:

"I'm not so sure about that, although it's often asserted. We lawyers have an axiom: *De minimis non curat lex.*"

"Pity a poor woman. What on earth does that mean?"

He translated:

"The law is one thing and human sentiment another."

With all her rough contradiction and violent assertion Clementina never pinned him down to a fine point of sentimental argument. There was a spaciousness about Clementina wherein he could breathe freely. This close atmosphere began to grow distasteful. There was a slight pause, which Mrs. Fontaine filled in by handing him his second cup of tea.

"Miss Clementina Wing," said he, dashing for the open, "is so intimately associated not only with the objects of our little entertainment but also with myself in other matters that I could do no less than consult her."

Lena Fontaine bent forward, sugar-tongs in hand, ready to drop a lump into his cup—a charmingly intimate pose.

"Of course I understand, dear Doctor Quixtus. And is she really coming to the dinner?"

"Why not?"

"She's so—so unconventional. I thought she never went into society."

"She is honoring me by making an exception in my case," replied Quixtus, a little stiffly.

"I'm delighted to hear it," she said sweetly; but in her heart she bitterly resented Clementina's interference. She would get even with the fish-fag for this.

On the morning of the dinner party, Clementina sent for Tommy. He found her, as usual, at work. She laid down her brush and handed him the watercolor design.

"I'm too busy today to fool about with this silly nonsense. I can't spare any more time to it. You can carry out the scheme quite as well as I can. You'll find everything there. Do you mind?"

Tommy did not mind, in fact, he was delighted with the task. The artist in him loved to deal with things of beauty and exquisite colors.

"Shall I give an eye to the wines?"

"Everything's quite settled. I saw to it yesterday. Now, clear out. I'm busy. And look here," she cried, as he was mounting the staircase, "I'm not going to have you or Etta fooling round the place today. I'm going to paint till the very last minute."

She resumed her painting. A short while afterward a note and parcel came from Etta. From the parcel she drew a long pair of black gloves. She threw them to the maid, Eliza.

"What shall I do with them, ma'am?"

"Wear 'em at your funeral," said Clementina.

* * *

A few minutes before eight, Quixtus stood in the great drawing room waiting to receive his guests. On the stroke came Admiral Concannon, scrupulously punctual, and Etta, followed by Tommy who, having given the last touches to the table, waylaid her on the stairs. Then came Lady Louisa Malling and Lena Fontaine, demure in pale heliotrope. After them Lord and Lady Radfield, he tall and distinguished, with white mustache and imperial; she much younger, dumpy, expensively dressed, wearing a false air of vivacity. Then came in quick succession General and Lady Barnes; Griffiths, Quixtus' colleague in the Anthropological Society, and his wife; John Powersfoot, the Royal Academician; Mr. and Mrs. Wilmour-Jackson, physically polished, vacant, opulent—friends of Mrs. Fontaine. Gradually the party assembled and the hum of talk filled the room. During an interval Quixtus turned to Tommy. What had become of Clementina, who had promised to play hostess? Tommy could give no information. All he knew about her was that he had stopped at her door and offered a lift in his cab, and Eliza had come down with a verbal message to the effect that he was to go away and that Miss Wing was not coming in his cab. Tommy opined that Clementina was in one of her crotchety humors. Possibly she would not turn up at all. Etta took Tommy aside.

"I'm sure that old black frock has split down the back and Eliza is mending it with black thread."

Only the Quinns and Clementina to arrive; and at ten minutes past came the Quinns—Sir Edward, member of Parliament, and Lady—genial, flustered folks, with many apologies for lateness. The hands of the clock on the mantelpiece marked the quarter. Still no Clementina. Quixtus grew uneasy. What could have happened? Lena Fontaine turned from him and whispered to Lord Radfield:

"She has forgotten to put on her boots and is driving back for them."

Then Spriggs appeared at the door and announced:

"Miss Clementina Wing."

And Clementina sailed into the room.

For the first and only time in his life did Quixtus lose his courtliness of manner. For a perceptible instant he stood stock-still and stared open-mouthed. It was a Clementina that he had never seen before; a Clementina that no one had ever seen before. It was Clementina in a hundred-guinea gown, gold silk gleaming through ambergris net; Clementina exquisitely corseted and revealing a beautifully curved and rounded figure; Clementina with a smooth, clear, olive skin, with her fine black hair coiled by a miracle of the hairdresser's art majestically on her head—and set off with a great diamond comb; Clementina wearing diamonds at her throat; Clementina perfectly gloved; Clementina carrying an ostrich-feather fan; Clementina erect, proud, smiling, her strong face illuminated by her fine eyes, a-glitter with suppfessed excitement; Clementina a very great lady and almost a beautiful woman. Those who knew her stared like Quixtus; those who did not looked at her appreciatively.

She sailed across the room, hand outstretched to Quixtus.

"I'm so sorry I'm late and so sorry I could not run in today. I've been up to my ears in work. I hope Tommy has been a satisfactory lieutenant."

"He has most faithfully carried out your instructions," said Quixtus, recovering his balance.

Clementina smiled on Mrs. Fontaine. "How d'ye do? How charming to meet you again. But you're looking pale tonight, my dear—quite fagged out. I hope nothing's the matter."

She turned round quickly, leaving Lena Fontaine speechless with amazement and indignation, and shook hands with the astonished admiral. Was this regal-looking woman the same paint-daubed rabbit-skinner of the studio? He murmured vague nothings.

"Well, my dears?"

Tommy and Etta, thus greeted, stood paralyzed before her, like village children at a school feast when they are addressed by the awe-inspiring squire's lady.

"Pinch me! Pinch me hard!" Tommy whispered when Clementina had turned to meet Lord Radfield, whom Quixtus was presenting.

"I believe I have the pleasure of taking you down to dinner," said Lord Radfield.

"I'm a sort of brevet-hostess in this house," said Clementina. "A bad one, I'm afraid, seeing how late I am."

Spriggs announced dinner. Quixtus led the way with Lady Radfield; Clementina on Lord Radfield's arm closed the procession. The company took their places in the great dining room. Quixtus, at the end of the table by the door, sat between Lady Radfield and Lady Louisa; Clementina, at the foot, between Lord Radfield and General Barnes. Lena Fontaine had her place as near Clementina as possible, between Lord Radfield and Griffiths, a dry, splenetic man, who had taken her in. Clementina had thus arranged the table plan.

The scheme of decoration was too striking in its beauty not to arouse immediate and universal comment. It was half barbaric. Rich Chinese gold embroideries on the damask; black-and-gold lacquer urns; a great black-and-gold lacquer tray; black irises with golden tongues in gold-dust Venetian glass; tawny orchids flaring profusely among the black and gold. Here and there among greenery the glow of golden fruit; and insistent down the long table the cool sheen of ambergris grapes. Glass and silver and damask; black and gold and ambergris—audacious, startling—then appealing to the eye as perfect in its harmony.

Quixtus and Tommy each proclaimed the author. All eyes were directed to Clementina. Attention was diverted to the name and menu cards. Lord Radfield put his namecard into his pocket.

"It is not every day in the week that one takes away a precious work of art from a London dinner party."

Clementina enjoyed a little triumph, the flush of which mounted to her dark face. With the flush and in the setting she had prepared for herself, she looked radiant. Her late entrance had produced a dramatic effect; the immediate concentration of every one on her work, added to the commonplace of her reputation, had at once established her as the central figure in the room; and she sat as hostess at the foot of the table, a symphony in ambergris, gold and black. Woman, in the use of woman's weapons, has evolved no laws of fence.

"One might almost have said she did it on purpose," murmured the ingenuous Tommy.

"Did what?" asked Etta.

"Why, used the table as a personal decoration. Don't you see how it all leads up to her?—leads up, by Jove! to her eyes and the diamonds in her hair! And, I say, doesn't it wipe out Mrs. Fontaine?"

Tommy was right. Lena Fontaine's pale coloring, her white face and chestnut hair faded into nothingness against the riot of color. The pale heliotrope of her dress was killed. She was insignificant to the eye. Conscious of this eclipse, hating herself for having put on heliotrope, and yet wondering which of her usual half-tone costumes she could have worn, she paid her tribute to the designer with acid politeness. She wished she had not come. Clementina as fish-fag and Clementina as princess were two totally different people. She could deal with the one. How could she deal with the other? The irony in Clementina's glance made her quiver with fury; her heart still burned hot with the indignation of the first greeting. She felt herself to be in the midst of hostile influences. Griffiths, a man of unimaginative fact, plunged headlong into a discourse on comparative statistics of accidents to railway servants. She listened absently, angry with Quixtus for pairing her with so dreary a fellow. Griffiths, irritated by her non-intelligence, transferred the lecture to his other neighbor as soon as an opportunity occurred. Lena Fontaine awaited her chance with Lord Radfield; but Clementina held him amused and interested and soon drew General Barnes into the talk. With the slough of her old outer trappings Clementina had cast off the slough of her abrupt and unconventional speech. She was a woman of acute intellect, wide reading and wide observation. She had ideas and wit, and she had come out this evening flamingly determined to use all her powers.

Her success sent her pulses throbbing. Here were two men, at the outset of her experiment, hanging on her words, paying indubitable homage, not to the woman of brains not to the well-known painter, but to the essential woman herself. The talk became subtle, personal—a quick interchange of hinted sentiment that makes for charm. When Lord Radfield at last turned to Lena Fontaine she could offer him nothing but commonplaces: Goodwood, a scandal or so, the fortunes of a bridge club. Clementina adroitly brought them both quickly into her circle and Lena Fontaine had the chagrin to see the politely bored old face suddenly light up with reawakened interest. For a moment or two Lena Fontaine flashed into the talk, determined to offer battle; but after a while she felt dominated, cowed, with no fight left in her. The other woman ruled triumphant.

Tommy could not keep his eyes off Clementina and neglected Etta and his left-hand neighbor shamefully. An unprecedented rosiness of fingernails caught his eye. In awe-stricken tones he whispered to Etta: "Manicured!"

"Go on with your dinner," said Etta, "and don't stare, Tommy. It's rude."

"She should have given us warning," groaned Tommy. "We're too young to stand it."

The exquisitely cooked and served meal proceeded. The French chef whom Clementina had engaged, and to whom she had given full scope for his art, had felt like an architect unrestricted by site or expense, who can put into concrete form the dreams of a lifetime. John Powersfoot, the sculptor, sitting next to Lady Louisa, cried out to his host:

"This is not a dinner you're giving us, Quixtus—it's a poem."

Lady Louisa ate on, too much absorbed in flavors for articulate thought.

Quixtus smiled. "I'm not responsible. The mistress of the feast is facing me at the other end."

Powersfoot, who knew the Clementina of everyday life, threw up his hands in a Latin gesture that he had learned at the Beaux Arts and of which he was proud

"The most remarkable woman of the century!"

"I think you're right," said Quixtus.

He looked down the table, caught her eye and exchanged smiles. Now that he could adjust his mind to the concept of Clementina transfigured, he felt conscious of a breathless admiration. He grew absurdly impatient of the social conventions which pinned him in his seat, leagues of lacquer and orchids away from her. Idiotic envy of the two men whom she was fascinating by her talk entered his heart. She was laughing, showing her white, strong teeth, as only once before she had shown her teeth to him. He longed to escape from the vivaciously inane Lady Radfield and join the group at the other end of the table. Now and then his eye rested on Lena Fontaine; but she had almost faded out of sight.

At the end of the dinner he held the door open for the ladies to pass out. Clementina, immediately preceded by Etta, whispered a needless recommendation not to linger. The door closed. Etta put her arm around Clementina's waist.

"Oh, darling, you look too magnificent for words! But why didn't you tell me? Why did you make a fool of me about the old black dress?"

Clementina disengaged the girl's arm gently. "My child," she said, "if I have the extra pressure of a feather on me I'll yell! I'm suffering the tortures of the damned."

When the men came upstairs she again enjoyed a triumph. Men and women crowded around her and ministered instinctively to her talk. All the pent-up emotions, longings, laughter of years found torrential utterance. Powersfoot, standing beside her, was amazed to discover how shapely were her bare arms and how full and graceful her neck and shoulders.

Quixtus talked for a few moments with the spotless flower of womanhood. In the stiff formality of the drawing room she regained her individuality. With a resumption of her air of possession she patted a vacant seat on the couch beside her and invited him to sit down. He obeyed.

"I thought you were going to neglect me altogether," she said.

He protested courteously. They sparred a little. Then Wilmour-Jackson, polished and opulent, eyeglass in eye, crossed over to the couch, and Quixtus, rising with an eagerness that made Lena Fontaine bite her lip, yielded him the seat and joined the charmed circle around Clementina. A little thrill of pleasure passed through him as she glanced a welcome. He gazed at her, fascinated. Something magnetic, feminine, he was too confused to know what, emanated from her and held him bound. Never in all the years of his knowledge of her had she appealed to him in this extraordinary manner. Why had the perfect neck and arms, the graceful figure, been hidden under shapeless garments? Why had the magnificence of her hair never been revealed? Why had grim frown and tightened lips locked within the features the laughter that now played about them? Once he had seen her face illuminated—at the hotel in Marseilles—but then it was with generous and noble feeling, and he had forgotten the disfiguring attire. Now she had the stateliness of a queen and men hung around her, irresistibly attracted. . . .

At last Lady Radfield disentangled her lord and departed. Others followed her example. The party broke up with the curious suddenness of London. In a brief interval between adieux Quixtus and Clementina found themselves alone together.

"Well?" she asked. "Are you pleased?"

"Pleased? What a word! I'm dumfounded. I've been blind and my eyes are open. I never knew you before."

"Because I have a decent gown on? I couldn't do less."

"Because," said he, "I never knew what a beautiful woman you were."

The blood flew to her dark cheeks. She touched his arm and looked at him.

"Do you really think I look nice?"

His reply was cut short by the Quinns coming up to take leave, but she read it on his face. The room thinned. Lena Fontaine came up.

"It's getting late. I must rescue Louisa and go. Your dinner party was quite a success, Doctor Quixtus."

"So glad you think so," said Clementina; "especially now that I hear you were originally responsible for it. It was most kind of you to think of our dear young people. But don't go yet. Lady Louisa is quite happy with Mr. Griffiths. He is feeding her with facts. Let us sit down for a minute or two and chat comfortably."

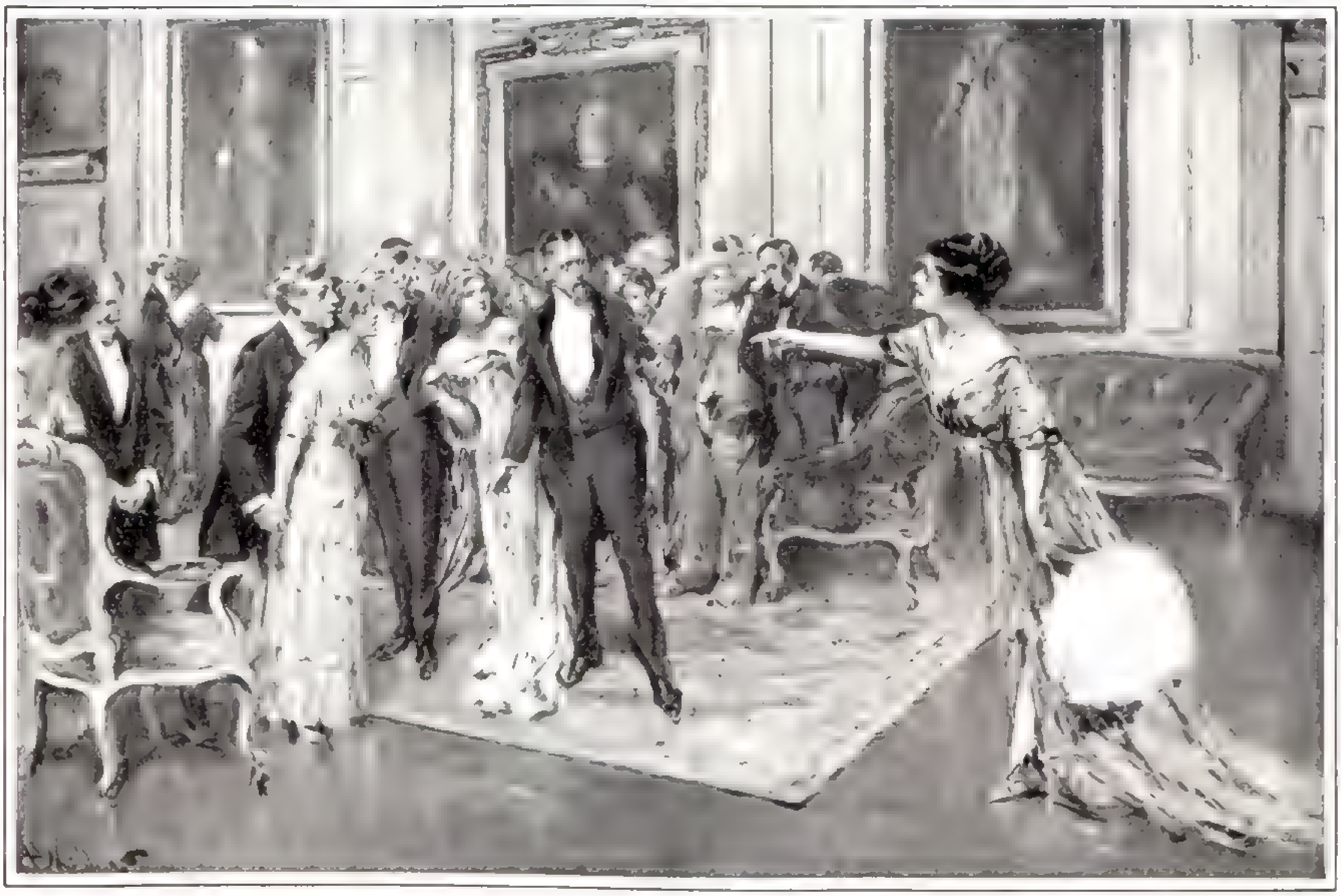
She moved to a sofa near by and motioned Mrs. Fontaine to a seat. Quixtus drew up a chair.

"I've done a desperate thing," said Clementina. "I've taken the old manor-house at Moleham-on-Thames for August and September. It's as big as a hotel and, unless I fill it with people, I shall be lost in it. Now every one who wants to paint can have a studio—I myself am going to paint every morning—and any one who wants to write can have a library. Sheila has picked out the library for you, Ephraim—takes it for granted that you're coming. I hope you will. You'll break her heart if you don't—and there'll be a room for Mr. Huckaby too. There'll be Etta and Tommy, of course—and the admiral has promised to put in a week or two—and so on. And if you'll only come and stay August with me, my dear Mrs. Fontaine, my cup of happiness, unlike my house, will be full."

Lena Fontaine gasped for an outraged moment. Then a swift, fierce temptation assailed her to take the enemy at her word and fight the battle; but, glancing at her, she saw the irony and banter and deadly purpose behind the glittering eyes, and her courage failed her. She was dominated again by the intense personality, frightened by her sudden and unexpected power. To stay under the woman's roof was an impossibility.

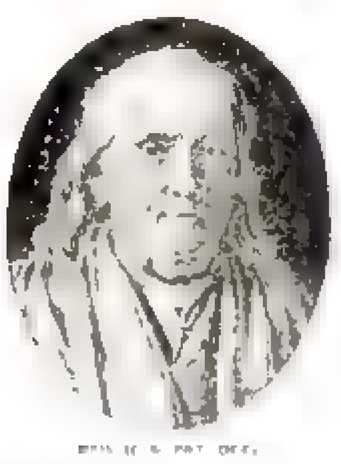
"I'm sorry I can't accept such a charming invitation," she said, with a smile of the lips, "for I've made an engagement with some friends to go to Dinard."

(Continued on Page 40)



And Clementina Sailed Into the Room

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 29, 1911

The Cotton Outlook

COTTON entered midsummer in the best condition since 1898 and on decidedly the largest area ever planted in this country. If the July condition is maintained to harvest the crop should reach fourteen million bales, breaking all records.

The most remarkable fact, however, in this connection is that, after the Government's condition report was published suggesting a record crop, middling uplands cotton in New York sold only a fraction under fifteen cents a pound.

The July condition in 1898 was ninety-one and a fraction against eighty-eight and a fraction this year; but the acreage then was thirty per cent smaller than now. The crop of 1898 exceeded eleven million bales, breaking all records to that time; but the average price of middling uplands cotton in New York that year was under six cents a pound and the farm value was barely five cents. If a cotton shark had then been told that the commodity would hold near fifteen cents a pound in face of the prospect of a fourteen-million-bale crop in this country, and some increase in production elsewhere, probably he would have judged his informant crackbrained.

In the decade preceding last year the world's consumption of cotton increased from below fourteen million to above seventeen million bales. Last year high prices brought a decline in consumption of nearly eight per cent; but the experience of that year leaves no doubt that the world will now use more cotton at fourteen cents a pound than it would have used a dozen years ago at six cents a pound. Which is an excellent thing for the American cotton planter.

The Print-Paper Duty

THE Payne-Aldrich bill fixes a protective duty of three dollars and seventy-five cents a ton on print paper. A report by the tariff board shows that it costs less to manufacture print paper in the United States than in Canada, notwithstanding the higher cost in this country of the ground woodpulp from which it is made.

This lower cost of production, however, is obtained only in the best mills. Taking all the mills in this country and all those in Canada, the average cost of production here is five dollars a ton higher. Some of our mills are situated so far from the supplies of raw material that transportation charges increase their cost of production about five dollars a ton. "Canadian mills," says the tariff board report, "are, as a rule, equipped with the latest and most improved machines made in the United States." A third or more of our mills, however, are equipped with old, comparatively out-of-date and inefficient machines. Thus, while the average daily capacity of Canadian machines is thirty-one tons of paper, the average capacity of more than two-fifths of our machines is only twenty-two tons. It is not labor cost but this out-of-date equipment that makes our average cost of production higher than that in Canada. A protective tariff is what keeps this old, inefficient equipment in use.

Something besides a protective tariff, however, is necessary to enable a manufacturer to continue in business with antiquated machinery. The best American mills, with thoroughly modern equipment, can produce paper much cheaper than those whose equipment dates back thirty years. Obviously, if there were free competition, the new mills would drive the old ones out of business or, at least, compel them to put in modern machinery. Print paper is a strictly typical example of the workings of high protection.

Killing the Scarecrow

WISCONSIN has La Follette—or, if you prefer to put it that way, La Follette, politically speaking, has Wisconsin. What this progressive spirit would do to the state has been freely predicted by some of Wisconsin's most eminent citizens. In 1903, for example, a large number of leading business men joined in protesting to the legislature against La Follette's railroad commission bill. They felt that it would jeopardize the agricultural and manufacturing interests whence the state derives its wealth and greatness. "If those who are in charge of the business interests of the state are satisfied with the present rates of transportation," they cogently argued, "it would seem that those who manage the politics of the state ought to be satisfied and not attempt to interfere in our business affairs." During the next year leading business men renewed the warning in even more solemn terms. The railroad commission law was enacted, however, and put into effect.

In the five years after that calamitous event revenues of railroads in Wisconsin increased from fifty million dollars to sixty-five million dollars. The Census Bureau reported the other day that in five years the value of products manufactured in Milwaukee had increased fifty-one per cent, the amount of salaries and wages paid in the manufactories had increased fifty-three per cent and the average number of wage-earners employed had increased thirty-seven per cent. Though Wisconsin is not one of the chief grain states, the value of her farm crops increased fifty-three per cent in the last census period.

Such are the dire results of progressive legislation in Wisconsin. It is a disheartening fact, indeed—applicable to the entire country—that no sooner do leading citizens get some fine bogy-man propped up on his lath-pins than out comes a census bulletin and bowls him over.

An Example From Albany

FIVE hundred million dollars or so of the money of outside banks is deposited in New York City, where the country's main banking reserve is located. The country's best security in respect of this immensely important reserve is to be found in a proper organization of the New York banks—enabling them to exert a united power both to enforce conservative banking practices and to meet a crisis should one arise—and in adequate cash holdings. When the trust companies were required to keep fifteen per cent of their deposits on hand in cash, and later when a number of them joined the New York clearing house, every intelligent observer felt that the banking position in New York had been decidedly bettered, because the total cash reserve would be increased and the banking organization strengthened.

Recently, however, an attack, both upon the cash reserve and upon the banking organization, has been blithely launched in the state legislature. First a bill was passed providing that state institutions might deduct the amount of state or of New York City bonds held by them from the amount of deposits in respect of which they were required to keep a cash reserve—the net effect being, of course, to lower their cash reserve requirement. This lower reserve would not meet the requirements of the New York Clearing House Association; so another bill was introduced providing that no state institution should belong to an association which required a higher reserve than that prescribed by the first bill. Having attacked the reserve, in short, sapient Tammany legislators next proposed to disrupt the banking organization in New York.

It may be added that the state banks themselves vigorously protested against the bill. This example is one among a million that almost make us ask: Why is a state legislature, anyway?

Burning Up Labor

PLANTERS have been urged to burn part of their cotton crop in order to enhance the market value of the remainder. With the same object, part of a coffee crop has been burned; and we believe there are other instances of deliberate destruction for the purpose of converting an oversupply into an undersupply and boosting prices, for it is a regrettable fact that the world will pay you more for producing a little less than it wants of a given commodity than it will for producing a little more than it wants.

Burning good cotton or good coffee, or any other thing the production of which costs much effort and the use of which is profitable to man, goes against the grain of human nature, however. It seems essentially immoral and a rank flying in the face of bountiful Providence. So far as we remember, labor is the only good commodity which habitually burns itself up in order to maintain a remunerative market price. A report happens to be at hand containing official returns of strikes and lockouts in various European countries. The statistics for Great Britain, France and Austria are made up in much the same form. A four-year average shows that about eight million days' work are annually lost in those three nations through strikes. That much labor is burned up every year. With three hundred working days in the year, we have the equivalent of twenty-seven thousand workmen perpetually idle from this cause.

To an impartial observer, it would seem that labor is the very last commodity that should be burned up.

Scientific Management for All

ANYBODY who can make anything go at all, from a peanut stand to a rail mill, is apt to fall into a complacent state of mind and regard himself as a good deal of a success. The valuable thing about "scientific management" is its insistence upon a constantly critical attitude toward your work, whatever the work may be. Posit yourself before your work and repeat with heartfelt conviction: "Probably I'm not doing this in the right way at all; probably my way of doing it is full of error. Let me look it over carefully from end to end and see how many faults I can discover."

As several eminent exponents of the system have pointed out, there is nothing fundamentally new about scientific management and it is by no means a sort of patent medicine that you can take twelve doses of according to directions and be cured. The new thing is the general agitation of the subject and the consequent impression upon the popular mind that, by a persistently critical attitude, faults and wastes may be discovered almost anywhere. One college, at least, has already announced an important conference to further this agitation. We trust the discussion will continue.

The Old Grammatical Error

THE most celebrated scholar of his time described grammar as consisting of twenty-six parts—to wit: "Words, letters, syllables, clauses, dictions, speeches, definitions, feet, accent, punctuation, signs, spelling, analogies, etymologies, glosses, differences, barbarisms, solecisms, faults, metaplasms, schemata, tropes, prose, meter, fables and histories."

The time, to be sure, was that of Charlemagne, when scholarship was not in a flourishing state; and Alcuin, whom the emperor set up to be schoolmaster of Europe, could hardly "pass" in the second grade of a country district school nowadays.

For all that, a majority of our public schools still teach grammar pretty much as Alcuin taught it. We still tell our youths that language consists of metaplasms, tropes, prose, meter, some fifteen or twenty different sorts of verbs, adjectives and adverbs—each nicely distinguished from the others by rules having exceptions which apply to more cases than the rules themselves apply to. Our bin is of a different shape and contains a somewhat different assortment of dry bones, but it is just about as appetizing as Alcuin's.

The best grammatical definition was written by Heine, who said that the important difference between regular and irregular verbs is that the latter cause youngsters more whippings. Probably this is the only difference that any college graduate not professionally engaged in teaching grammar was ever able to remember when he had been ten years out of school.

A Senatorial Suggestion

THE Senate sat in extraordinary session more than three months without transacting a solitary piece of business of wide importance except the passage of the joint resolution for direct election of Senators—with an amendment that required further consideration of the measure by the House.

Under the rules of the Senate, any single member can delay legislation upon any subject as long as he pleases, provided his wind holds out. As to a considerable amount of business, unanimous consent must be obtained; a solitary objection causes postponement.

This system, of course, heightens the personal power of every Senator. To be so situated that your solitary voice will stop legislation for the United States is rather alluring. Obviously it makes you a great personage. Quite as obviously it is not favorable to the dispatch of public business. It is a sort of graft, because it sacrifices the public interest for the personal aggrandizement of ninety-odd gentlemen who are supposed to be public servants.

Naturally no Senator likes to give up the personal power that accrues to him through "senatorial courtesy." A motion to amend the Senate rules would undoubtedly be the most unpopular one that could be presented to the upper house; but, in view of public sentiment on the subject, we think a sufficiently devoted band of senatorial martyrs could put such a motion through.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

"A. O."

Bred in Old Kentucky

ONCE or twice a year, when the Honorable Augustus Owsley Stanley is strolling down the busy marts of trade, either in Henderson, Kentucky, or Washington, D. C., as it happens, he observes in the window of a clothing store a concoction labeled, "Neat and Nobby! Take Me Home for Eight-seventy-five!" and goes in and procures it, wearing the same from the store with the label on it—unless, so be, it should occur to the gentlemanly purveyor to remove it.

Once or twice a year he does this, from which it may be gathered that Augustus Owsley Stanley doesn't give much time to the consideration of his personal sartorial embellishment. Nor does he. A suit of clothes is a suit of clothes with Stanley, contrived for the utilitarian purpose of covering the body, not for purposes of plumage or parade.

"A. O.," said a friend who observed Mr. Stanley sitting at the head of the House committee that is investigating the Steel Trust, "you ought to spruce up a little. For Heaven's sake, go and get you another suit of clothes!"

"What's the matter with these?" inquired Stanley. "I've only worn them a year or so."

"You ought to get a new suit," persisted the friend.

"All right," replied Stanley genially. "If you say so, old man, I'll do it." And he went and bought a fine layout for seven-sixty-two.

Clothes are the least of Stanley's concerns. He is of an inquiring turn of mind. For several years he has been crusading against the Steel Trust and desiring to know about the inner working of that beneficent—as Judge Gary says—organization. Inasmuch as he is a Democrat and every House of which he has been a member—until the present one—has been Republican, Stanley's thirst for information has not been supplied with an official assuager. The Republican majority wanted no investigation of the Steel Trust, or, if they did want one, restrained themselves with marvelous and stoic heroism. Furthermore, they couldn't see where a Democrat from Kentucky could put one over anyhow. Nor did they. However, it so happened that, for this and for many other reasons, the present House is Democratic; and no sooner had it organized than Stanley raised the long yell for his cherished investigation and got it, being made chairman of the special committee that is now inquiring into that billion-dollar enterprise, where the witnesses invariably speak of Andrew Carnegie as "Andy," thus showing scant reverence for that busy promulgator of libraries and universal peace.

He is full of curiosity, is Stanley. He goes around asking: "Why?" One day he said: "Comparing men to dogs, if I do not malign the dogs, men naturally divide into the same classes as dogs. Now there is the bird-dog—he's an investigating chap, going about to find out what is going on; and there's the bulldog, who wants to fight; and the hound, who is good for speed—and so on. Taking my own case, I'm of the bird-dog type. I'm an investigator. I want to know what's going on."

And, by the same token, that is what he is doing now—wanting to know what's going on and what has been going on in the Steel Trust—being reasonably successful in finding out too.

Those Pearly Parapets Hit

STANLEY was born in Shelby County, Kentucky, of one of the bluest of the blue-grass families, but moved over to Henderson after he began the practice of law. He is a gregarious citizen and would just as lief meet up with night-riders as with preachers—perhaps liefer. At any rate, pursuing his studies of the varied human nature of western Kentucky, he came to be acquainted not only with the high and eminent but also with various other classes of society; and he defended a lot of those various other classes when it happened they were in contravention of the statutes in numerous cases made and provided. He was successful at the bar, being a pleader for fair; and the result was that the various other classes all became his devoted followers. He is a spellbinder who can reach up and yank the burning stars from the everlasting heavens too; and he put in a good deal of time making speeches for various candidates.

Discussing his political activities with his wife one day, he said: "I believe I could be elected to Congress."

"Pshaw!" replied his wife. "I don't believe you could."

"I reckon I could," asserted Stanley.

"I dare you!" exclaimed his wife.

Stanley took the dare and went out and was elected to the Fifty-eighth Congress, and has been coming back regularly every two years since. Three or four years ago he began his series of attacks on the Steel Trust in strong, able, analytical speeches; for, with all his occasional extravagance of rhetoric, Stanley is a digger and a student, and he had facts at his control.

Politically he is one of the coming men in Kentucky. He is widely known and very popular in the state, where he is always referred to as "A. O." They wanted him to be a candidate for governor a time ago, but he declined; and it is more than probable that eventually he will get to the Senate. Indeed, that is probably his ambition. He is not only good at sustained effort in political speaking but he is quick and ready in rough-and-tumble debate, either on the floor of the House or on the stump.

"I don't say Stanley is a night-rider," asserted an opponent; "but if he is nominated all the night-riders will vote for him." "And," Stanley retorted, "I don't say he is a negro; but all the negroes will vote for him!"—which made a tremendous hit with the crowd.

Naturally Stanley reverences all the Kentucky standbys and dilates with much eloquence on those favorite topics of Kentucky's silver-tongued—to wit, the state's beautiful women, wonderful horses and unparalleled whisky. There came a discussion in the House of Representatives a time ago about cavalry remounts, and it was suggested by Mr. Mondell, of Wyoming, that the best place to get cavalry horses was in his state, where, he asserted, the horse was found in the full flower of its perfection. Stanley arose and said he had heard Mr. Mondell with amazement. He was shocked that any person should talk about going to the mountaintops of Wyoming or elsewhere for a horse.

"Why, it would be as reasonable, Mr. Chairman," he shouted, "to leave the Garden of Eden and send an expedition to the North Pole in search of fruits and flowers, or to dispatch a cordon of guardian angels from the pearly parapets of Paradise to the region of the damned for good society, as to leave Kentucky in the hunt for a horse! You cannot depend on any of your finespun theories about the developing of a running horse in a rarefied atmosphere. A horse does not run on his lungs; a statesman can!"

They laughed and applauded so much at that it was several minutes before Stanley could continue.

"A horse must have something more than a capacity to blow in order to get there," he continued. "He must have bone as hard as flint, sinews of steel, a heart that will not brook defeat; he must possess compactness of body, splendid endurance, pride and strength, with audacity and docility. In a word, he must be of that regal line found first on the plains of Arabia and then on the green fields of Kentucky. The history of Kentucky comprises the history of the horse."

He had them going then, and the Kentuckians were cheering like a lot of undergraduates at a football match.

"You will next be telling me—you who think the world has gone west—that you will have to put a woman in cold storage on the top of a mountain in order to improve her complexion and that beautiful women are no longer indigenous to Kentucky. You will be telling me it takes that rarefied atmosphere to make a proper brand of moonshine. Now you may claim what you will for the West, for the North, for the East or for the South; but for women and for the horse I challenge the world for Kentucky!"

Then he went along and made a serious speech telling them what they should do to get the right sort of cavalry horses. That is a fair sample of Stanley's line of spellbinding goods. He has an excellent voice and a skillful delivery; and in some parts of Kentucky they think "A. O." is the greatest orator since the first flock of Kentucky's silver-tongued ones scattered rhetoric in those parts. "Pearly parapets of Paradise!" isn't so bad either. When he gets to the Senate and lets go a few of those they will all sit up and take notice.

Valuable Reading

"I CONTEND it pays to read the Bible," said Dave Leahy, secretary to Governor Stubbs, of Kansas. "It is good for the morals of every man and woman—and it is great literature. Also, it pays in other ways.

"A good many years ago I was running a paper in a small town in the southern part of the state. My partner was a young fellow who knew about the business and mechanical ends of the plant. I was the editor. It was tough going. One day we got to a place where we had to have ten dollars to get some paper out of the express office or we could not issue our palladium of the liberties of the people thereabout. I had no ten. My partner had no ten. There wasn't a dime between us. However, that was his lookout. I was writing a powerful editorial article and I wanted to use a quotation from the Bible. I looked around the office for one. There was none. So I yelled out to my partner to go and buy a Bible at the bookstore near by. He told me he couldn't buy a sandwich—much less a Bible.

"'Well,' I said, 'I've got to have a Bible so I can round out this gem of English prose I am composing. Go out and rustle for one.'

"He started out; and while browsing around, trying to borrow one, he remembered his mother had given him a nice new Bible when he left home. He galloped up to his boarding place, found the Bible and brought it back to the office.

"As I was running through the leaves to find the verse I wanted, what do you think I found? A ten-dollar bill his mother had put there when he left home! That was just enough to take our white paper out of the express office; and the people were thus providentially not deprived of their weekly message of cheer, instruction, admonition and advice—which would have been disastrous, for that was a whale of an editorial!"

His Modest Job

THEY were discussing a United States Senator who had been a railroad attorney before he became a statesman, and who, many thought, had not given up his job when he assumed his toga.

"It's all rot!" said a man who knows the Senator. "He never was a railroad attorney except to go out and try damage cases. Why, all that man ever was was a cow-coroner!"

The Hall of Fame

¶ Alf Ringling, the circus man, could make a good living as a cornet soloist if he had to—but he hasn't.

¶ Representative George A. Loud, of Michigan, was paymaster on the revenue cutter McCullough when that ship was at the battle of Manila Bay.

¶ One of the sacred possessions of Augustus Thomas, the playwright, is a hat that was worn by William Jennings Bryan during the 1896 campaign.

¶ Senator Kenyon, of Iowa, just elected to the Senate, will be the fairhaired boy of that organization. He is yellow-haired, blue-eyed and rosy-cheeked.

¶ Henry Clews, the New York banker, was born in England and studied for the ministry, but heard Wall Street calling when his father brought him on a visit to this country, and refused to go back, either to England or to his studies.

Overland

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Five-Passenger Touring Car $900

THE introduction of our new five-passenger fore-door touring car (Model 59) at $900 is probably the greatest single manufacturing stride ever made in this or any other industry. It is an industrial leap directly due to the remarkable and economical progress of a giant institution.

¶ To start with, this car is a real automobile—not a little, frail, cramped machine, but a good, big, roomy car that is ample for five passengers. And as a matter of fact it has more power than you will probably ever care to use. The motor is the famous Overland type—4 x 4½—and will develop greater power than any other of a similar bore and stroke. It has the fashionable fore-door body with door handles inside and with center control. And what is more

purchased in the greatest quantities. These are existing commercial facts. No man can dispute them.

¶ The Overland plants are the greatest of their kind in the world. We employ more men, use more labor-saving automatic machinery and buy our raw materials in greater quantities than other manufacturers. Our output is 20,000 cars a year. It costs about as much for the 5,000-car factory to sell its output as it does for the factory making

it is built right—having the strength of cars that cost twice the price.

¶ In every respect it is beautifully finished. The upholstering is of good leather stuffed with hair. All trimmings are of the finest materials available. This new model from every possible comparative standpoint is the greatest value for the money that has ever been placed on the market.

¶ People are apt to wonder why other manufacturers cannot equal this value. It is for just this reason: All manufacturing progress is due to better and larger manufacturing facilities, the most efficient methods of handling men, and the economical marketing of goods. As any business increases its production costs decrease. The larger a factory's output becomes, the better economical methods of manufacturing can be incorporated in the business.

¶ Pins, locomotives, toothpicks or automobiles can all be made at less cost when manufactured in great quantities than if made piecemeal. Materials—steel, leather, hair, rubber, etc.—can all be bought at rock bottom prices if 20,000 cars, consequently the cost of each car of the 20,000-car factory is one-fourth that of the 5,000-car factory and the man who buys an Overland pockets the difference.

¶ The Willys-Overland Company has no fixed indebtedness or bonds. It has no heavy interest dates to fear. The stock is *all owned by its president—John N. Willys.* He personally directs the entire organization.

¶ Our enormous facilities, our mechanical investment of millions, our great purchasing powers and efficient and economical selling organization makes it possible for us to produce the remarkable value that we offer in our new five-passenger "30" touring car at $900. We are positive that no other manufacturer today can produce this car and sell it at this price, except at financial loss.

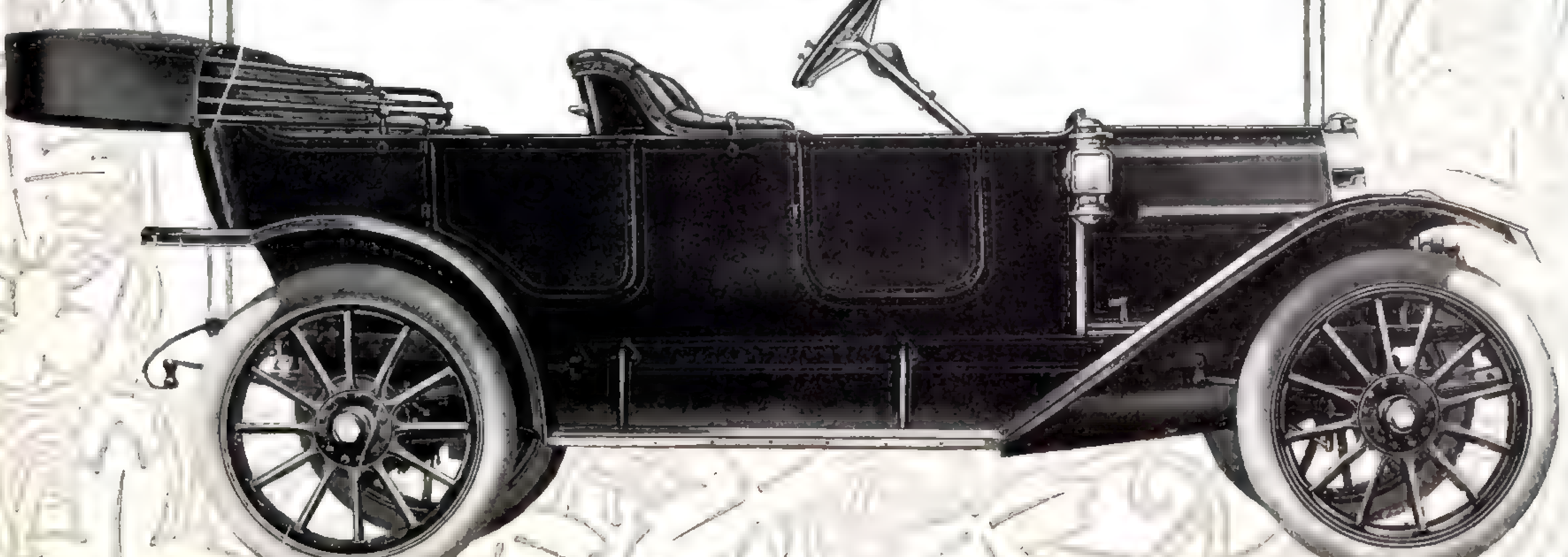
¶ Write for catalog A 27, describing this car. It will be worth your while. This year we have 9 body styles, including runabouts, roadsters, small and large touring cars, torpedoes and coupés. Horsepower runs from 25 to 45. Prices, $850 to $2000.

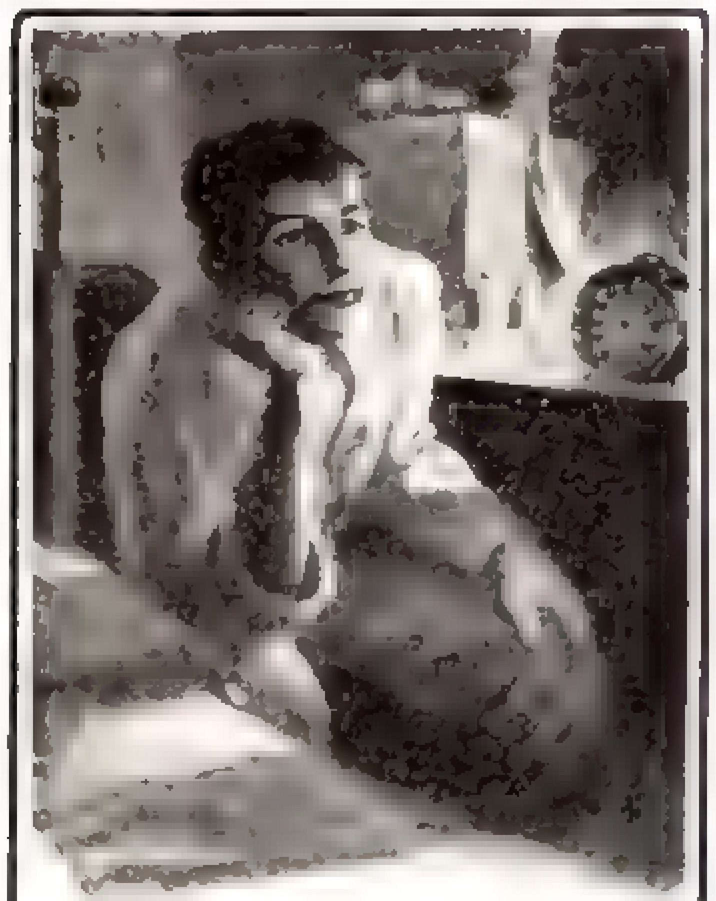
The $900 car is made in three body styles—five passenger fore-door touring car, two-passenger torpedo roadster, three-passenger coupe.

Specifications
Model 59

Wheel base—[illegible] inches
Tread—[illegible]
Motor—[illegible] 4½ [illegible] cast separately [illegible] lubricated [illegible] a sweet [illegible] motor
Carburetor—[illegible] the best [illegible] make
Horsepower—[illegible]
Transmission—[illegible] Annular Ball Bearings
Clutch—[illegible]
Ignition—[illegible]
Brakes—[illegible] wheels
Springs—[illegible] ¾ [illegible]
Steering gear—[illegible] wheel
Front axle—[illegible]
Rear axle—[illegible]
Wheels—[illegible]
Spokes—[illegible]
Tires—[illegible] ½ [illegible]
Quick detachable tires—[illegible]
Frame—[illegible]
Mohair top and glass wind shield $50 additional

The Willys-Overland Company Toledo, Ohio





If you are one of the "Sleepless Squad," suppose you avoid all other beverages and take a cup of hot well-made

POSTUM

on going to bed.

It has lulled the tired nerves to peaceful sleep in many, many cases.

Perhaps it may solve your problem.

DURING SLEEP

Nature Repairs the Human Engine.

The activities of the day cause more or less waste of tissues which is repaired at night during sleep.

The man or woman who can sleep well at night is sure of the necessary repairs, other things being right, to make each day a time of usefulness and living a real joy.

But let insomnia get hold of one and the struggle begins of trying to work with a machine out of repair. A Nebraska woman's experience is interesting:

"I used to be so nervous I could not sleep well at night.

"Finally my father got me to try Postum which he said had done wonders for him.

"Since I have been drinking Postum, in place of other hot table beverages, I can sleep sound any time I lie down, and I feel I owe everything to Postum."

Remember there are no drugs of any kind in POSTUM. It is simply a hot liquid food made of grain.

Read "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited
Windsor, Ontario, Canada

THE BILLYAD

By WALLACE IRWIN

Book III

TAFTONIS SPRINGETH THE MAGIC EMBLEM

But look! On the turrets of Troy stands revealed
A whale of a man with a whale of a shield—
A shield so enormous it shines in the sun
Like forty tin roofs all combined into one;
And over the front of that armor-plate targe
A Magical Word is emblazoned, so large
That the foemen who see it grow pale with ferocity,
For the word—aw, you've guessed it!—is this:

"RECIPROCITY"

And you also have guessed it—unless you're plumb daft—
That the Fat Party, wielding the emblem, is Taft.
"See!" he shouts in his pride:
"Behold me and dread!
Truth's on my side—
I've shook hands with Ted!"
Toot the bazoo!
On to the Wall
Pour, two by two,
His followers all—
The trust-hating Penrose, the lofty McCumber,
Eager to throttle the duty on lumber;
And Cullom and Stone bare their lances of steel—
And each holds a shield with a duplicate spiel,
Which they shake at the foe with suppressed animosity,
Showing the Magical Word "Reciprocity."

Then hey! for the carnage and ho! for the scrap!
The Candidates charge o'er the face of the map;
They storm the steep heights toward the shield-bearing ranks,
Their armor resounding with furious clanks,
Their fists firmly clenched for a tough strangle-holt
And their lances in rest for a terrible jolt
Then crash! on the shields with the Magic Device
They strike e'en as eggs smite a carload of ice!
And e'en as the egg in that thoughtless transaction
Splatters away in a decimal fraction,
So the spears of the Candidates, shoved with velocity,
Smite on that Taft-blessed word, "Reciprocity"—
Smite and fall, scattered, tattered and shattered;
Bended their points and their shafts badly battered.
Many a Candidate, writhing in pain,
Shrivels right up and expires on the plain;
And Bill, as he stands 'midst his party's huzzah,
Makes his world-famous utterance—namely: "Ha-ha!"
But Madison Bob, as he views the remains,
Speaks softly in Limericks. These are his strains:

LA FOLLETTE DELIVERETH AN ODE IN LIMERICKS

"Though at first I opined 'twas a bluff,
Now I see it has ginger enuff;
And I'll have to admit
Bill's making a hit
With that noisy Canadian stuff.

"Though it's only a Party excuse
To cover a chronic abuse—
A heated-air suction
On Tariff Reduction
That thrills—though it doesn't reduce.

"And look at him! Jousting at graft
And soaking King Wool fore and aft,
So that unthinking men
Holler: 'Hit 'em again!
O you Super-Insurgent, Bill Taft!'

"He swears that all Trusts he will end 'em
And the magnates to prison he'll send 'em—
I suppose before Fall
He'll be boosting Recall
And swiping my pet Referendum!"

ENTER: THE OLD SUPREME COURT COMEDY QUARTET

And while the horrid carnage raged again,
The Magic Issue making strange companions—
Great Cummins taking sides with Lofty Lodge;
Many Insurgents with the Patters standing;
Jonathan Bourne, the Oregonian Fury—
That Bourne from whence no caviler returns—
Lined up 'longside of crafty Elihu,
The Root that never once was radical!—
Thus, while the carnage raged, there did appear
Upon the walls of Troy four black-robed figures—
Seniors, but far from senile. In their hands
They bore enormous books marked "Precedents,"
From which they took the key—do, mi, sol, do,
Then from the heavens, sitting on a cloud,
Phœbus Apollo of the silver bow
Leaned forth and spake: "I ask your kind attention!
Gents, ye have wrought too long in deeds of war—
Now rest and take a little light amusement;
For comic songs refresh the hero's mind
And stimulate the Ti-erd Business Man.
We have with us tonight—attention, please!—
The Old Supreme Court Comedy Quartet
(Applause, confused with cries of "What, again!")
Then forth the black-robed songsters deftly step,
Close-harmonize the key and thuswise spiel:

SONG

We're fatherly old gentlemen, with children of our own;
Yet the cunning Infant Industries we crush with hearts of stone—
For they go around asticking of their tongues into their jaws,
Illegally combining and resisting of the laws.
But we do not like to hurt them; for, to tell the honest truth,
Their deeds are oft resulting from ex-u-berance of youth;
So, in order to remind them of their faults, we drop like lead
The following Opinions on each cunning little head:

"Trust, Trust, you naughty, naughty Trust!
You're just as predatory as can be;
Your deeds are quite involved and you ought to be dissolved
And we've half a mind to take you 'cross our knee.
Trust, Trust! Be reasonable you must,
And upon your smart evasions don't insist.
Smack, smack, smack! Be careful or we'll whack
You very, very briskly on the wrist."

We've caught the baby Standard telling horrid, horrid lies,
And the forward kid Tobacco blowing smoke in people's eyes;
We've found the tender Sugar Trust astealing all the candy,
And the Glue Trust's sticky fingers touching everything that's handy;
Oh, the wicked little Steel Trust! How he played around the streets,
Abegging sums of money from the magnates that he meets!
While indulgent Father Gary says: "He won't do so no more!"
Which is just about the song and dance he handed Theodore.

"Trust, Trust, you armor-plated Trust!
We're afraid that you are wicked to the core,
For you romp through every state quoting steel at twenty-eight
Which you sell in foreign lands at twenty-four
O Trust, be warned in season; for here comes the Reign of Reason,
When we won't endure your whimsies as they rankle.
Tut, tut, tut! Walk the straight and narrow rut,
Or we'll have to whisk you briskly on the ankle!"

So comfortable!

NO trouble to prepare our nourishing Tomato Soup, even on the hottest day.

You don't have to heat up the house nor yourself.

All you need is boiling water, and three minutes time for

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

It's as easy as getting a cup of tea. And far more satisfying.

A plate or two of this palatable wholesome soup with croutons or biscuit makes a sufficient light luncheon for a warm day.

And for a heartier meal—dinner or supper—make this the first course with everything else served cold if you like. See what a tasty relish it gives to the whole meal and how much more good it does you.

Why not try it *today?*

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Bouillon
Clam Chowder
[illegible]
Julienne
Mock Turtle
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
[illegible]
Tomato-Okra
[illegible]
[illegible]

Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve

Look for the red-and-white label

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
Camden N J

"A friend to dine!
O Hubby, mine
Whatever shall I do?
But never mind,
A *Campbell* 'kind'
Will see us nicely
through."

SWISS STYLE MILK
CHOCOLATE ALMONDS
Johnston's

Milk Chocolate Almonds

—a Delightful Summer Candy

Candy that's specially welcome during the warm weather. Fresh, brittle almonds, covered with milk chocolate of the usual Johnston goodness.

Because Johnston's come to the dealer in *small* quantities *often*, you get them always fresh.

It will pay you to know the Johnston dealer near you.

Sample Box

For five 2-cent stamps, to cover postage and packing, we will send to your address a generous sample of any of the Johnston favorites.

Johnston's
MILWAUKEE

If your dealer cannot supply you, our 50c or $1.00 package will be sent prepaid upon receipt of stamps or money order

SWISS STYLE MILK
CHOCOLATE ALMONDS
Johnston's

Dear! Dear!

Can some tooth brushes be ashamed of their bristles?

There are so few in them.

Confidentially, we make the sparse-bristled kind ourselves—for folks that prefer them. But if you want your money's worth we have many other styles. They are rich in flexible Russian bristles that *stay in.*

Brisco-Kleanwell Toothbrush

Sold by accommodating shops
Alfred H. Smith Co.
38 W. 33d St., New York

PATENTS SECURED OR OUR FEE RETURNED
[illegible] How to Obtain a Patent [illegible] What to Invent [illegible] list of inventions wanted and prizes [illegible] vertised free. VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.

THE OLYMPIAN GODS ATTEMPT TO DOPE OUT BILL'S FUTURE, BUT QUIT ON A ROUGH GUESS

The evening meal was spread before the gods;
And Jove, who sate, as usual, at the head,
Scowled gruffly at his plate and said to Juno:
"Furies! This darned ambrosia's tough tonight!
There's nothing fit to eat here any more!"
"It's the high cost of living, dear," said Juno.
"Come off!" chirped Cupid, Venus' petted brat,
"That's just the good old boardin'-house excuse."
But Mercury, that smooth arch-diplomat,
Sidetracked the conversation, speaking thus:
"Say, on the dead, who's going to win out
In this here coming Presidential Scrap?
Will Bill nose in for Nineteen Hundred Twelve?
Or will it be Wise Woodrow or Bold Bob—
Whom do you pick as Darling of the Gods?"
"The gods," said Jove, "can never pick a winner
In big events like Presidential Races.
In Politics there's no such word as Cinch.
I'll bet my thunderbolts the Fates themselves
Couldn't dope out a mixed-up field like that.
I'd like to see Bill win, for I'm, of course,
Solid Republican unto the core;
But even I can't make Bill President—
For, after all, I'm nothing but a god."
Then Vulcan spake and raised the awful Hammer
Which Knockers love: "Ain't there, in Heaven or Earth,
Some factor that is greater than the gods,
Who can make things so disagreeable
That folks will have to vote for Bill or quit?"
"There is Just One," great Jove responded, pointing
Down through the cloudland carpet toward New York,
Where, gazing earthward, the Celestials saw,
Athwart a desk behind a glassy door,
A gnarled and knotted Human with a pen,
Who jabbed terse statements in the shrinking pad,
Then bared his teeth and chortled: "Bully!" thrice—
Whenever the Chief Compositor hollered: "Copy!"
Anon—because he thought that no one saw him—
This Human sighed and raised his crystal specs
To the black-letter sign above his desk—
"Don't Bother Me—I'm Out of Politics."

Mars, who in secret always loved this Wight,
Brushed a swift tear from his celestial sight.
"How can a fight be fit
With Teddy out of it?
Bless me, if I know how to place my odds—
I guess we've struck the Twilight of the Gods!"

(THE END)

Feet and the Nerves

NERVOUS troubles frequently come from ill-fitting and badly made shoes, in the opinion of Dr. Irvin O. Allen. He thinks them accountable for much matrimonial haggling and discord.

It is a mistake, he says, to teach the child—as is commonly done—to toe out. In the beginning, the boy or girl, in obedience to an unerring instinct, points the foot straight ahead, which is the proper way for walking. All shoeless peoples walk with parallel feet—our own Indians, for example.

Doctor Allen explains that the sole of the shoe should be the shape of the foot. To determine this shape, one should stand barefoot on the ball and toes upon a sheet of paper, allowing the great toe to assume its normal position—separated somewhat from the other toes. Make a mark around the toes with a pencil and then let the heel come down to the paper. Now place the weight of the body upon the outer side of the foot and complete the outline in that position.

A shoe made with a sole of this shape, and with a reasonably high vamp, will certainly be comfortable and will insure a healthy foot, incidentally doing away with "shoe nervousness." If worn in winter, however, it should have no metal nails in it. The feet are not easily kept warm during cold weather in shoes with metal nails, because they tend to conduct the heat out of the body.

The Howard Watch

When the U. S. Battleship "Maine" was sunk in Havana Harbor, Admiral Sigsbee's HOWARD Watch went down with it.

It lay in sea water for five days—was recovered by a navy diver—and *today it varies less than ten seconds a month,* which is a ratio of one second in 260,000. Admiral Sigsbee has carried his HOWARD Watch since 1868.

It has cruised in eighteen vessels of the U. S. Navy—over a distance of Two Hundred and Eighty-eight Thousand miles.

It has set the *standard time* in taking observations for navigating—where a few seconds' error may spell disaster to the ship. A service so exacting that even the ship's chronometers have to be checked up in every port.

A HOWARD Watch is always worth what you pay for it.

The price of each HOWARD is fixed at the factory and a printed ticket attached—from the 17-jewel *(double roller escapement)* in a "Jas. Boss" or "Crescent" gold-filled case at $40, to the 23-jewel in a 14K solid gold case at $150.

Not every jeweler can sell you a HOWARD Watch. Find the HOWARD jeweler in your town and talk to him. He is a good man to know.

Admiral Sigsbee has written a little book, "The Log of the HOWARD Watch," relating to the history of his own HOWARD. You'll enjoy it. Drop us a post card, Dept. N, and we'll send you a copy.

E. HOWARD WATCH WORKS, Boston, Mass.

Canadian Wholesale Depot Lumsden Building, Toronto

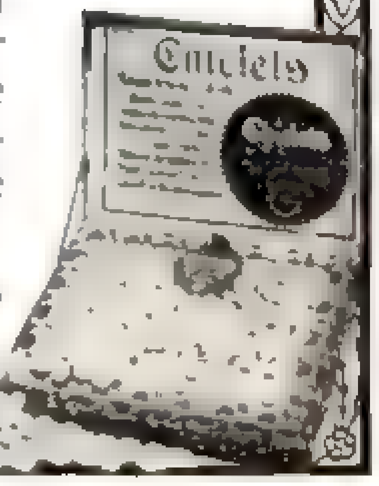
DURING 1910, 2,623,412 CHICLETS WERE SOLD EACH DAY

Chiclets
REALLY DELIGHTFUL

The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

Chiclets are the refinement of chewing gum for people of refinement. Served at swagger luncheons, teas, dinners, card parties. The only chewing gum that ever received the unqualified sanction of best society. It's the peppermint—the *true* mint.

For Sale at all the Better Sort of Stores
5¢ the Ounce and in 5¢, 10¢ and 25¢ Packets
SEN-SEN CHICLET COMPANY, [illegible]



The *Butter* Way to Health and Wealth

WHEN you BUY your next Butter ask for Blue Valley. *Insist* upon it—because use it once and you get the Blue Valley *Habit*. That means *health*. For Blue Valley is *wholesome*—the richest, most appetizing and delightfully flavored butter you ever spread on bread or biscuit. *And every package just alike.*

Blue Valley
The National Butter

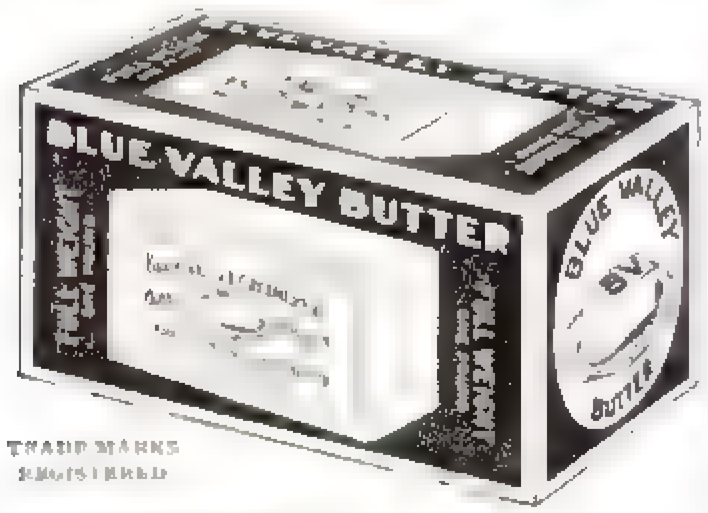
is *pedigreed* butter. Every ounce is of *known origin*. No cut-up butter—no tub butter—nothing but just Blue Valley through and through; and made out of rich, pure cream ripened and *pasteurized* by the famous Blue Valley process; then sold in the original, full-weight, Blue Valley registered trade-marked package

Extra Goodness; No Extra Cost

Yet with all its bounty of extra goodness you don't pay extra for it. That's because of an unending supply, a steady demand, and a unique system of *distribution* that spells economy all down the line.

Ask Your Dealer for Blue Valley

If he can't supply you tell us his name and *let us arrange it*. *Your* name and address will bring a booklet giving in detail the reasons for Blue Valley *Wholesomeness*.



TRADE MARKS REGISTERED

Mr. Butterman:

WHY the "*Butter Way to Wealth*"? Because anything that stimulates *trade* increases *profits*. Blue Valley does both!

It costs the consumer no more than other butter but *you sell more of it—and it stays sold*. Blue Valley customers bring, not "kicks," but other customers. That means business growth.

Letters by the hundreds from delicatessens and dealers to *wholesaler*, and from these wholesalers to *us*, say that Blue Valley is the *one* butter that *needs no pushing*.

You don't have to be an expert Butterman to build up a successful Blue Valley business.

Introduce it. Write us tonight for exclusive territory.

Orders filled at any one of our six creamery plants below.

Blue Valley Creamery Company

Chicago, Ill. St. Joseph, Mo.
Indianapolis, Ind. Sioux City, Iowa
Grand Rapids, Mich. Hastings, Neb.

THE LAST EDITION

(Continued from Page 6

instinct of self-preservation, the youngster handed the first copy of the edition fresh from the press to the new owner. The rest of the pile he laid on the draw of the managing editor's desk. Boland laid a paper out flat before him, glanced over the first page, then turned to the region beyond the brass rail and looked over the remnant of the staff. He smiled faintly with satisfaction as he saw that each man was bending over a copy of the Standard, reading it with evident care for errors of makeup. A lump rose slowly to his throat at the realization that, even at this moment of ultimate demoralization, the immutable law of the morning was working without a hitch; that the machine he had built up with so much care was doing its work well to the last. He could not keep back the final good word—this man whose eyes always had been so keen to note the good work his men had done. He got up, cleared his throat and called out cheerfully:

"That's right, boys. We'll keep it up to the last minute. The Standard hasn't been handed over yet."

Then something quite extraordinary happened. A rattle of applause broke from the horseshoe desk. The telegraph and cable men took it up. Then the sporting desk joined in. Next came the rewrite men, and the operator cut in with a vigorous slap-slap-slap. Boland's teeth were grinding hard on his cigar as he resumed his seat. He found Hansford eying him with an oddly screwed-up face and close-drawn brows.

"That isn't the way Henderson would have done it," he observed gruffly.

"Well, it's my way," retorted Boland, grown suddenly irritable under the provocation conveyed by too much mention of the name of Henderson. He bent anew to the outspread page. But somehow he could not see clearly. He became aware that his eyes were tired; that he was strangely faint, as if he had not eaten; that his knees were weak. Hansford's strident voice recalled him. He was saying, with a high-pitched querulousness:

"I don't see that notice about Consolidated Coal on the first page. We're working a big coup on the Street today and I was anxious to get all the publicity ——"

"I killed it," announced Boland calmly, raising his head and looking the other between the eyes.

"You k-killed it . . . . after I had made a special request!"

"Yes."

Boland's hands sought the arms of his chair, as if he were trying to make sure of his seat. A white flame was blazing in the eyes opposite his own.

"And wh-what in hell did you kill it for?" asked the massive person in a rising voice. The seething temper in his ponderous antagonist seemed to steady Boland. He replied in an ordinary tone:

"Because I refuse to promote a confidence game in the paper."

"A confidence game? What c-confidence game?" gasped the new owner, his eyes closer together than ever, his face a purplish white.

"Look here, Mr. Hansford," rejoined the managing editor with deepening calm, "you know better than I do that Consolidated Coal is on the verge of a receivership and that it's rotten from top to bottom."

His teeth closed with a snap of finality. He returned the tempestuous gaze of the man opposite him with level-fronting lids. Hansford seemed to be gasping apoplectically with supreme amazement. His fat fingers, stripped of gloves, were twitching; the heel of a patent-leather pump was beating a ragged tattoo on the floor; he appeared to be holding himself with a doubtful grasp from an outbreak that might blow the roof off the building. Finally he spoke hoarsely:

"I want to get this thing straight, Boland. Did you know that I was negotiating for the purchase of this paper when you killed that notice "

Boland nodded in assent.

"W-well, I'll b-be ——"

But the theme proved too great for utterance. Hansford stuttered, gasped, cleared his throat, and with a loud snort gave up the attempt to put into mere words his astounding opinion of this man, whose name might be Moreland or Boland, for all he cared, and who had landed a smashing blow on the solar plexus of his soul. The managing editor bent to the paper again, determined that no "bull" should mar the last edition of the Standard for which he would be responsible. Presently he heard Hansford struggling audibly with his emotions. He looked up and saw that keen face close to his own.

"Boland, you're the first man who's ever stood up to me in all my life. You've knocked the wind clean out of me. You've ——"

He stopped short, coughed, and turned away with the baffled expression of a man who is saying to himself: "Oh, well, what's the use!"

"You'll have to excuse me now, Mr. Hansford," spoke up the managing editor briskly. "I've got to clean my desk out, so as to leave things in shipshape for Tabasco Jim."

"Oh, yes," rejoined the other, glancing at his watch with an air of having been recalled to a subject that he had almost forgotten. "Yes; he'll be here in just seven hours and a half, and there'll be things doing with a tall scream from the start-off."

"I suppose so," assented Boland dryly, setting methodically about the business of collecting his personal belongings. He pulled out a drawer, dumped its nondescript contents on the desk before him and began to sort out the papers. Some he threw on the floor after a brief glance; others he laid aside for preservation. His task was like the stupendous undertaking that confronted a famous personage in mythology who had taken the contract to clean up a gentleman's country place. Yet through it all the man of fifty, who was headed straight for the junk-heap, moved with a certain imperviousness to his immediate surroundings. He was thinking of Alice and Lucy, who would awake tomorrow, or in a week or a month, to the knowledge that their father was—well, not much better than an aimless wanderer on the "Row"; one of those shadows of men who this very morning were doubtless shuffling up and down the pavement, furtively watchful with ferret eagerness for the sight of a former associate in present opulence who might be prevailed upon to lend a small coin.

He became uncomfortably aware, by degrees, that Hansford was watching him. He could see without looking that the new owner's face wore that quizzical expression that, for the lack of a more precisely descriptive word, Boland had called a smile. Suddenly he heard a dry, hoarse cackle, which mentally he designated as a laugh. He glanced up and saw Hansford rubbing his smooth chin with a hand that looked curiously like a ham. His face was wrinkled in a grin; his eyes gleamed with malicious amusement.

"Boland," he chuckled, "I've got a joke on Hot-Stuff James McGiffert Henderson—a good one—a crackerjack!"

"H'm!"

"Henderson thinks he owns the paper I hire him to run, and he has a funny way of making other people think so. I'll tell you of a joke he put over me in Cincinnati. Last spring a delegation of financiers called on me with a proposition that the Advertiser help out in a scheme to shut out the B. & T., which was trying to get the right of way into the city. I happened to be in a public-spirited frame of mind that day and I turned the delegation down cold. The spokesman got mad as a bullpup that's had a lighted cigar held up to its nose—and how do you suppose he came back at me? Can't guess? Why he told me, confidently as you please, that they'd put the thing up to Mr. Henderson—Mr. Henderson! I was so tickled at the preposterousness of the idea that I hadn't the strength to laugh. I made the mistake of not mentioning the matter to Tabasco and making sure that he was bound and gagged. The next morning when I picked up the paper I found the front page plastered over with the movement to block the robber B. & T. from our beloved city, with headlines stretching clear across the page, and the names of the citizens' committee of defense in Gothic caps, in a three-column box with turned-rule border. And the name of the chairman stuck out like a scarehead—James McGiffert Henderson! What do you think of that for a joke on me?"

"Pretty breezy," admitted Boland, smiling despite himself.

UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM

Taste this *Delicious Stuffed Egg*

—FOR OUTINGS

IT'S filled with Underwood Deviled Ham just mixed with the boiled egg yolk. It's so good that you'll eat another one, *quick*.

This is only one of the hundreds of mouth-watering ways to serve Underwood Deviled Ham for meals outdoors and meals in.

TASTE THE TASTE

It's the taste of good boiled ham, full of the flavor of salt and sugar and hickory smoke. Flavor that's kept in by *casserole* cooking, and is given piquancy by the addition of the famous Underwood Deviled Dressing of mustard and 42 spices.

Try it. Good in omelets for breakfast, croquettes for luncheon, salads for dinner. For picnic sandwiches—great

Our book "Taste The Taste And Some Cookery News" describes dozens of new, appetizing Underwood Deviled Ham dishes. Send us your grocer's name and receive a copy, free. Or for 15c and your grocer's name we'll send you a can to try.

Economical. Small can makes 12 large or 24 small sandwiches.

Not a packing house product, but made in a white, clean, sunlit Yankee kitchen. Genuine Deviled Ham always bears the "Little Red Devil" trade-mark.

Ask your grocer for Underwood Deviled Ham and order some today. William Underwood Company, 52 Fulton Street, Boston, Mass.

UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM

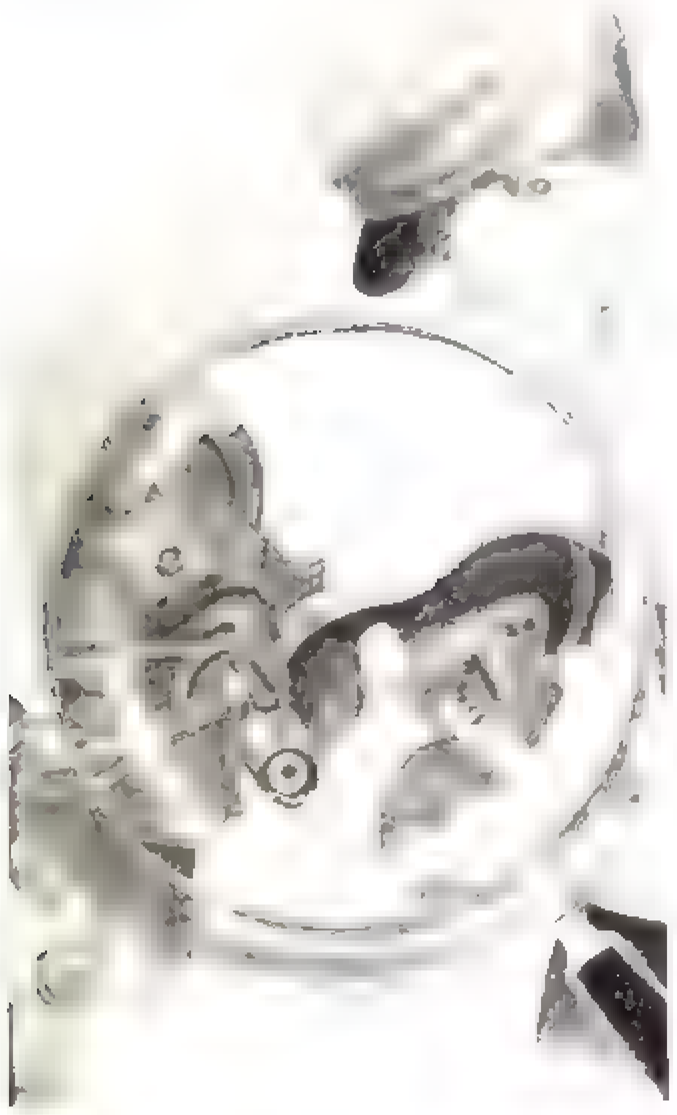
Branded with the Little Red Devil

EXPERT SHOE MAKING

Under the Magnifying Glass

THE genteel appearance of a shoe—your shoe—depends upon the shaping and finishing of the heel.

White House heels are a delight to the eye because of their symmetry of line and appearance until the shoe is worn out



The picture shows the trimming operation on which these simple and elegant heel lines depend.

Examine a pair of White House Shoes at your dealer's. Ask him what White House heels mean to you. Get the evidence at first hand If your dealer has not got them write us and we will see that you are supplied. You will then appreciate another of the many good qualities peculiar to

WHITE HOUSE SHOES

For Men **For Women**

$5.00 — $4.00 — $3.50

BROWN'S ★5★ MARK MEANS QUALITY

A205½—Women's "White House," Black Velvet, Two-Strap Pump, Avon Last

Buster Brown Shoes

For Boys

For Girls

$1.50 to $3.50

According to Size And [illegible]

Our expert shoemaking is very evident in Buster Brown Shoes. Ask your dealer to show you why. Our Style Book will be sent free on request.

The Brown Shoe Co.

ST. LOUIS, U. S. A

"Breezy? Cyclonic, I call it And when I put Tabasco on the mat about it what kind of a bunk do you suppose he handed me out? Why that fellow made me humbly ashamed of myself for harboring unjust thoughts—he was so apologetic about it and so infernally sorry he didn't know I'd put the kibosh on the proposition! That was a good joke on me, all right. But I've got a joke on him this time—a joke that'll make him laugh himself into a foolish fit."

Hansford seemed to be turning the morsel about in his mind as he might have turned about an oyster in his mouth. Then he resumed with a dry chuckle:

"I'll fire Henderson—fire the owner, by Jupiter Christmas!—the way I fired you a minute ago."

Boland stared at the man opposite him in stark bewilderment. Hansford resumed, after a ruminative pause:

"I've been watching you since I came in, Boland. I laid it on thick to see how you'd take it—and, by gad, you've shown me. So I'll fire Henderson and hire you in his place."

The rest of it seemed to beat upon Boland's ears confusedly from a distance:

"I'll double your salary and I'll back you to the limit—just for a joke on Tabasco Jim!"

The managing editor found himself sitting bolt upright with a sudden galvanic movement. He gulped at the lump in his throat and his hand stole feverishly out for something to tear. Two thoughts came swiftly to his tumultuous brain: the first was of two girls who would have new frocks for commencement, regardless of expense, the other ——

He arose lightly from his chair, stepped to the rail with an elastic tread and announced resonantly:

"Gentlemen, please report at the usual time tonight. It was all a mistake about your being discharged."

A Wandering Whistler

THE queer ups and downs of a picture are illustrated by the history of the portrait by Whistler of Henry Irving as Philip II of Spain, now hanging in the Metropolitan Museum. Whistler, at a precarious period of his career, asked his friend Irving to sit to him for a portrait in the character in which Irving was then playing—Philip II The portrait was painted, and Irving, much pleased, requested Whistler to let him buy it and to name a price not too high for his slender purse. Having had the pleasure of Whistler's acquaintance, the writer can imagine the following conversation:

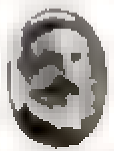
"Not too high, Jimmy! You know, aha! that actors—now modestly, Jimmy!"

"My dear Irving, 'tis a masterpiece; but you shall have it for a song—let us say a thousand pounds."

"Too much, Jimmy—too much!"

Whistler kept the portrait. Soon after, in one of those unpleasant experiences, which he shared with his great master, Rembrandt, he was sold out for debt. Rembrandt was sold out only twice. The "Butterfly" underwent three such forced sales.

Irving heard of the sale. Unknown to Whistler he was able to buy his portrait at the auction for a song; and then in a spirit of friendly retaliation he invited the "Butterfly" to dinner. After the coffee and cigars, he remarked: "Aha! my dear Jimmy, you must see my latest acquisitions!" and invited him in to see his pictures, not mentioning the fact that he had bought the portrait. Whistler went from one picture to another, criticising, admiring, with that subtle, biting wit of his; and coming in front of the portrait he gayly remarked: "Aha! What have we here? My congratulations, Henry—the best picture in your collection!" He never turned a hair. This picture, after Irving's death, brought twenty-five thousand dollars at auction in London recently—and we are lucky to have it here now. This was a legitimate advance in price and the picture is worth it. The few pounds that Irving paid was one of those fortuitous hazards of the auction room.



Mr Esenwein

SHORT-STORY WRITING

A course of [illegible] lessons in the history, form, structure and writing of the **Short-Story** taught by **J. Berg Esenwein, Editor Lippincott's Magazine.** [illegible] Write to-day

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Make the happiness of to-day a pleasure for many to-morrows with a picture record of your summer outing.

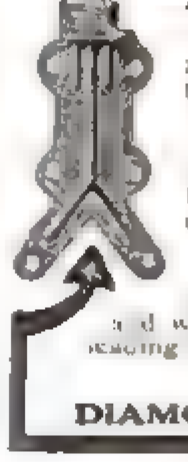
The Brownie Cameras (they work like Kodaks) make such good pictures, are so convenient, so simple to operate and so inexpensive, that they put picture making within reach of everyone. They use daylight loading Kodak film cartridges and no dark-room is necessary for any part of the work. *You can make good pictures with a Brownie.*

No. 2 Brownie for 2¼ x 3¼ pictures, $2.00; No. 2A Brownie (see cut) for 2½ x 4¼ pictures, $3.00; No. 3 Brownie for 3¼ x 4¼ pictures, $4.00. Folding Brownies, $5.00 to $12.00.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,

[illegible] ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

Greatest Blessing Ever Devised For Tired, Aching Feet!

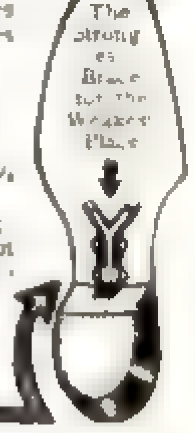


THIS little metal contrivance, ***The Diamond Foot Support,*** is simply wonderful in its ability to banish foot troubles. The quickness with which it relieves aching, tired feet and ankles, remedies the dreaded "broken arch" and makes nervous people forget their nerves is truly remarkable

The Diamond Foot Support

[illegible] the whole shoe, prevents its "running over," adds buoyancy to your step, and will more than pay for itself in added wear and appearance of the shoe

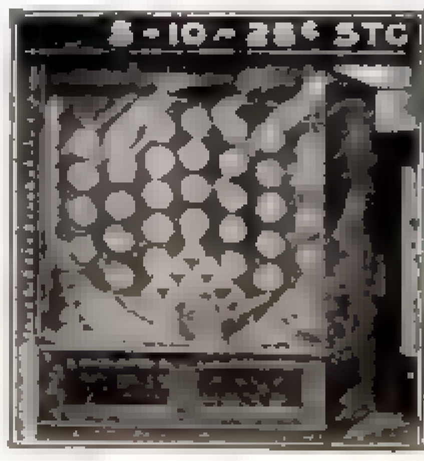
50c At All Dealers Diamond Foot Supports cost you only 50c attached to your shoes. If your dealer cannot supply you, send us 50c (stating size, height of heel and whether for man or woman) and we will send you a pair prepaid. Money back if not satisfied. Endorsed by leading physicians. Thousands of testimonials from grateful users.



The Strongest Brace for the Weakest Place

Write for Valuable Free Booklet on Foot and Shoe Troubles

DIAMOND FOOT SUPPORT COMPANY, Dept. A, St. Louis, Mo.



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If you think of starting a store I can help you. My business is finding locations where new retail stores are needed. I know about towns, industries, rooms, rents, etc., in every part of the United States On my list are many places where a new store can start with small capital and pay a profit from the beginning, with possibilities of growth limited only by your own ambition and capacity No charge for information, including free a 200 page book telling how to run a retail store.

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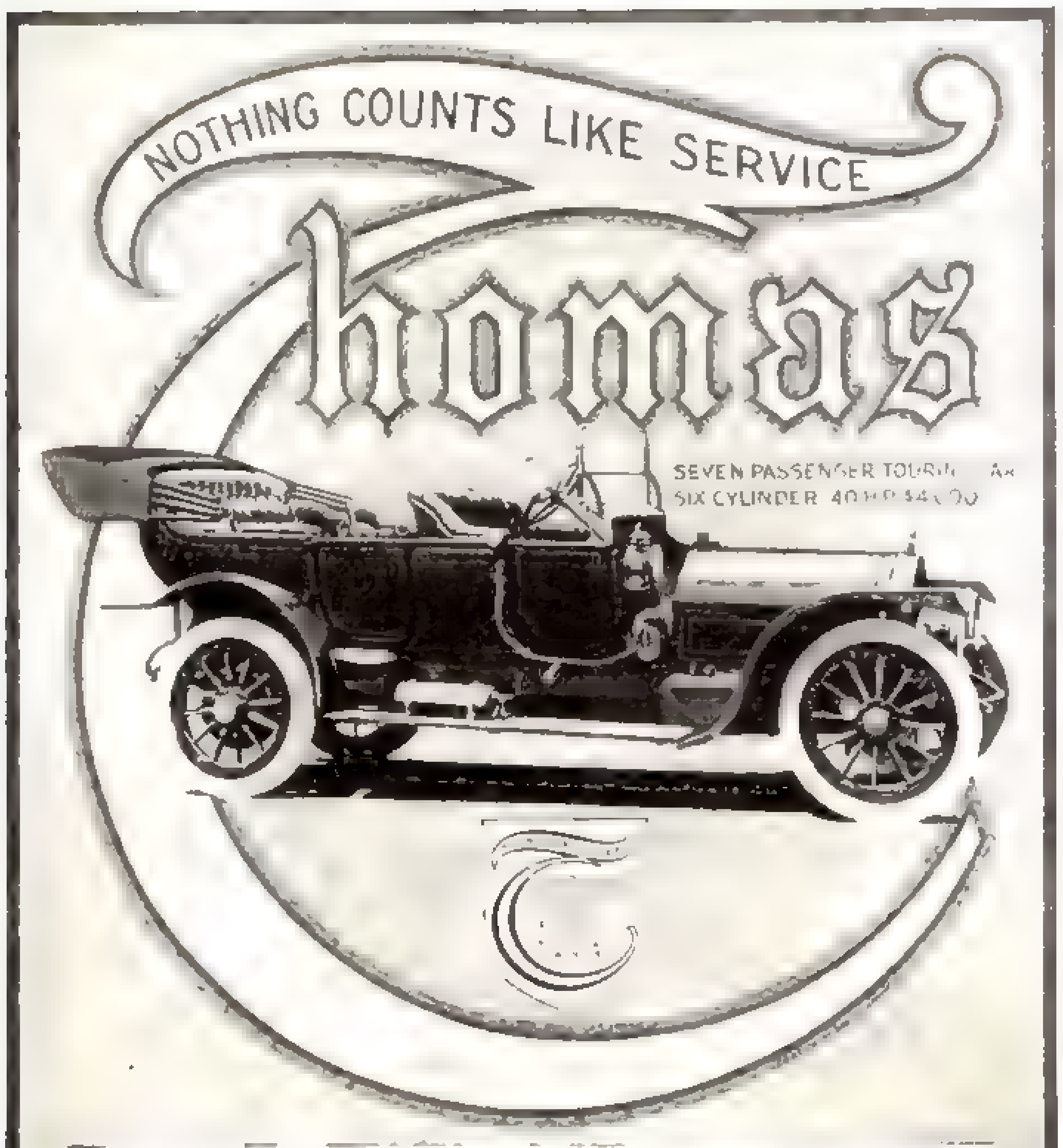
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SEVEN PASSENGER TOURING CAR
SIX CYLINDER 40 H.P. $4000

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Touring Car	**7 passengers**	**wheel base, 134 inches**	**$4000**
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The *Marlin* Model 20 REPEATING RIFLE

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We will make from your negative an 8x10 Enlargement, framed in black frame, with glass, for 35c. Cash with order. Send us glass negatives by express prepaid. Films by mail. Order 3 and enclose One Dollar and we will send our Exposure Scale FREE. **HASTINGS & MILLER, 118-130 Nassau St., New York.** (Established over 10 years.)

EATING FOR EFFICIENCY

Continued from Page 4

the needs of children in their rapid growth and development. Cornmeal, oatmeal, rice and beans, cheese and soups, and the coarser vegetables, and cheap cuts of meat, containing large amounts of filling but unnutritious gelatin and cartilage and fiber are utterly lacking in that concentration and abundance of nitrogen and fat and sugar which are absolutely indispensable for the full and proper development of the young human animal.

No form of diet upon which children grow up gaunt and pale and slack-muscled, even though only ten or fifteen per cent below their full possibilities of vigor and efficiency, can be regarded as in any sense an economical one from the point of view of the community. If a child is worth raising at all it is worth feeding upon the best and most nutritious food that can be got, and plenty of it. It is the poorest economy imaginable to stunt and warp a human machine for its whole thirty years of working life, merely for the sake of an extra five-dollars-a-month's worth of food while it is getting its growth.

If the state is to feed the child let it provide the best food to be found on the market. If the parents themselves cannot afford this then they should be encouraged to organize and demand better wages, so that they can do better work and feed their children properly, instead of being given good advice and lectures on scientific nutrition and the polite methods of starvation, and advice on how to make the little they have go as far as possible. This latter simply means, nine times out often, the purchase of foods whose sole virtue is that they are cheap and filling. If you want to raise cheap men give children cheap foods.

In the adult the amount and kind of food is simply a question of coal and steam power—the more work we do, the more fuel we need; and muscle calls for more expenditure of horsepower than brainwork.

The Best Food for Hard Workers

There is not, however, so great a difference between the diets for the sedentary and active occupations as was at one time believed, because the man of sedentary occupation, in order to do his mental work properly, ought to take enough active exercise in the open air to call for the consumption of large amounts of food. Navvies on the railroads and farmhands in summer take, of course, much larger amounts of food than bookkeepers or clerks in stores; but this is really due not so much to the fact that one group works chiefly with muscle and the others with their nervous systems, but that the navvies and the farmhands are straining all their powers, both muscular and nervous, to the utmost all day long—and their day is from twelve to fourteen hours—while the indoor workers have a shorter day and usually at no time during the day exert anything like their full powers of either body or mind.

In somewhat similar manner a misapprehension has arisen in regard to the amounts of food required in hot and cold climates. Part of the difference is due to the necessity of keeping up bodily heat in the north, but more of it is due to the fact that the man who lives in the cold and stimulating climate of the north is able, as a rule, to do a great deal more work in a day than the one who swelters in the tropics. Whenever men are either compelled or inclined to work hard and continuously in the tropics they require large amounts of nutritious food, with plenty of nitrogen and fat, no matter what the temperature.

The popular and widespread impression that it is best for Europeans and Americans who go to live in the tropics to try to imitate the diet of the natives about them, and live cheaply on rice and fruit and green vegetables, is a mistake and does not stand the stern test of actual experience. A white man should cut down his food intake in the tropics only in proportion to the amount that his bodily exercise is interfered with by the heat or other unfavorable surroundings.

The impression was based on two assumptions, both of which have turned out to be false: first, that the native in his own climate is a healthy, vigorous child of Nature, when, as a matter of fact, his death-rate and disease-rate are double those of the white races and his average length of life a little less than half; and second, that, instead of his living upon this simple, blameless and cooling diet because he has found it adapted to the climate, his only reason for living on it is that he has neither the money nor the brains to get anything better. Troops who are campaigning actively or men engaged in railroad or bridge building, even under the most tropical of suns, need almost full northern rations in order to keep in good health. Indeed, in some cases they require more than they would ordinarily require in a cold climate, to compensate for the well-known tropical depression, due to the intense heat and the perpetual glare of light pouring through their unprotected and unpigmented skins.

Diet for the Tropics

It is advantageous to combine with this plenty of fresh vegetables and fresh fruits, when these can be had in good condition, on account of the large amounts of water as well as acids and alkalies which they contain; but men who have heavy work to do require plenty of beef and bacon, and bread and butter, just as a mogul requires so many pounds of coal for every ton of freight that she has to haul up a heavy grade. Put all the trimmings and kickshaws that you like on your diet in the tropics, but let there be an abundant foundation of real foods, the solid, substantial, regulation standbys of the home table, when there is real work to be done. Much of the lamentable overindulgence in alcohol which has been the curse of the white man in the tropics must in fairness be attributed to the cravings of an empty and exhausted stomach, fed but not filled with the husks and trash of tropical diets or the unappetizing foods brought from Europe and held in storage for years. The better men at work are fed, the less liquor they crave.

Most of the enlarged livers and ruined digestions of returned Indian and other colonial officials, which were supposed to be due to eating too much meat, fat and other rich foods in a climate where only rice and vegetables were called for, are now known to be due to perfectly definite infections, both by bacteria and by the animal parasites which swarm in the tropics—particularly malaria, dysentery, typhoid and the intestinal worms.

With the food clean, the water pure and the mosquitoes destroyed, the tropics will become as inhabitable and almost as healthy for white men as the temperate zones. It was never the kind or the amount of food that caused the notorious unhealthfulness of the tropics, but the disease germs, filth and parasites swallowed with it. The food was not to blame—only the bad company it was in.

For some reason or other, which we do not as yet clearly understand, it appears desirable, or at least grateful, in the tropics to add to most dishes a surprising amount of peppers, curries, spices and hot stuff of all sorts and descriptions. This is probably due partly to the fact that they are good germicides and intestinal antiseptics, not interfering with the action of the digestive ferments. While unable actually to burn up the bacteria—though from their taste one is ready to believe them capable of anything—yet they powerfully discourage the growth of bacteria and reduce their billions to millions—or even thousands.

It is really astonishing, to those who have had no previous experience in such matters, to see how rapidly vigorous, healthy natives of the tropics will improve, not only in working power but also in health, when taken off their much-praised blameless and cooling diet of rice or yams and vegetables and placed upon full northern or army rations of bullbeef, fat bacon and bread. The Japanese coolies, for instance, who come to our Pacific Coast, when they first land and are "eating Japanee," as they express it—living on rice, coarse vegetables and a little fish—are not worth to any contractor or employer more than seventy-five cents to a dollar and twenty-five cents a day. When, however, they have adapted themselves to civilization and learned to "eat American"—which they do as soon as they have begun to earn a little money—then their working power rises rapidly until it becomes almost equal to that of a white man of the same height and weight; and the same contractors will gladly pay from two dollars to two dollars and fifty cents for the same man for his practically unskilled labor.

At the same time they also become immune to beriberi, that scourge of the Orient, which upon their old diet is exceedingly frequent and fatal among them. So prevalent and severe was this disease in Japan up to ten or fifteen years ago that the Japanese Government, in order to check it, put the army and navy upon almost the full European army diet, after the German standard of some twelve years ago with the result that the disease has now been almost wiped out. So that the famous victory of Japan over Russia was not won upon rice, vegetables and a little fish, as our vegetarian friends would have us believe, but upon American beef, flour and pork—for all of which Japan has been one of the best customers of our Pacific states for years past.

Southern Races on Northern Foods

A similar transformation takes place in the Jamaican and other West Indian negroes who come to work on our Panama Canal. With characteristic brutal indifference to the welfare of the weaker races these simple and unspoiled children of Nature, who have lived chiefly upon yams, sugarcane and fruit, are placed at once upon full rations of the savage, overheating, bloodthirsty flesh diet of the north, with the lamentable consequence that their working power increases from twenty-five to forty per cent. They grow fat and sleek, and their deathrate and disease-rate decrease in the same proportion as their horsepower goes up.

Roughly speaking, there is as much difference between meat-fed men and vegetable-fed men as there is between corn-fed and grass-fed horses. The bronco of the plains is an astonishingly tough, plucky and speedy little animal; but every cowboy when riding the range actively, demands a string or remuda of from eight to ten grass-fed horses to do the work that three or four corn-fed ones would do with ease.

Our diets for winter and summer should be adjusted almost wholly with reference to the amount of work that must or can be done. Where the work is muscular, summer is often the season of greatest activity and strain; and every one knows what quantities of hot and substantial food-fuel harvest hands will shovel into their cavernous interiors three times a day, to say nothing of lunches in the field. For those of sedentary occupation, the long, light evenings of summer give an opportunity for agreeable exercise in the open air, which on no account should be neglected. If you make a regular habit of getting away from the office or shop fairly early, taking a light afternoon tea, then walking or rowing, or swimming or gardening, or playing golf or tennis, as long as it is light enough to see, coming in at dusk to a substantial supper out on the porch or veranda, you will be surprised to find how much better you can stand the heat and how quickly and pleasantly the summer will pass. Such methods of life, combined with sleeping in the open air, will make all save a few of the worst days and most sweltering nights of even a hot summer comparatively tolerable. If, in addition, you kill all the mosquitoes by draining their breeding pools, and exterminate all flies by cleaning the filth-heaps in which they breed, summer will become not only the healthiest but the most enjoyable season of the year.

For men engaged in laborious occupations, whether on the farm, in the mill, the factory or the mine, the supply of well-cooked, nutritious food can hardly be too abundant. The well-known superiority of the American workman, his steadily increasing height and weight and improving physique, his remarkable efficiency making the labor cost of American products the lowest in the world have been due largely to his abundant and varied food supply.

There are just two cycles in the economy of labor: the cycle of success and progress, which runs, "Good food, which means better work, which means more pay—which again means better food," and so on *ad infinitum;* and the famous "vicious cycle" of Rowntree, which runs, "Poor food, which means poor work, which means low wages, which means poorer food," and so on *ad infernum.*

When it comes to men of sedentary occupations, then the fuel problem is not so clear; and one very frequently hears the advice given, with great confidence, that when the farmer's boy, for instance, becomes a student, a bookkeeper or a clerk, he should deliberately "put a knife to his throat," as the saying is, and cut down the amount of food, which his vigorous outdoor appetite calls for, thirty to fifty per cent. So far as his new occupation calls for or demands less muscular effort in the open air, this is judicious and necessary, but it is by no means the final solution of the problem; for even brainwork involves the expenditure of energy and calls for the intake of a corresponding amount of fuel-value in the form of food—and many brainworkers, who take relatively little exercise, either forced or voluntary, have excellent appetites and require large amounts of food.

Moreover, the overwhelming verdict of experience, after thousands of years of trial, is that the brainworker will do his work faster and better, and more efficiently, if he limits the hours devoted to it and, for every hour he is engaged in it, spends at least a quarter or, better still, half an hour in the open air. It would seem almost as if part of our food supply must be prepared in the muscles for the use of the brain and the nerves. At all events, this combination of muscular work with mental, and indoor with outdoor, gives far and away the best results, both as to work done and health maintained.

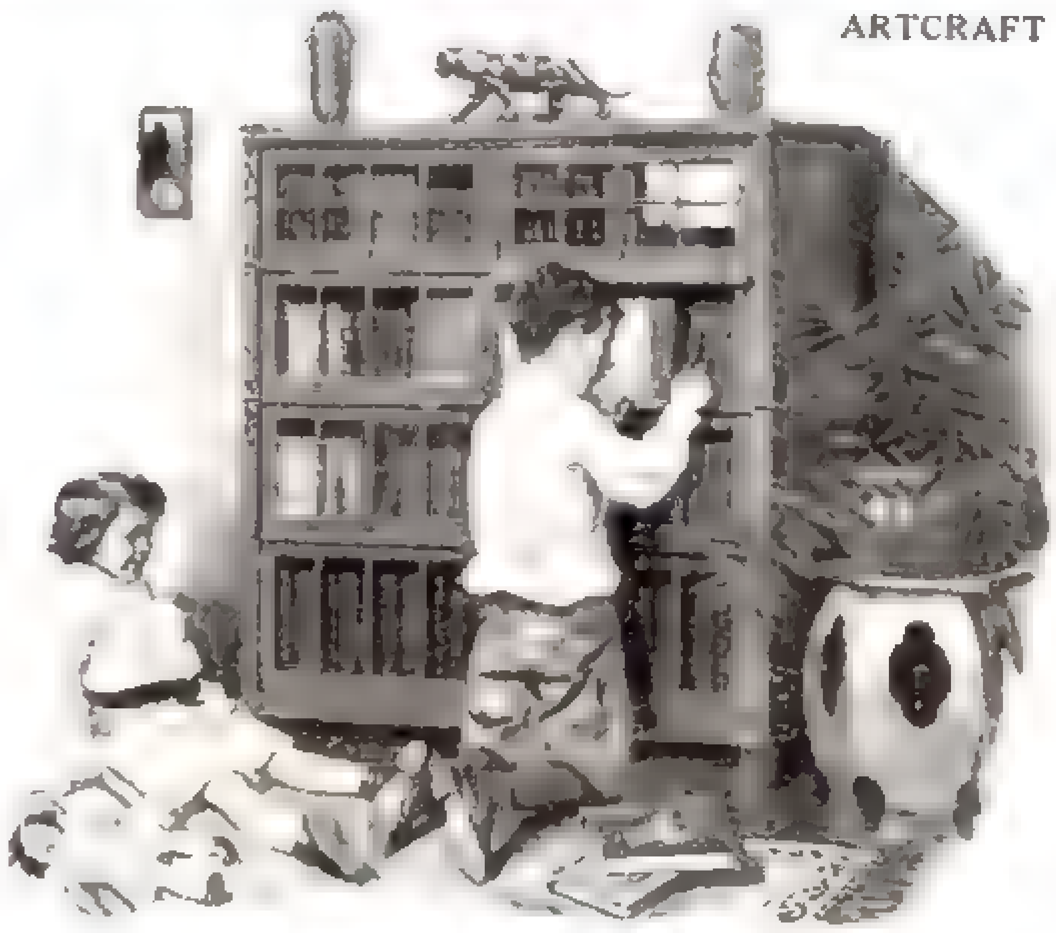
Where this ideal state of affairs can be reached—or, if this be impossible, as near an approach to it as may be secured—it will be found that the brainworker's fuel demands, and therefore his health requirements, call for within ten or fifteen per cent of the same amount of food as the muscle-worker. Far the wisest and most healthy course for men of sedentary occupation is not to cut down their food supply but to increase their exercise. As is a matter unfortunately of all too common experience, many men who work hard and energetically with their brains develop and maintain such vigorous appetites that they get into the habit of eating larger amounts of foods than their muscles and livers can burn properly, with distressing results to the liver and kidneys. The remedy for these men again is not less food but more exercise. No human being can maintain his proper standard of health on less than three hours a day in the open air—and four would be better.

The Best-Fed Women

The difference in food requirements between men and women is not much greater than can be accounted for by their difference in weight and muscular activity, and by the somewhat more confining and sedentary occupations in which women are, for the most part, engaged. Whatever may be held as to the tendencies of men in respect to eating, the vast majority of women certainly tend to eat far too little for their own best good.

This is due partly to the fact that their appetite is not the same fierce devouring impulse as in man, and partly because women, having the preparation of food in their own hands, are more likely to be tempted to "scrape up" hastily some tasty but trifling dish of little or no food-value whenever they begin to feel hungry, and "peck and trifle with their appetites all day long." More potent than either of these, they hate the bother and labor and "muss" of cooking, dishing and cleaning up after a full, regular meal. Indeed, if it were not for their having to live in the same house with the everlastingly hungry male, they would never get any real food to eat at all, but content themselves with tea and bread and butter, and cake and pickles, and jam and cookies. It is a notorious fact that, when the men of the house go out for the day or on a visit, the women will scarcely have a regular meal until their return, but will just keep on "piecing" upon one silly subterfuge for real food after another.

Much of the "nerves" and irritability and sense of depression and discouragement which often characterize the overworked housewife and mother of a family is due not only to the perpetual strain and anxiety but even more to the fact that she can never settle down comfortably to a full, regular meal; in fact, she actually often does not get enough to eat. She has either completely tired herself out in its preparation and thoroughly cooked herself in cooking it, or she is disturbed so perpetually during its progress by attending to the wants of the children and the exigencies of the service that she is quite apt to make the bulk of her meal upon tea or coffee and scraps, and bread and butter. The invention, by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, of the now famous rest and overfeeding cure for nervous patients of this sort was one of the greatest practical triumphs of American medicine.



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To set one of the new Macey Book Cabinets in your home is to set before your children an example of such good taste that throughout all the days of their lives they will feel its refining influence.

Macey Book Cabinets are the first sectional bookcases ever built after the designs of the old masters. These old masters, Sheraton, Chippendale, Robert Adam and Fra Junipero, were as great in Furniture as Shakespeare in Literature, as Mozart in Music, as Michael Angelo in Painting

The new Macey Book Cabinets are the only sectional bookcases that can be added to, both upward and sideways, and still not look like sectional bookcases, but like heirlooms of furniture. Can be taken from or rearranged without destroying their beauty and style.

So artful is the cabinet work that dealers frequently have to take them apart to convince customers that they are sectional.

Macey old master designs harmonize with any furniture you now have, and are made in such variety of popular prices, sizes, woods and finishes, that they fit any requirement of space or purse.

Macey Sectional Book Cabinets are built under the direction of Mr O. H. L. Wernicke, the father of sectional bookcases and President of The Macey Company. Mr. Wernicke's name is still used in the corporate title of a competing firm, with which he has long since had no connection.

If you wish to give your home and your children the most inspiring influence you ever gave them, you will go to a furniture store and see these new Macey Book Cabinets before you forget it.

Or send for the new Macey Style Book and price list. It is the most complete and extensive work published on the subject of sectional bookcases, giving the history of their invention, manufacture and development, as well as suggestions on library decoration and arrangement. It also contains the following original articles by the "Father of Sectional Bookcases," O. H. L. Wernicke—"Get Acquainted With Your Furniture" "What Constitutes Good Furniture," "The Forces Which Govern Furniture Development," "Origin of the Unit Idea."

Address The Macey Company, No. 940 South Division Street, Grand Rapids, Michigan

Macey
Book Cabinets
SECTIONAL

And Now, In The 1912 Chrome-Nickel Everitt, Is At Last Obtainable The Crowning Triumph Of Automobile Perfection

The Car That Starts Itself

IN *The Saturday Evening Post* of June 24th, there appeared a remarkable automobile announcement. The story of "the car that bridged the gap between the $1500 price and the $4000 quality," has since been read and wondered at by millions. Thousands have responded. That an All-Chrome-Nickel Steel car of the highest character could be bought for less than $4000 was astounding; that the costly equipment specified could be included was unbelievable—but there was *more* to come. It was stated that a later announcement would tell of still another startling innovation. Here is the final chapter of that great story. *The New Everitt Four And Six Are Positively Self-Starting!* No more tedious "cranking"; no more hard work and uncertainty; no more bruised knuckles and broken arms—for a touch on a button starts the new Everitt. Thus, in this marvelous car, is swept away the last element of brute strength, of doubt and of danger; for here, at last, is *the car that starts itself!*

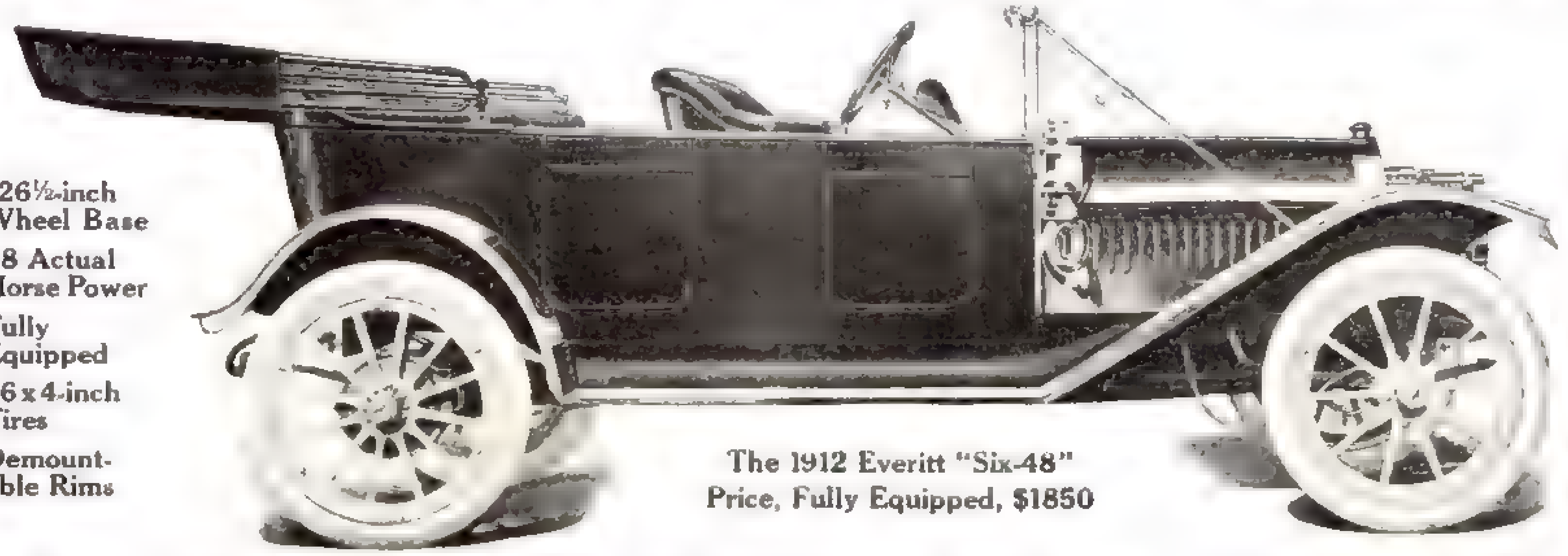
126½-inch Wheel Base

48 Actual Horse Power

Fully Equipped

36 x 4-inch Tires

Demountable Rims



Self-Starting

Chrome-Nickel-Steel

Finest Construction

Six Cylinders

$1850

The 1912 Everitt "Six-48"
Price, Fully Equipped, $1850

"Touch a button and it starts!"

That is the final, *compelling* chapter of the marvelous 1912 Everitt story that has swept across the country like a flood; that has brought us thousands upon thousands of inquiries; that has almost buried our Sales Department under orders and requests for territory, and that is now the talk of the industry from Maine to California.

If you know automobiles at all; if you are in the least acquainted with motor car values,—you know it is literally true, that

There Never Was a Car Like This

Consider for yourself the unheard-of value offered in this matchless Six!

Its construction throughout of Chrome Nickel-Steel, three times better than "good" automobile material—the one steel used in battleship armor—never before used except in a few of the finest $4000 cars.

Its manufacture—complete in one factory—by automatic "jigs and fixtures," absolutely unvarying, and accurate to a fraction of a hair's breadth.

Its design and supervision by a world-famous engineer, and three automobile manufacturers of eleven years' experience.

Its every detail the result of long experiment and thousands of successful cars.

Its size big and impressive, with long, graceful lines and sweeping curves.

Its power a whirlwind of energy furnished by a Six-Cylinder Motor of the latest type, [illegible] actual horse power at instant command.

Its building and inspection by the most thorough system known.

Its wheels and tires big, massive, easy-riding, with 25% factor of safety, ensuring extraordinary tire economy; 36 by 4 inches in size; and Demountable Rims.

Its Equipment Complete, with Top, Windshield and Speedometer included.

Its price $1850—moderate, even for a good "Four."

And now the Self-Starter—"Touch a button and it starts!"

Here is at once effected a complete change in motoring. The Self-Starter removes an element of actual danger, and eliminates the last factor demanding brute strength. That such a device has long been needed was fully realized, yet famous designers have failed utterly to solve the problem. Our own experimental force has been working on this detail for years. Its announcement was not made until reliability had been proven beyond the shadow of a doubt.

This is no mere clap-trap arrangement of springs and "cogs"; there is no hand pump to labor with; the principle is as certain and its operation as automatic as the air brakes on the "20th Century Limited." You press a button,—and go!

Two-Thirds the New Everitts Already Sold

Except in size, the New Everitt "Four" is practically a duplicate of the "Six." The general type is similar; the same Chrome-Nickel-Steel is used throughout; the same generous equipment of Top, Windshield and Speedometer is included; and the same positive Self-Starter is built into the car. Were there no "Six" in the new Everitt line, this magnificent "Four" at $1500 would alone mark out the Everitt as the car of the year.

But there is still another Everitt of unique value and desirability—the "30" at $1250. This splendid fifteen-hundred-dollar car has won to the highest standard of efficiency, reliability and satisfaction-giving qualities during the past two years. Except for the new Everitt "Four" and "Six," there are few, if any, cars within five hundred dollars of its cost that offer near as much to the actual user. This year the car is better than ever, and full Equipment, with Top and Windshield, is included at the new price of $1250.

With cars like this, is it any wonder that the best dealers are everywhere competing for the privilege of selling the Everitt? In representative cities like Detroit, Boston, New York, Seattle, and scores of others, big sales establishments are daily discarding well known lines to take over this wonderful car.

One dealer came 4,000 miles to go through the Everitt factory and test the new cars. He stayed a week, and ordered 300. Another, one of the best known in the East, demanded a severe road-trial. He drove [illegible] in the "Six," through the Berkshire Hills, [illegible], in just over twenty hours, and placed his order for [illegible]. These are representative cases; every man who has [illegible] the new line has tried to get it.

The first announcement of the 1912 Everitt was made on June 24th. At this writing, two weeks later, there are dealers' orders in the factory for [illegible] 1912 Everitts. This represents two-thirds the next year's output. You can see for yourself how the country's keenest judges regard these cars.

Get An Everitt if You Can

You begin to see now the wonderful values offered in the 1912 Everitt. Take any one of the three models—the Six, for instance. Consider what you are *getting* for $1850—$4000 quality, Chrome-Nickel-Steel construction, all the advantages of the Six Cylinder type; Whirlwind power, Long Wheel Base, Big Wheels, Demountable Rims; Full Equipment,—and a car that *Starts on a Push-Button!* And the new "Four" and "Thirty" are but little less desirable!

Don't be content with a mere car, when you can have an Everitt! Don't tug and grind on a crank, when an Everitt starts itself! Don't take chances with a broken arm [illegible] when the Everitt's push button starts the motor from the seat. [illegible] when [illegible] Everitt!

Remember these advantages [illegible] had in Everitt cars. Many are completely covered by Everitt patents. You cannot get them elsewhere at any price.

And, if you want a car like this, you must order now. The Everitt factory production is limited. Good cars are always built slowly. There will be [illegible],000 Everitts for 1912, for cars like these cannot be built in quantities.

See the nearest Everitt Dealer today. He is now taking advance orders. He can only get a certain number of 1912 Everitts. Reserve yours before it is too late. You take no chances. This car carries the most liberal factory guarantee ever offered. Send the coupon for the details.

TO AUTOMOBILE DEALERS—There is still a small amount of Territory unallotted for 1912. If there is no Everitt Representative in your city, write us immediately. It is possible, if you are the sort of high-grade dealer we want, that you can arrange to handle this wonderful line. Write today—or better, WIRE NOW—to our Sales Department.

Metzger Motor Car Co.
Milwaukee Avenue
Detroit Michigan

COUPON B
Metzger Motor Car Co., Detroit, Michigan:
Send your 1912 Advance Catalog and Dealer's Name.

This is the Point

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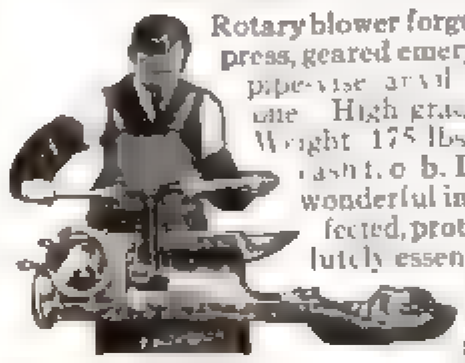
DIXON'S AMERICAN GRAPHITE PENCILS

sharpen to a *writing* point every time and that is their strong talking point. Made in America for all the world, and made *good* by

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE COMPANY
Jersey City, New Jersey



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A TOOL-SHOP IN ONE TOOL

Rotary blower forge, geared drill press, geared emery wheel, vise, pipe-vise anvil. Six tools in one. High grade. Portable. Weight 175 lbs. Price $50 cash f. o. b. Detroit. This wonderful invention perfected, protected is absolutely essential for auto-mobile owner, farmer, driller, thresher, motor boat, ranch, repair crew. The best selling article since the sewing machine. **We Want Agents.** Responsible men can secure exclusive agencies yielding from $50 to $500 per week.
DETROIT TOOL COMPANY, Detroit, Mich.

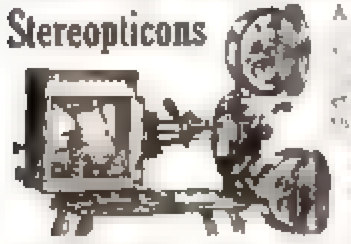
Ten-Pinnett—A Money-Making "Ten-Strike"

Do you want a business? Here's one for you. Ten-Pinnett, the sensation of bowling. A healthful [illegible] exercise that old and young, rich and poor, [illegible] ever when there's a chance to play. Owners of Ten-Pinnett alleys are making $150 to $[illegible] a month on an investment of $200.00, and no operating expenses other than rent. It's the game that pays for itself in a jiffy. You have

Nothing to Do but Pocket the Money!

[illegible] money [illegible]

Ten Pinnett Company
401 Draper St., Indianapolis, Ind.



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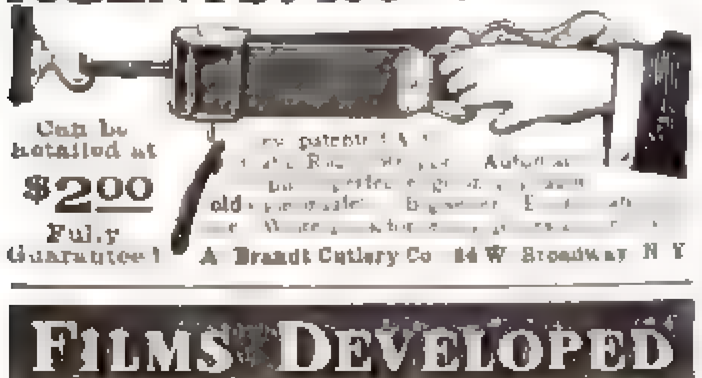

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FILMS DEVELOPED
10 CENTS PER ROLL
ALL SIZES
VELOX PRINTS, BROWNIES, 3c; 3½ x 3½, 3¼ x 4¼, 4c; 4 x 5, 3a, 5c.
Send [illegible]
COLE & CO., Asbury Park, N. J.

HUNTING THE FASHIONS

Continued from Page 11

From X 's I hired the girls who posed for the photographic work. This included hats, waists, lingerie, styles for elderly women and for mourning. This work was an expensive item, for Yvonne and Marie went with me every morning to the photographer, and I paid them ten francs each a day.

Besides the costumes, I had all kinds of accessories to arrange for reproduction. X provided most of this material, as well as the lingerie. Then, too, there were the gorgeous layettes, table linen, rich pillows and scarves, which had to be photographed and returned quickly to X ——'s. The material they loaned me for the photographic work was worth thousands of dollars.

Though Mrs. Long saved a large sum on these things, other needs ate big holes in the money allowed her.

Photographing hats cost a great deal, though not so much as if Mrs. Long had not stood in well with the milliners.

Most of the smart milliners were her friends and from them I borrowed hats for every conceivable use and age—from the baby to the grandmother—all lovely, and all adaptable for American use.

Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday the hats were photographed; and for this privilege the milliners were paid five dollars a hat. Sometimes there were five hats, sometimes more. Frequently Mrs. Long bought a few for her own use, but more often she made her purchases where she could not hire them for reproduction.

The hire was not the only expensive end of the photographic work. The photographer, who did excellent work, had an over-developed sense of thrift and never made any reduction for poor negatives. He charged two dollars a print—good, bad or indifferent. It was little wonder that he and his little wife were obsequious, when his weekly bill aggregated two hundred dollars—and he received the check immediately.

French Models the Best

Most French girls make splendid models for photographic work. Born with an artificial edge and the love of the dramatic, the art of posing, with them, is an instinct rather than a development. In many cases they are unutterably stupid, but they never fail to fall into lovely attitudes and produce all the elusive beauty of the costume, which would be absolutely lost through the gaucherie of Anglo-Saxon models.

It is difficult to obtain an American or English model for photographic work in Paris. They are all supersensitive about having their countenances reproduced, except in the salons and the Beaux Arts. They are, as a rule, unreliable and exorbitant in their demands; while the French girls, on the other hand, are pleased at having been chosen and eager to pose for the very love of being admired by the attendants of the gallery and the envy of their less fortunate friends.

There is very little actual waste of money in getting fashions if one is careful and systematic. Aside from her personal bills, Mrs. Long spent about three hundred dollars at each big house and bought twelve or fifteen costumes. As she had the privilege of rebuying anything purchased for the fashion work at half price the ultimate cost was moderate.

The buying and selecting are but the beginning of the fashion hunter's work, particularly if her clientèle is conservative. She must use the French styles merely as a background. She must Americanize the French methods for home use. For how many women who read the fashion sections of a magazine could make a Paris gown if its construction were strictly adhered to? Or how many women who depend upon this section would wear a Paris dress unless simplified?

The word "Paris" attracts, but in nine cases out of ten the unadulterated French styles are put down as vulgar and impossible, not only by magazine readers but by a large majority of the feminine public. It is then up to the ingenuity of the fashion editor to tone down these extreme dresses.

The process of elimination and reconstruction is difficult, though it is greatly helped by a keen knowledge of the feminine

The Edison Phonograph is the greatest of all outdoor sports

Out on the porch where it's cool and comfortable—bring out the Edison Phonograph! Why the Edison in particular? Comfort! No changing needles—the sapphire reproducing point is permanent and lasts forever. Amberol Records—play twice as long—only change half as often. And besides, the Edison has exactly the right volume of sound for the front porch—without disturbing the neighbors!

Wherever you go this summer, take an Edison Phonograph with you—pack it in your trunk or send it by express. Or if you're going to stay in town, you'll want it all the more.

All the best music that ever was written—and the best talent that ever produced it, right there on your own front porch. And remember when you go to pick out your Edison Phonograph, that it is only the Edison on which you can make and reproduce your own records, just as true to life as the records made in our laboratory. Be sure you get *recording equipment* with the Edison you purchase.

Edison Standard Records . . . . . $ .35
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11 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N. J.

The Edison Business Phonograph concentrates efficiency and more than doubles the working capacity of the typewriter operator

If you ride in street cars, trains, elevators or boats

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Do you realize that Steam Railroads alone, not considering Street Cars and other public conveyances, kill one person every hour; maim one person every ten minutes? Does it pay to take such chances when you can be insured at a cost of only one-fourth of one cent a day per thousand?

$5000 insurance for $5 a year

The Tourists, Travelers and Commuters Special Accident Policy issued only by this company insures you

(1) While a passenger within a passenger elevator (excluding elevators in mines);
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Against loss of life, limbs, eyes, speech and hearing	$5,000
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Against loss of two or more fingers or toes	500
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And pays 10% additional for Medical, Surgical and Hospital [illegible]

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Franklin Pneumatic-Tired Trucks

THE LIQUID CARBONIC COMPANY
Chicago, May 26, 1911

Franklin Automobile Company, Syracuse, N. Y.

Gentlemen: — Our Franklin one-ton truck, put in service Dec. 12, 1910, has covered 8,000 miles, and we are still using the original set of tires.

In our estimation there is no other one-ton truck on the market that will give the satisfaction in our kind of work that the Franklin has. We have tried out from fifteen to eighteen different makes and have found none which will do the work with the same speed and minimum delay and expense. We heartily indorse pneumatic tires for light delivery work.

Liquid Carbonic Company.

Detailed analysis of the cost of fuel and oil for this work shows the following averages:

Average mileage per day	52.46
Average mileage per gallon gasoline	9.8
Average mileage per gallon oil	191.2
Average cost per mile, gasoline and oil	$.019
Average cost per mile of tires (based on 10,000 mile service)	[illegible]
Average cost per mile for tires, gasoline and oil	[illegible]

Light, strong, resilient construction, large pneumatic tires and an air-cooled motor make the Franklin the most efficient and economical motor truck built.

Resilient construction absorbs all the jolting and jarring of driving over rough streets and greatly reduces wear and tear; large pneumatic tires cushion road shocks and allow much more rapid delivery than can be maintained with safety by a truck using solid tires; the air-cooled motor assures absolute dependability in every climate.

Write for illustrated catalogue Franklin Commercial Cars
Full details 1000-lb. Light Delivery sent on request

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5 ROOMS $1500.
5 ROOMS $2000.
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Complete book of
100 HOMES
Suited to any climate.
One and Two story
128 Pages, 270 Illustrations
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We have built [illegible] houses and WE KNOW
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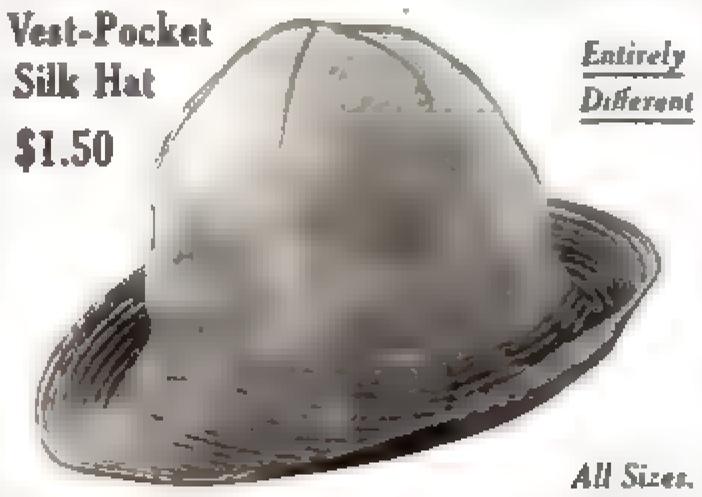

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$1.50
Entirely Different
All Sizes.

THE IDEAL HAT for Motoring, Boating, Golfing and all general wear. Especially adapted for office, house and traveling use. Practical, Dressy, Light. Made of best quality PURE Silk, strictly hand tailored, oiled silk sweat band, weighs one ounce. Colors, Black, Navy Blue, Brown, Gray and White. Price $1.50—worth every cent of it. State size and color. (Note—[illegible] hats, same quality silk, four-in-hands and bows, 60c [illegible]

Satisfaction Guaranteed. GILBERT & CO., Decatur, Ill.

"Takapart" Fishing Reels

The reel that spins like a top. Light, strong, serviceable—with a fine friction adjustment to prevent back lashing. Built on a one piece frame. Comes completely apart with a few turns of the wrist.

Guaranteed for Life

Repairing free if ever it's needed. Handle and click transferable to any position. Write us if your dealer can't supply you. Catalogue upon request.

"Takapart" Reels capacity 100 yards $4.00
"Tripart" Reels capacity 80 yards $3.00
Look for the name on every reel
A. F. MEISSELBACH & BRO., 21 Prospect St., Newark, N. J.

No better finishing touch for the finest dinner ever cooked than these dainty mint-flavored creams.

·U-ALL-NO·
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We also manufacture
U-ALL-NO Mint Chewing Gum
MANUFACTURING CO. OF AMERICA
449 North 12th Street, Philadelphia, U. S. A.

WHY were 65,000 quarter-sections of public land filed on in Montana during the past three years? Send name and address to J. H. Hall, Commissioner Bureau of Agriculture, Helena, Mont., and learn why homeseekers are thronging to Montana.

3000 GUMMED LABELS, $1.00
Size, 1 x 2 inches, printed to order and postpaid. Send for Catalog
Fenton Label Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

gender. In the first place, the editor must never overlook the new touches. If it is a sheath skirt she gives the public the sheath skirt, but with the naughty sheath so cleverly constructed with an insert that the public likes it. She modifies the hobble with cunningly concealed plaits that give respectable width. If Paris builds an effective evening dress, with a mere waistline for a bodice, Madame Fashion Editor fills up the shocking gap to a discreet round neck and puts a substantial lining where chiffon was used.

She makes the styles graceful and not too clinging; yet she gives the touch of Paris to each model. She makes the practical American fashions worn by the real Americans out of the flimsy extreme French styles.

Getting the fashions is not merely confined to buying and sketching at the shops.

Nearly every day I visited some rendezvous of the élite. Many of the unusual clothes I saw at the opera, where gorgeous women vie with one another for supremacy in the art of dress. At Auteuil and Longchamps, while the races were at their height, I saw the most marvelous conglomeration of exotic taste in street and even semi-evening dress. Many times I took tea at a fashionable teahouse, where I saw some of the crowned heads of Europe looking anything but Parisian. There I also saw world-famous women wearing exclusive gowns made by the greatest dressmakers, not only of Paris but London, Vienna and the other big fashion centers.

At the Pré Catalan, in the Bois, gather the most interesting devotees of the little god "Clothes." There one sees not only all that is French but all that is everything else, attired in costumes and hats that have no duplicates.

Suspicious Shopkeepers

At the end of each day Mrs. Long held a conference with the artists. As they sketched with full knowledge of the necessary eliminations and the picture of the finished drawing in their minds, the result was generally ready for the approving O. K., with but a slight change here and there made by Mrs. Long.

Some nights, however, we would work until midnight over a seemingly simple dress, the very plainness of which was more difficult than any number of elaborate or intricate gowns.

Then, again, Mrs. Long would tear up sketch after sketch and work up a suit or frock from her own observations and our suggestions.

"Who's got a good sleeve?" she would call. "I want a semitailored one, with a smart cuff and undersleeve." Or, "Did any one see anything particularly nice in girdles today? I must have a new wrinkle in girdles."

We would scurry through our notebooks for the wanted touch, and if none suited the drawing would be held over to the next day, when a special hunt would be instituted.

The dresses that Mrs. Long bought were sketched on a model under the supervision of the owner, who directed what was to be left out and just what was to be simplified.

Though we were always busy, the real rush was at the end of the week, when the big colored drawings were ready for shipment. That was a nerve-racking moment for every one. The artists, whose temperaments resented any suggestion or change in arrangement or color, were always keyed up to a high pitch and frequently dissolved in tears and rage if Mrs. Long failed to appreciate the productions. The wrapping and addressing were things of great moment, and every one sighed with relief when the big parcels were driven off to the packing house.

It was my duty the second week to go to the packer, where the drawings were boxed for transportation.

"Tell the woman to be very careful," directed Mrs. Long. "She knows me; and the English saleswoman will interpret for you."

When I arrived at my destination I found that all hands were out to lunch and that the proprietress, who didn't understand a word of English except "for Mrs. Long," presided.

I tried to make her understand by gesticulating that the parcels were very precious and must be wrapped carefully. I held them lovingly to my breast and made a sign of infolding them; but she stared at me and evidently summed me up as a mad artist who was saying goodby to my work. I thought over every word that might mean rare or valuable. In a flash *rara avis* leaped to my mind.

Of course! *Rara* meant rare. The very thing! I went close to her. "*Elle est très rara,*" I explained radiantly. The woman gazed at me stupidly, and I could see the word wiggling in and out among the folds of her brain. "*Ra-ra,*" she repeated dully. "*Qu'est-ce que c'est ra-ra?*" Then, with a shake of her head, "*Je ne comprends pas!*" she said, and went on with her work.

When the boxes were ready and the driver had put them in the carriage she stood with her hands on her hips, watching me as I got in. Once or twice her lips moved; and then, with a shake of the head and a shrug, she went into the shop.

The French saleswoman is all suspicion under her suave exterior. She has intuitive powers that are worth hundreds of dollars to her employer. She can tell at a glance, when a customer enters the shop, whether she is a trifler or a purchaser.

This saleswoman appraises the prospective buyer—first, by her clothes; second, by her appearance; and third, by her assurance.

If one has assurance the entire shop will give its undivided attention, which is uncomfortable and is apt to be very costly.

It is next to impossible to get out of the small French shops without buying; and if one is so unfortunate as to drop the name of one's hotel or pension, when "just looking," she will find a line of tradespeople at her chamber-door the next morning with the things at which she was looking and a bill for them—for the French working classes are employed to sell—and sell they will, whether or no. The C. O. D. is absolutely collect on delivery or have the magistrate after you. There is no sending back or "a change of mind."

There is no loss of money in Paris through fraud, for the article is not delivered until the money is paid and the bill receipted. Sometimes goods are bought and sent to the hotel, where payment is made by the clerk. If the guest is honest she pays this item with her weekly bill. If she is not she leaves the city suddenly and changes her identity before returning to Paris.

The American merchants frequently joke the Frenchman on his antiquated methods of doing business, but the loss in the foreign stores is small in comparison with the loss in our American ones.

How Royalty Shops

Then, too, the French shopkeeper knows quite as well as his American cousin the value of high-grade advertising. Your Parisian obtains his profitable publicity largely through the patronage of nobility and sometimes royalty. The occasions of such patronage are real state affairs. I recall one that caused me much inconvenience.

One morning, during the height of the season, a friend and I made our way to an exclusive little hat shop. The fact that the lace shade in the window was lowered halfway meant nothing to us and I turned the low handle of the door. Before we could get into the shop, the première fluttered in front of us like a nervous bird, barring our entrance with an excitable "*Bonjour, mademoiselle!*" yet making no effort to let us pass the door.

"You are not closed?" I asked in astonishment, as the hour was not yet eleven.

"*Mais non!*" she replied hurriedly. "But we cannot let you in just now. We are expecting Her Majesty, the Queen of Sweden—this very moment, dear mademoiselle. She has set the hour for eleven and we dare not keep her waiting. We hope you will return this afternoon—yes? And then we will wait upon you for so long!"—expressing an indefinite length of time with a gesture. "You understand? And now you will excuse me if I close the door? Her Majesty would not like it if we have not obeyed her order to have the shop empty for her royal pleasure! *Bonjour! Bonjour!*" And the door was closed.

So we were left to go our way, fuming in our American independence, which knows no waiting for the pleasure of crowned heads, and vowing that we would buy where money alone was king.

This bit epitomizes Paris. She is queen of fashions, the sole arbiter of the world of style. You can enter her shops when she pleases. She is supreme and all-confident in her supremacy.

Not only does she dictate to Oskaloosa and Sewanee, but with the same finality she makes the laws of dress for Mayfair and for the court of the Romanofs.

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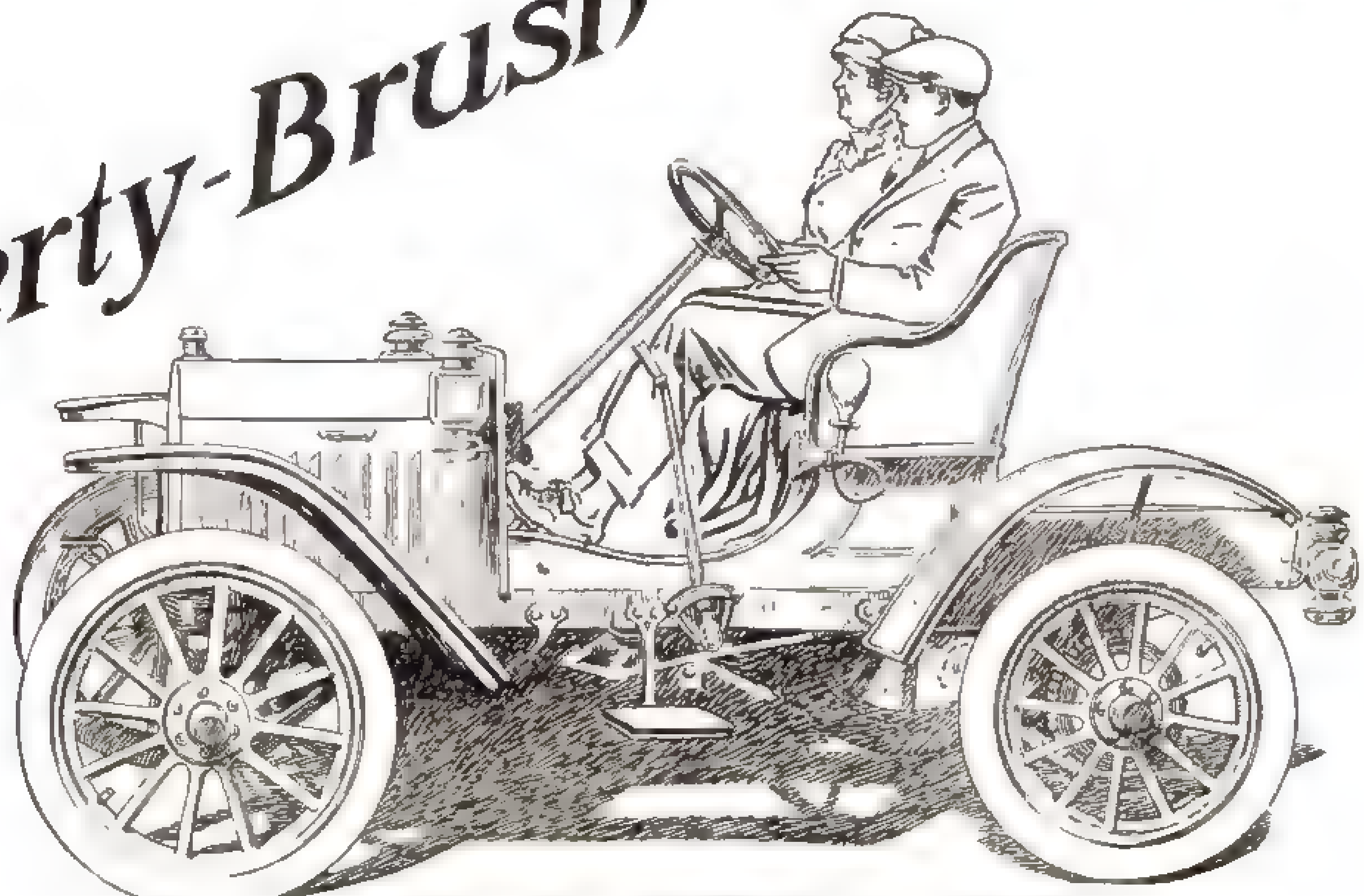
The Liberty-Brush



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The $350 Liberty-Brush is the result of long experience in manufacturing a car of this type. It insures:

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FREEDOM from failure to keep appointments, loss of time traveling from one customer to another and the loss of money that such failure means.

Everybody has wanted a motor car, and has waited for the time when it would be within his means. The Liberty-Brush fills the want.

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It is a car for salesmen, collectors, solicitors, canvassers, and for anyone who must get quickly from place to place. It is an ideal car for family use, as a boy or girl of fourteen can drive and care for it.

Most important of all, it is the product of the United States Motor Company, which immediately assures its position and its worth.

It is an epoch in the automobile industry, marking as it does a response by a standard manufacturer to the demand for a motor car that any man can buy and maintain.

We have 1800 dealers throughout the country selling our various products, but shall need more dealers to handle this car. We require a representative in every county and a rare opportunity is offered for men of energy who wish to enter a business with a great future. Write or wire for our proposition to dealers.

We shall continue to manufacture the Standard Brush Runabout at $450.00, the success of which is attested by the thousands in service.

For catalogue and booklets describing the car in detail, address the Sales Manager, Liberty-Brush Car, at the New York headquarters.

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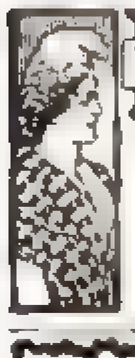

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ARTEMAS QUIBBLE, LL. B.

Continued from Page 9

shrewd at devising schemes that came just within the law and used to amuse himself by so doing in his leisure moments. One of the best—the idea for which he sold for three hundred dollars and which is still being used in New York, Chicago and elsewhere is the following

An old man, with a square of plate glass in a newspaper and a bundle of glass-cutter's tools by his side, is seen sitting dejectedly on a curb, with his head in his hands. He has no coat and the icy wind blows through his straggling locks of gray hair—a pathetic picture! He seems utterly discouraged, but no word of complaint passes his lips. Presently a well-dressed woman approaches and her pity is instantly aroused. She accosts him, and the aged one informs her in a faint voice that he works in Harlem and has been sent by his boss to set a pane of glass on Varick Street; but, not knowing exactly where Varick Street is, he has got off the elevated at Fifty-ninth Street and finds that he is still several miles from his destination. What woman, unless she had a heart of granite, would not be moved by such a tale! She opens her purse and pours its contents into his lap; for it is a psychological truth that, if you can once get a woman up to the point of giving anything, she will give all that she has. How often have I seen these old men—the children of Gottlieb's brain sitting patiently and silently on the streets! And how often have they paid us handsome fees to get them out of the "jug"!

Banana Anna's Game

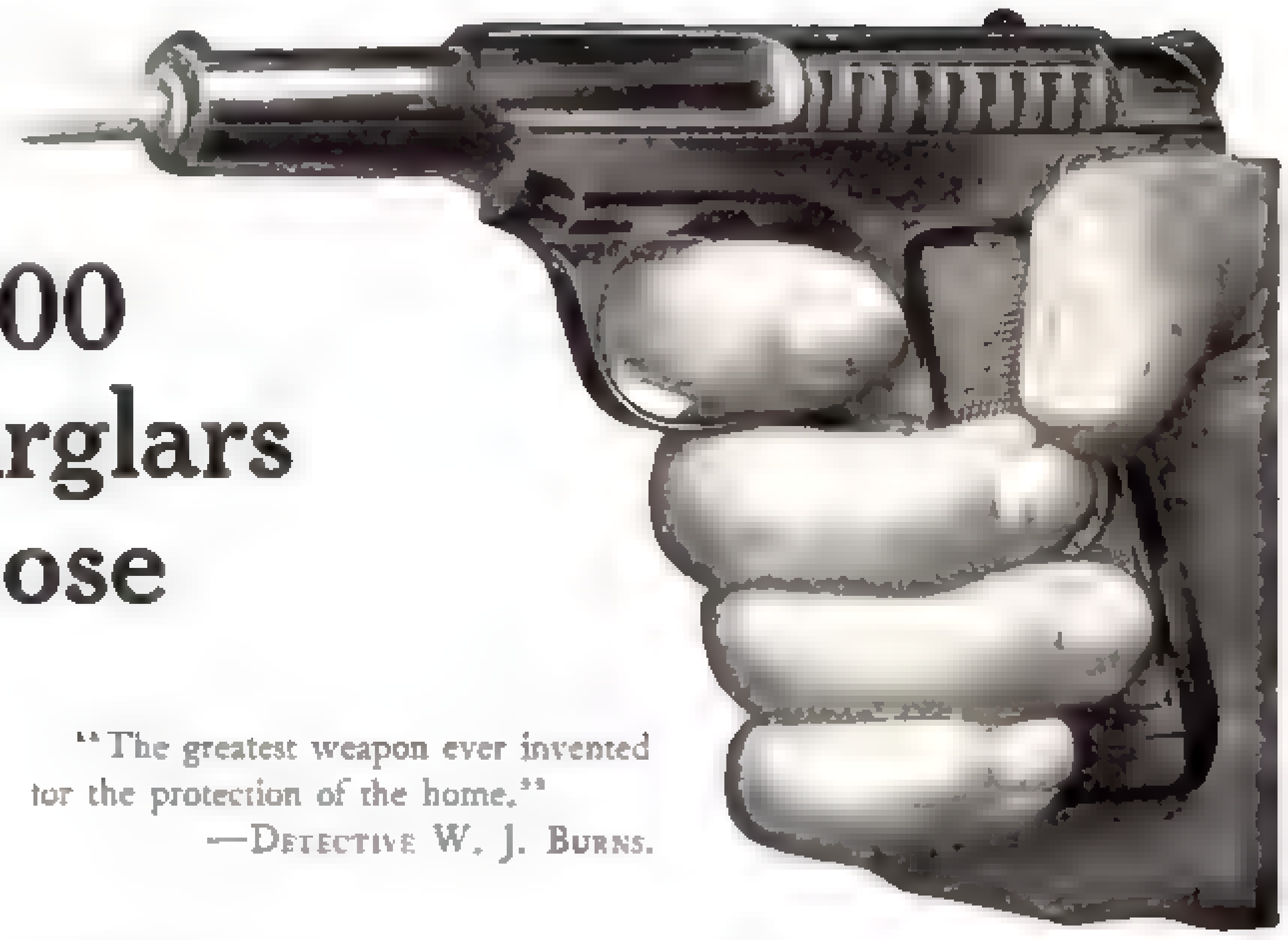
In this catalogue of clients I must not forget "Banana Anna," who recently, I am sad to say, met her Waterloo. Anna was a lady so peculiarly gifted by Fortune that she was able at will to simulate a very severe physical mishap. I shall not describe with any greater degree of particularity what her precise affliction was, save to say that, if genuine, it would have entitled her to the sympathy and generosity of mankind. It was the kind of thing that might easily result from a fall, but which, in fact, under ordinary circumstances gave her no inconvenience whatever.

Anna would conceal a bit of banana peel in her muff and, dropping it upon a station platform, would put her heel upon it and fall prostrate, uttering a groan of pain. The guard would come hastily to her assistance and find, to his horror, a woman with every mark of respectability suffering terrible agony from a condition obviously the result of a fall caused by a bit of banana skin carelessly left lying upon the premises. An ambulance would be summoned, but she would insist upon being taken to her own home—an imposing mansion—and calling her own physician. In due course the railroad would send its doctor, who would report that her condition was serious; and, as the leaving of banana peel upon a public platform is in its very nature "negligent," the company's lawyers would recommend settlement. Thus "Banana Anna" was able to live in comfort if not in luxury; and an infirmity that might, under other circumstances, have been a curse became, in fact, a blessing. Of course she took a new name and hired—temporarily—a new residence for each accident; but, as she moved from city to city, she was able to keep up the same old ruse for years.

Perhaps our most interesting client was the one who made his living by supplying "to the trade" all kinds of corporate bonds and certificates of stock. Some of these bonds had originally been issued by corporations in good standing, but had been exchanged, canceled, outlawed, or in some other way become valueless. How our client secured them I never discovered. He also dealt in the repudiated bonds of some cities and states, which can be purchased for practically nothing almost anywhere.

His principal line of goods, however, was the bonds of companies that he incorporated himself and disposed of at cut rates to a clientèle all his own. These companies all bore impressive names, such as the Tennessee Gas, Heat and Power Company, the Mercury-Panard-Charon Motor Vehicle Supply Company, the Nevada Coal, Coke, Iron and By-product Company, the Chicago Banking and Securities Company, the

3000 Burglars Loose



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Send also for a booklet which explains about the famous "303" Savage Featherweight, and the 22 cal. Takedown Repeater. Free for your dealer's name. Savage Arms Company, 77 Savage Avenue, Utica, New York

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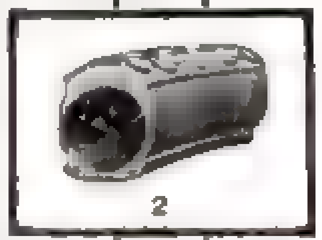
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Not only can you now choose your tires according to your road but you can ride on motorcycle tires built by the world's greatest automobile tire experts

These experts have spent over 12 years studying road conditions and how to build tires to meet them.

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Yet with all the priceless benefits of their expert experience, Goodyear Motorcycle Tires don't cost you a cent more than other kinds. You get these extra benefits free

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The tire is built upon the patented Goodyear Tire Machine—the only method by which successive plies of fabric can be laid on at uniform tension. So uniform strength is insured throughout, with entire freedom from blisters, air cavities and weak spots—faults responsible for 90% of all tire troubles.

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For All Standard Rims
Every standard rim can be fitted. Molded in semi-cured form to exact duplicate of your rim, tire bead fits rim clinch in a vise-like grip that, when tire is inflated, makes creeping or loosening an absolute impossibility. Ride on one of these

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4 and 5—Goodyear Blue Streak Racing Tires—Hold all world's records. One tire for dirt tracks, another for cement or board.

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Farmers' Loan and Credit Company, the Southern Georgia Land and Fruit Company, and so on. He had an impressive office in a marble-fronted building on Wall Street, doors covered with green baize inside and gold lettering outside; and he wore a tall hat and patent-leather shoes. He also had a force of several young lady stenographers and clerks, who acted as the officers and directors of his various concerns, all of which were legally incorporated under the laws of West Virginia and New Jersey. His clients were the gilt-edged "con" men of Wall and Nassau streets, who, when they needed them, could purchase a couple of hundred engraved one-thousand-dollar bonds of imposing appearance, in a real corporation, for a few hundred dollars in cash.

Our client did not act as an officer of these himself, but merely took a power of attorney from the president, secretary and treasurer, authorizing him to sign their names to these bond issues. Yet no one ever saw these officers, all of whom had names connotative of wealth and financial responsibility. The Gates, Morgan, Rogers and other families multiplied and brought forth at the mere wave of his pen. If you wished a half-million bond issue you simply called him up on the telephone and some "light and power company" would hold a directors' meeting and vote a fifty-year debenture gold seven-per-cent security that you could peddle around at fifty-eight and one-eighth to unsuspecting investors, so as to net them nearly thirteen per cent on their money—when they got it. You could buy a million in these bonds for about three hundred and seventy-five dollars and fifty cents; but they were real bonds in real companies and legally issued against some form of property, even if it had no market value. Sometimes, I am told, these securities paid interest for a year or so, and the suckers got their friends in while there were a few left—bonds, I mean, there are always suckers.

Like all egotists, our client became careless as time went on and one day took it upon himself to issue a few hundred bonds in a company without holding a directors' meeting. He should not be severely blamed for neglecting a detail of this sort when he was so well aware of its purely formal if not farcical character. Still, it was one of those little slips that even the most careful of us will sometimes make, and the district attorney took an underhand advantage of our friend and indicted him for forging the names of the officers of the company to an unauthorized issue of bonds. Gottlieb and I had, perforce, to defend him; but, unfortunately, his real defense would have been even worse than the charge. He could not say that there was no real company and that there were no such human beings as the persons whose names he had written across the back of the bonds in question.

Poor fellow! He was an absolutely innocent man. Yet he went to Sing Sing for seven years for committing no crime at all. How could he forge the names of persons who did not exist? However, he had invented these financial entities and they finally overwhelmed him. Somewhere lying around I have my share of the fee in this case. I forget just where. It consists of fourteen millions in the securities of the National Mortgage and Security Company—of Jampole, Mississippi.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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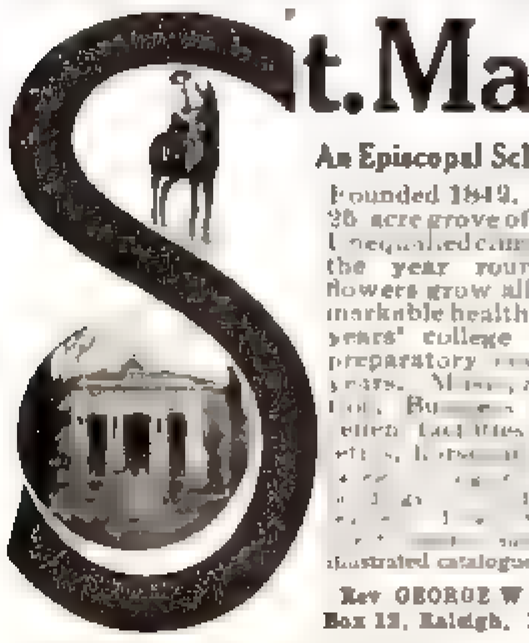

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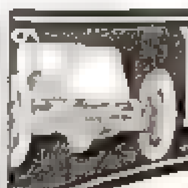

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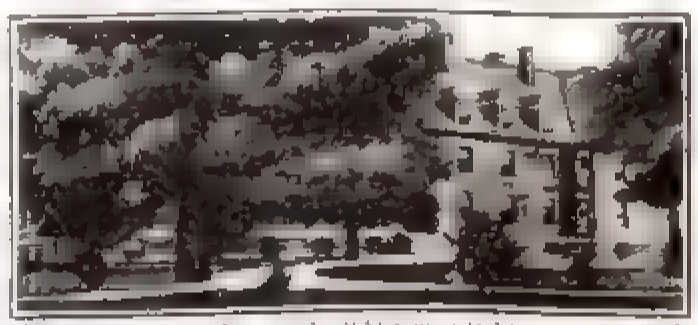

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THE GOAT MAN OF FUATINO

Continued from Page 15

aft for their lives. The Goat Man fired, but splintered the corner of the galley. The spattering of bullets from the Rattler increased, and the two on the rock crouched low for shelter and waited. Mauriri tried to see what was happening below, but Grief held him back.

"The fuse was too long," he said. "I'll know better next time."

It was half a minute before the explosion came. What happened afterward for some little time they could not tell, for the Rattler's marksmen had got the range and were maintaining a steady fire. Once, fanned by a couple of bullets, Grief risked a peep. The Valetta, her port deck and rail torn away, was listing and sinking as she drifted back into the harbor. Climbing on board the Rattler were the men and the Huaheine women who had been hidden in the Valetta's cabin and who had swum for it under the protecting fire. The Fuatino men who had been towing in the whaleboat had cast off the line, dashed back through the passage and were rowing wildly for the south shore.

From the shore of the peninsula the discharges of four rifles announced that Brown and his men had worked through the jungle to the beach and were taking a hand. The bullets ceased coming, and Grief and Mauriri joined in with their rifles. But they could do no damage, for the men of the Rattler were firing from the shelter of the deckhouses, while the wind and tide carried the schooner farther in. There was no sign of the Valetta, which had sunk in the deep water of the crater.

Two things Raoul Van Asveld did that showed his keenness and coolness and that elicited Grief's admiration. Under the Rattler's rifle-fire Raoul compelled the fleeing Fuatino men to come in and surrender. And at the same time, dispatching half his cutthroats in the Rattler's boat, he threw them ashore and across the peninsula, preventing Brown from getting away to the main part of the island. And for the rest of the morning the intermittent shooting told to Grief how Brown was being driven in to the other side of the Big Rock. The situation was unchanged, with the exception of the loss of the Valetta.

VI

THE defects of the position on the Big Rock were vital. There was neither food nor water. For several nights, accompanied by one of the Raiatea men, Mauriri swam to the head of the bay for supplies. Then came the night when lights flared on the water and shots were fired. After that the water side of the Big Rock was invested as well.

"It's a funny situation," Brown remarked, who was getting all the adventure he had been led to believe resided in the South Seas. "We've got hold and can't let go, and Raoul has hold and can't let go. He can't get away, and we're liable to starve to death holding him."

"If the rain came the rock basins would fill," said Mauriri. It was their first twenty-four hours without water. "Big Brother, tonight you and I will get water. It is the work of strong men."

That night, with coconut calabashes, each of quart capacity and tightly stoppered, he led Grief down to the water from the peninsula side of the Big Rock. They swam out not more than a hundred feet. Beyond, they could hear the occasional click of an oar or the knock of a paddle against a canoe, and sometimes they saw the flare of matches as the men in the guarding boats lighted cigarettes or pipes.

"Wait here," whispered Mauriri, "and hold the calabashes."

Turning over, he swam down. Grief, face downward, watched his phosphorescent track glimmer and dim and vanish. A long minute afterward Mauriri broke surface noiselessly at Grief's side.

"Here. Drink!"

The calabash was full, and Grief drank sweet fresh water that had come up from the depths of the salt.

"It flows out from the land," said Mauriri.

"On the bottom?"

"No. The bottom is as far below as the mountains are above. Fifty feet down it flows. Swim down until you feel its coolness."

Several times filling and emptying his lungs in diver fashion, Grief turned over and went down through the water. Salt it was to his lips, and warm to his flesh; but at last, deep down, it perceptibly chilled and tasted brackish. Then suddenly his body entered the cold subterranean stream. He removed the small stopper from the calabash, and, as the sweet water gurgled into it, he saw the phosphorescent glimmer of a big fish, like a sea ghost, drift sluggishly by.

Thereafter, holding the growing weight of calabashes, he remained on the surface, while Mauriri took them down, one by one, and filled them.

"There are sharks!" Grief said, as they swam back to shore.

"Pooh!" was the answer. "They are fish sharks. We of Fuatino are brothers to the fish sharks."

"But the tiger sharks? I have seen them here."

"When they come, Big Brother, we will have no more water to drink . . . unless it rains."

VII

A WEEK later Mauriri and a Raiatea man swam back with empty calabashes. The tiger sharks had arrived in the harbor. The next day they thirsted on the Big Rock.

"We must take our chance," said Grief. "Tonight I shall go after water with Mautau. Tomorrow night, Brother, you will go with Tehaa."

Three quarts only did Grief get, when the tiger sharks appeared and drove them in. There were six of them on the Rock, and a pint a day, in the sweltering heat of the mid-tropics, is not sufficient moisture for a man's body. The next night Mauriri and Tehaa returned with no water. And the day following, Brown learned the full connotation of thirst, when the lips crack to bleeding, the mouth is coated with granular slime, and the swollen tongue finds the mouth too small for residence.

Grief swam out in the darkness with Mautau. Turn by turn, they went down through the salt to the cool, sweet stream, drinking their fill while the calabashes were filling. It was Mautau's turn to descend with the last calabash, and Grief, peering down from the surface, saw the glimmer of sea ghosts and all the phosphorescent display of the struggle. He swam back alone, but without relinquishing the precious burden of full calabashes.

Of food they had little. Nothing grew on the Rock, and its sides, covered with shellfish at sea level where the surf thundered in, were too precipitous for access. Here and there, where crevices permitted, a few rank shellfish and sea urchins were gleaned. Sometimes frigate birds and other sea birds were snared. Once, with a piece of frigate bird, they succeeded in hooking a shark. After that, with jealously guarded shark-meat for bait, they managed on occasion to catch more sharks.

But water remained their direst need. Mauriri prayed to the Goat God for rain. Taute prayed to the Missionary God, and his two fellow islanders, backsliding, invoked the deities of their old heathen days. Grief grinned and considered. But Brown, wild-eyed, with protruding, blackened tongue, cursed. Especially he cursed the phonograph, that in the cool twilights ground out gospel hymns from the deck of the Rattler. One hymn in particular, Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping, drove him to madness. It seemed a favorite on board the schooner, for it was played most of all. Brown, hungry and thirsty, half out of his head from weakness and suffering, could lie among the rocks with equanimity and listen to the tinkling of *ukulélés* and guitars, and the *hulas* and *himines* of the Huaheine women. But when the voices of the Trinity Choir floated over the water he was beside himself. One evening the cracked tenor took up the song with the machine:

Beyond the smiling and the weeping,
I shall be soon.
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon,
I shall be soon.

Then it was that Brown rose up. Again and again, blindly, he emptied his rifle at the schooner. Laughter floated up from the men and women, and from the peninsula came a splattering of return bullets;

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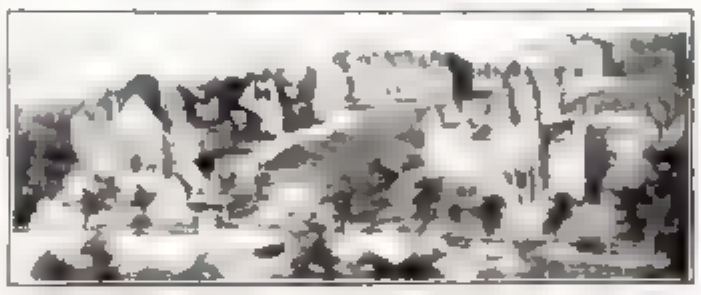

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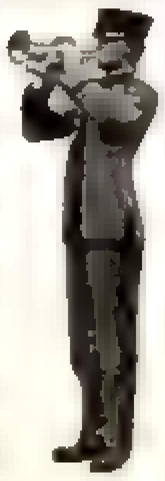

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but the cracked tenor sang on, and Brown continued to fire until the hymn was played out.

It was that night that Grief and Mauriri came back with but one calabash of water. A patch of skin six inches long was missing from Grief's shoulder in token of the scrape of the sandpaper hide of a shark whose dash he had eluded.

VIII

IN THE early morning of another day, before the sun-blaze had gained its full strength, came an offer of a parley from Raoul Van Asveld.

Brown brought the word in from the outpost among the rocks a hundred yards away. Grief was squatted over a small fire, broiling a strip of shark-flesh. The last twenty-four hours had been lucky. Seaweed and sea urchins had been gathered. Tehaa had caught a shark, and Mauriri had captured a fair-sized octopus at the base of the crevice where the dynamite was stored. Then, too, in the darkness they had made two successful swims for water before the tiger sharks had nosed them out.

"Said he'd like to come in and talk with you," Brown said. "But I know what the brute is after. Wants to see how near starved to death we are."

"Bring him in," Grief said.

"And then we will kill him," the Goat Man cried joyously.

Grief shook his head.

"But he is a killer of men, Big Brother, a beast and a devil," the Goat Man protested.

"He must not be killed, Brother. It is our way not to break our word."

"It is a foolish way."

"Still it is our way," Grief answered gravely, turning the strip of shark-meat over on the coals and noting the hungry sniff and look of Tehaa. "Don't do that, Tehaa, when the Big Devil comes. Look as if you and hunger were strangers. Here, cook those sea urchins, you; and you, Big Brother, cook the squid. We will have the Big Devil to feast with us. Spare nothing. Cook all."

And, still broiling meat, Grief arose as Van Asveld, followed by a large Irish terrier, strode into camp. Raoul did not make the mistake of holding out his hand.

"Hello," he said. "I've heard of you."

"I wish I'd never heard of you," Grief answered.

"Same here," was the response. "At first, before I knew who it was, I thought I had to deal with an ordinary trading captain. That's why you've got me bottled up."

"And I am ashamed to say that I underrated you," Grief smiled. "I took you for a thieving beachcomber, and not for a really intelligent pirate and murderer. Hence the loss of my schooner. Honors are even, I fancy, on that score."

Raoul flushed angrily under his sunburn, but he contained himself. His eyes roved over the supply of food and the full water-calabashes, though he concealed the incredulous surprise he felt. His was a tall, slender, well-knit figure, and Grief, studying him, estimated his character from his face. The eyes were keen and strong, but a bit too close together—not pinched, however, but just a trifle near to balance the broad forehead, the strong chin and jaw, and the cheek-bones wide apart. Strength! His face was filled with it, and yet Grief sensed in it the intangible something the man lacked.

"We are both strong men," Raoul said, with a bow. "We might have been fighting for empires a hundred years ago."

It was Grief's turn to bow.

"As it is, we are squalidly scrapping over the enforcement of the colonial laws of those empires whose destinies we might possibly have determined a hundred years ago."

"It all comes to dust," Raoul remarked sententiously, sitting down. "Go ahead with your meal. Don't let me interrupt."

"Won't you join us?" was Grief's invitation.

The other looked at him with sharp steadiness, then accepted.

"I'm sticky with sweat," he said. "Can I wash?"

Grief nodded and ordered Mauriri to bring a calabash. Raoul looked into the Goat Man's eyes, but saw nothing save languid uninterest as the precious quart of water was wasted on the ground.

"The dog is thirsty," Raoul said.

Grief nodded, and another calabash was presented to the animal.

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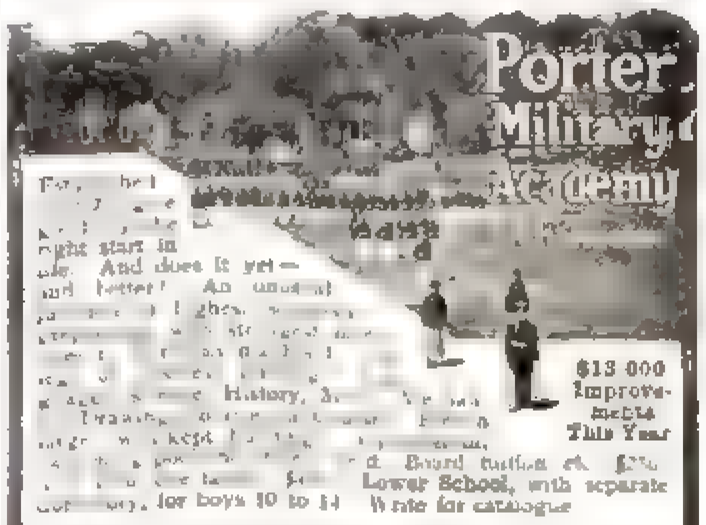

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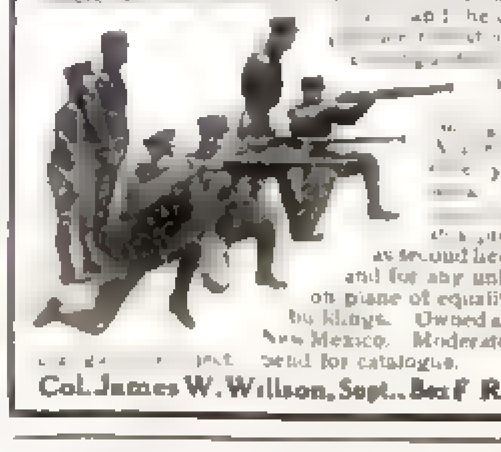

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Again Raoul searched the eyes of the natives and learned nothing.

"Sorry we have no coffee," Grief apologized. "You'll have to drink plain water. A calabash, Tehaa. Try some of this shark. There is squid to follow, and sea urchins and a seaweed salad. I'm sorry we haven't any frigate bird. The boys were lazy yesterday and did not try to catch any."

With an appetite that would not have stopped at wire nails dipped in lard Grief ate perfunctorily and tossed the scraps to the dog.

"I'm afraid I haven't got down to the primitive diet yet," he sighed, as he sat back. "The tinned goods on the Rattler, now, I could make a hearty meal off of them; but this muck ——" He took a half-pound strip of broiled shark and flung it to the dog. "I suppose I'll come to it if you don't surrender pretty soon."

Raoul laughed unpleasantly.

"I came to offer terms," he said pointedly.

Grief shook his head.

"There aren't any terms. I've got you where the hair is short, and I'm not going to let go."

"You think you can hold me in this hole!" Raoul cried.

"You'll never leave it alive except in double irons. I've handled your kind before. We've pretty well cleaned it out of the South Seas. You're a throw-back, and we've got to get rid of you. Personally, I would advise you to go back to the schooner and blow your brains out. It is the only way to escape what you've got coming to you."

The parley, so far as Raoul was concerned, proved fruitless, and he went back into his own lines convinced that the men on the Big Rock could hold out for years though he would have been swiftly unconvinced could he have observed Tehaa and the Raiateans, the moment his back was turned and he was out of sight, crawling over the rocks and sucking and crunching the scraps his dog had left uneaten.

IX

"WE HUNGER now, Brother," Grief said, "but it is better than to hunger for many days to come. The Big Devil, after feasting and drinking good water with us in plenty, will not stay long in Fuatino. Even tomorrow may he try to leave. To-night you and I sleep over the top of the Rock, and Tehaa, who shoots well, will sleep with us if he can dare the Rock."

Tehaa, alone among the Raiateans, was cragsman enough to venture the perilous way, and dawn found him in a rock-barricaded nook a hundred yards to the right of Grief and Mauriri.

The first warning was the firing of rifles from the peninsula, where Brown and his two Raiateans signaled the retreat and followed the besiegers through the jungle to the beach. From the eyrie on the face of the rock, Grief could see nothing for another hour, when the Rattler appeared, making for the passage. As before, the captive Fuatino men towed in the whaleboat. Mauriri, under direction of Grief, called down instructions to them as they passed slowly beneath. By Grief's side lay several bundles of dynamite sticks.

The deck of the Rattler was populous. For'ard, rifle in hand, among the Raiatea sailors stood a desperado who, Mauriri announced, was Raoul's brother. Aft by the helmsman stood another. Attached to him, tied waist to waist with slack, was Mataara, the old Queen. On the other side of the helmsman, his arm in a sling, was Captain Glass. Amidships as before was Raoul, and with him, lashed waist to waist, was Naumoo.

"Good morning, Mister David Grief," Raoul called up.

"And yet I warned you that only in double irons would you leave the island," Grief murmured down with a sad inflection.

"You can't kill all your people I have on board," was the answer.

The schooner, moving slowly, jerk by jerk, as the men pulled in the whaleboat, was almost directly beneath. The rowers, without ceasing, slacked on their oars, and were immediately threatened with the rifle of the man who stood for'ard.

"Throw, Big Brother!" Naumoo called up in the Fuatino tongue. "I am filled with sorrow and am willed to die. His knife is ready with which to cut the rope, but I shall hold him tight. Be not afraid, Big Brother. Throw, and throw straight, and goodby."

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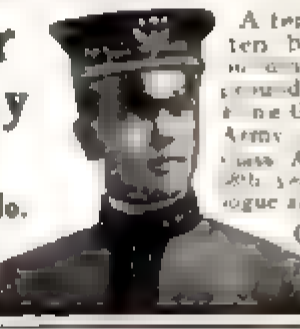

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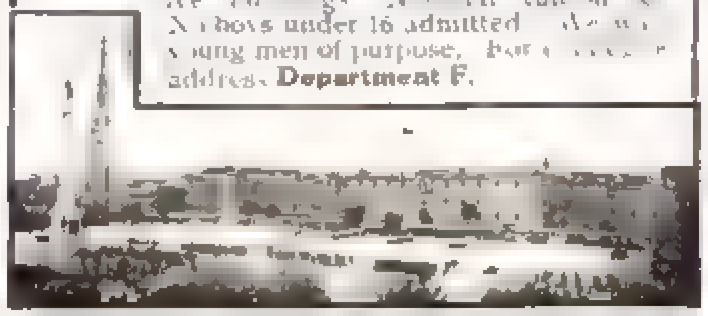

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Grief hesitated, then lowered the fire-stick which he had been blowing bright.

"Throw," the Goat Man urged.

Still Grief hesitated.

"If they get to sea, Big Brother, Naumoo dies just the same. And there are all the others. What is her life against the many?"

"If you drop any dynamite or fire a single shot we'll kill all on board," Raoul cried up to them. "I've got you, David Grief. You can't kill these people, and I can. Shut up, you!"

This last was addressed to Naumoo, who was calling up in her native tongue and whom Raoul seized by the neck with one hand to choke to silence. In turn, she locked both arms about him and looked up beseechingly to Grief.

"Throw it, Mr. Grief, and be damned to them," Captain Glass rumbled in his deep voice. "They're bloody murderers and the cabin's full of them."

The desperado who was fastened to the old Queen swung half about to menace Captain Glass with his rifle, when Tehaa from his position farther along the Rock, pulled trigger on him. The rifle dropped from the man's hand, and on his face was an expression of intense surprise as his legs crumpled under him and he sank down on deck, dragging the Queen with him.

"Port! Hard a-port!" Grief cried.

Captain Glass and the Kanaka whirled the wheel over, and the bow of the Rattler headed in for the Rock. Amidships Raoul still struggled with Naumoo. His brother ran from for'ard to his aid, being missed by the fusillade of quick shots from Tehaa and the Goat Man. As Raoul's brother placed the muzzle of his rifle to Naumoo's side Grief touched the fire-stick to the match head in the split end of the fuse. Even as with both hands he tossed the big bundle of dynamite the rifle went off, and Naumoo's fall to the deck was simultaneous with the fall of the dynamite. This time the fuse was short enough. The explosion occurred at the instant the deck was reached, and that portion of the Rattler, along with Raoul, his brother and Naumoo, forever disappeared.

The schooner's side was shattered and she began immediately to settle. For'ard, every Raiatean sailor dived overboard. Captain Glass met the first man springing up the companionway from the cabin with a kick full in the face, but was overborne and trampled on by the rush. Following the desperadoes came the Huaheine women, and as they went overboard the Rattler sank on an even keel close to the base of the Rock. Her crosstrees still stuck out when she reached bottom.

Looking down Grief could see all that occurred beneath the surface. He saw Mataara, a fathom deep, unfasten herself from the dead pirate and swim upward. As her head emerged she saw Captain Glass, who could not swim, sinking several yards away. The Queen, old woman that she was, but an islander, turned over, swam down to him and held him up as she struck out for the unsubmerged crosstrees.

Five heads, blond and brown, were mingled with the dark heads of Polynesia that dotted the surface. Grief, rifle in hand, watched for a chance to shoot. The Goat Man, after a minute, was successful, and they saw the body of one man sink sluggishly. But to the Raiatean sailors, big and brawny, half fish, was the vengeance given. Swimming swiftly, they singled out the blond heads and the brown. Those from above watched the four surviving desperadoes, clutched and locked, dragged far down beneath and drowned.

In ten minutes everything was over. The Huaheine women, laughing and giggling, were holding on to the sides of the whaleboat that had done the towing. The Raiatean sailors, waiting for orders, were about the crosstree to which Captain Glass and Mataara clung.

"The poor old Rattler," Captain Glass lamented.

"Nothing of the sort," Grief answered. "In a week we'll have her raised, new timbers amidships, and we'll be on our way." And to the Queen: "How is it with you, Sister?"

"Naumoo is gone, and Motuaro, Brother, but Fuatino is ours again. The day is young. Word shall be sent to all my people in the high places with the goats. And to-night once again, and as never before, we shall feast and rejoice in the Big House."

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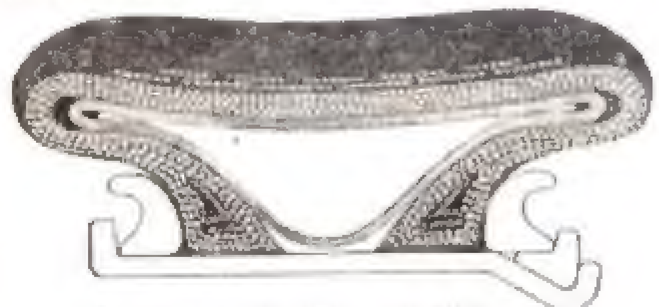

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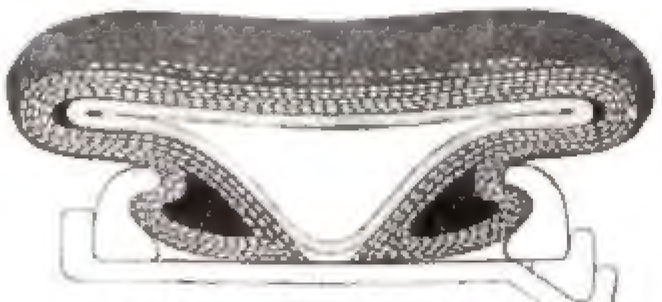

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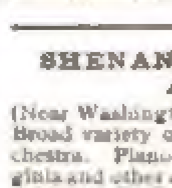

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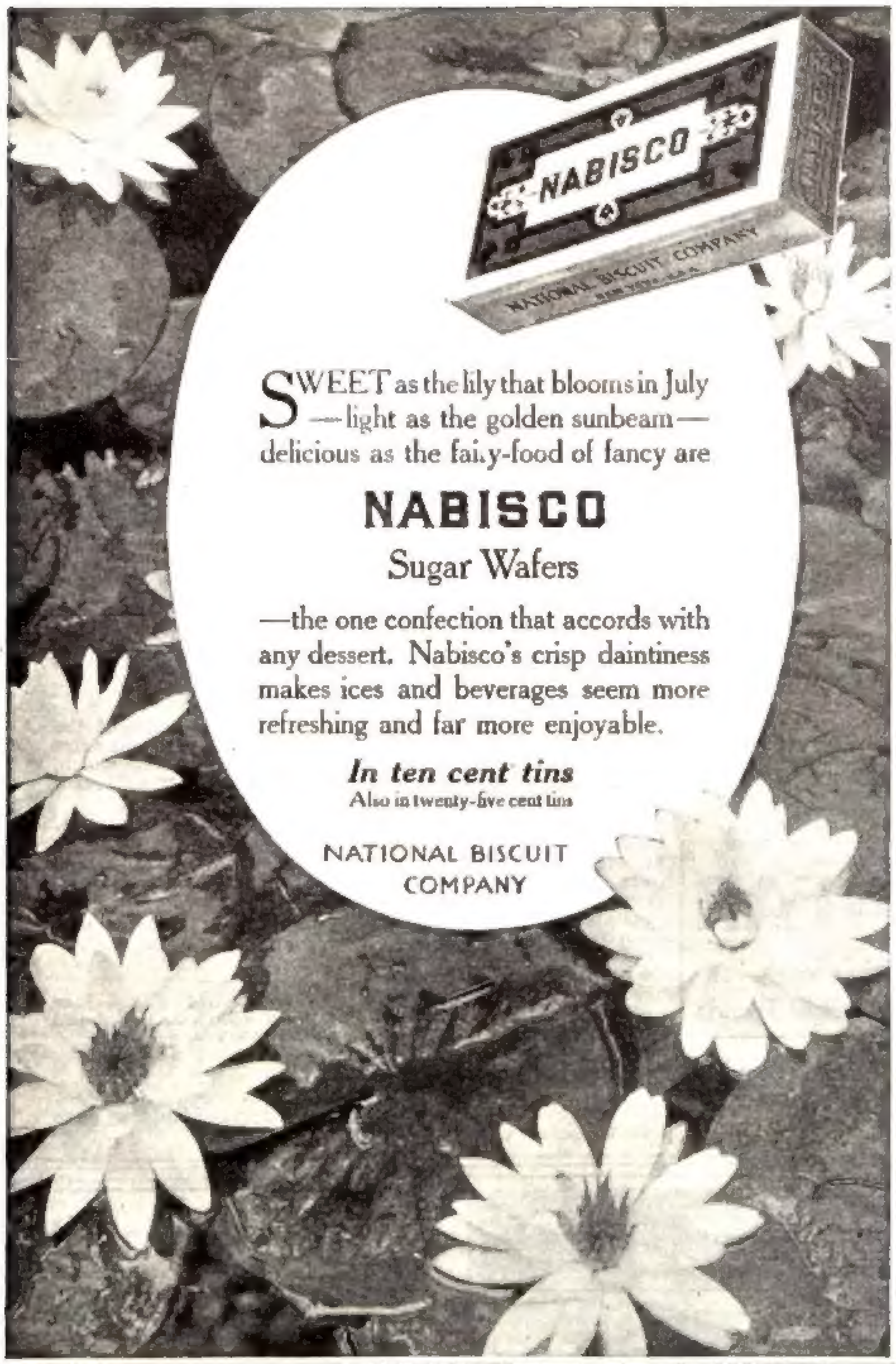

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THE GLORY OF CLEMENTINA

(Continued from Page 17)

"Oh!—you're going to Dinard too?" cried Clementina.

"What do you mean by 'too'?" asked the other shortly.

"I heard a rumor that Doctor Quixtus was going there. It seemed so silly that I paid no attention to it. Are you really going, Ephraim?"

It was a trap, deliberately laid. It was a defiance, a challenge. From the corner of the sofa she stretched out her bare arm at full length and laid her hand on his shoulder. The other woman looked white and pinched; her eyes lost their allurement and regarded him almost with enmity.

"You promised."

The words were snapped out before she could realize their significance. The instant after she could have thrust hatpins into herself in punishment for her folly. The manhood in Quixtus leaped at the lash. He knew, then, with a startling clarity of assurance, that nothing in the world would induce him to strut about casinos with her in Dinard. He smiled courteously.

"Pardon me, dear Mrs. Fontaine. I made no promise. You must remember my little—my little trope of the daw and the peacocks."

Clementina, satisfied, withdrew her hand.

"Of course, dear Ephraim, if you prefer to go to Dinard with Mrs. Fontaine ——"

Lena Fontaine rose. "Doctor Quixtus is obviously free to do what he chooses. I wish you would kindly leave me out of it."

Clementina rose, too, and held out her hand. "I will, my dear Mrs. Fontaine," she said sweetly, "if I can. Goodby. It has been so delightful to have had you."

Lena Fontaine's exit with Lady Louisa was confused with that of other stragglers. The admiral, Etta and Tommy remained. They all went down to Quixtus' study—the little back room of the adventure of the drunken housekeeper, now cheery with decanters and siphons and cigarettes, and chatted intimately till the admiral reminded Etta that the horses—"Such fat horses!" murmured Etta—had been standing for nearly an hour. Tommy accompanied father and daughter to the carriage. Quixtus and Clementina were left alone.

"Can I tell Sheila tomorrow that you're coming down to Moleham?"

"I think you can," said Quixtus. "I think you can quite safely."

"I'm sorry Mrs. Fontaine wasn't able to join us."

"Now why?" he asked, vaguely conscious of outstretched claw and flying fur.

"Because she has such brilliant social gifts," replied Clementina.

There was a span of silence. Clementina inhaled a puff of the Turkish cigarette she had lit and then threw it into the grate.

"For Heaven's sake, my dear man, look in that drawer and give me some tobacco I can smoke! I smuggled it in yesterday."

Quixtus gave her the yellow package and papers, and she rolled a cigarette and smoked contentedly. Tommy came in.

"Will you and these infants lunch with me tomorrow at the Carlton?"

"With pleasure," said Quixtus.

"Do you know," she said, "I've never been inside the place? It will be quite an adventure."

A few moments later, Tommy and herself were speeding westward in a taxicab. The boy spoke little. All his darling conceptions of Clementina had been upheaved, dynamited, tossed into the air and lay around him in amorphous fragments. Nor was she conversationally inclined. Tommy now was a tiny little speck in her horizon. Yet, when the motor drew up at her house in Romney Place and he opened the gate for her, something significant happened.

He put out his hand. "Good night, Clementina."

She laughed. "Where are your manners, Tommy? Aren't you going to kiss me?"

He hesitated—just the fraction of a second—and then kissed her. She ran up to her room exultant—not because she had been kissed; far from it—but because he had hesitated. Between Clementina fishfag and Clementina princess was a mighty gulf. She knew it. She exulted. She went to bed, but could not sleep. She had a headache—such a headache; a glorious headache; a thunder-and-lightning of a headache!

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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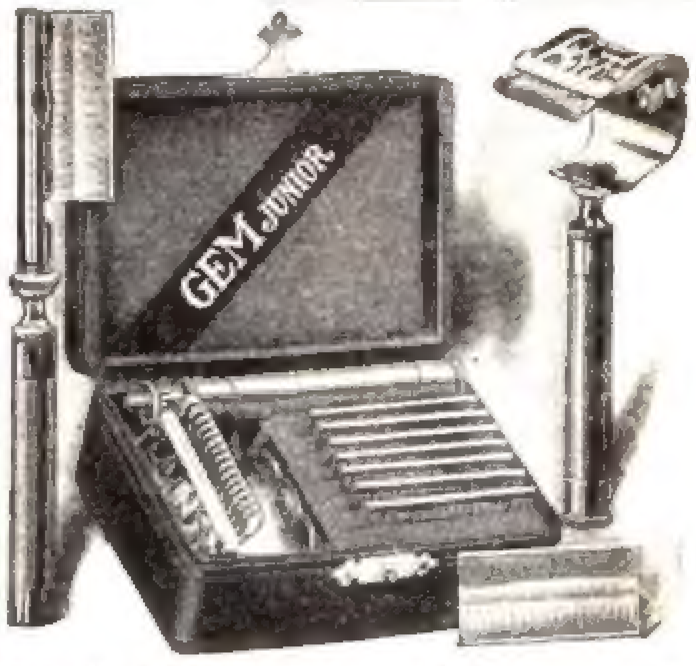

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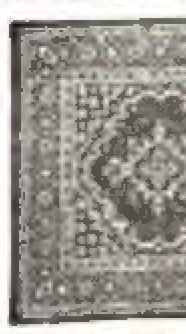

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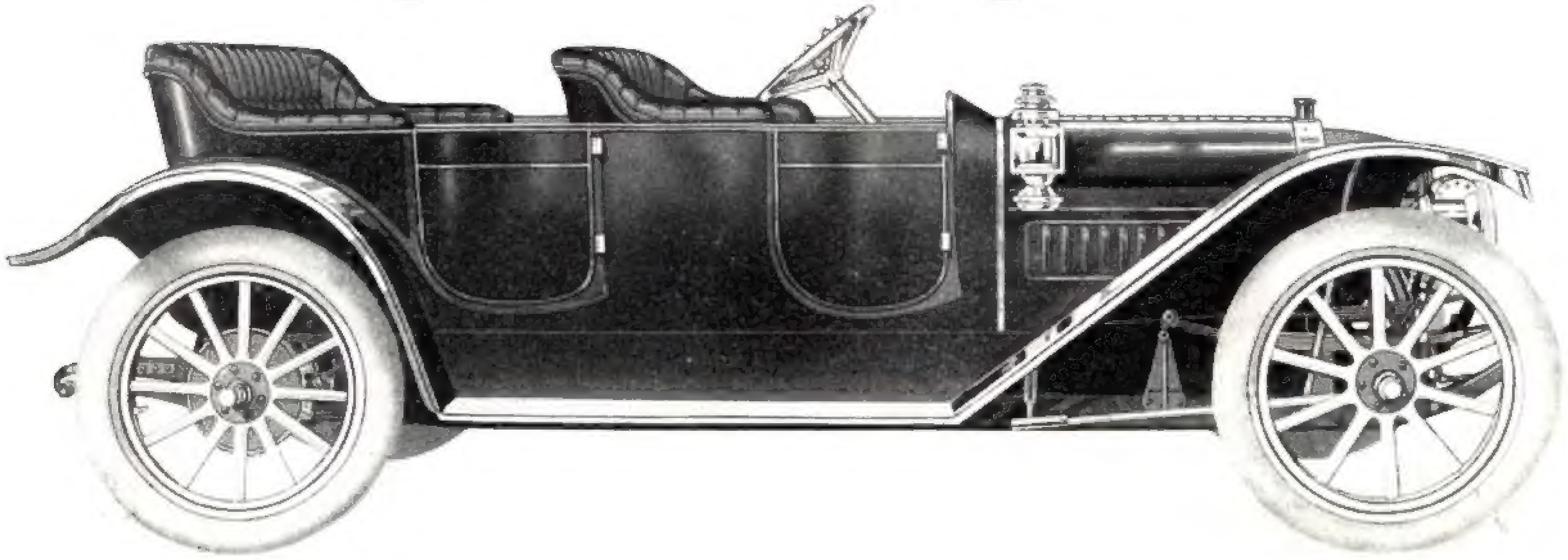

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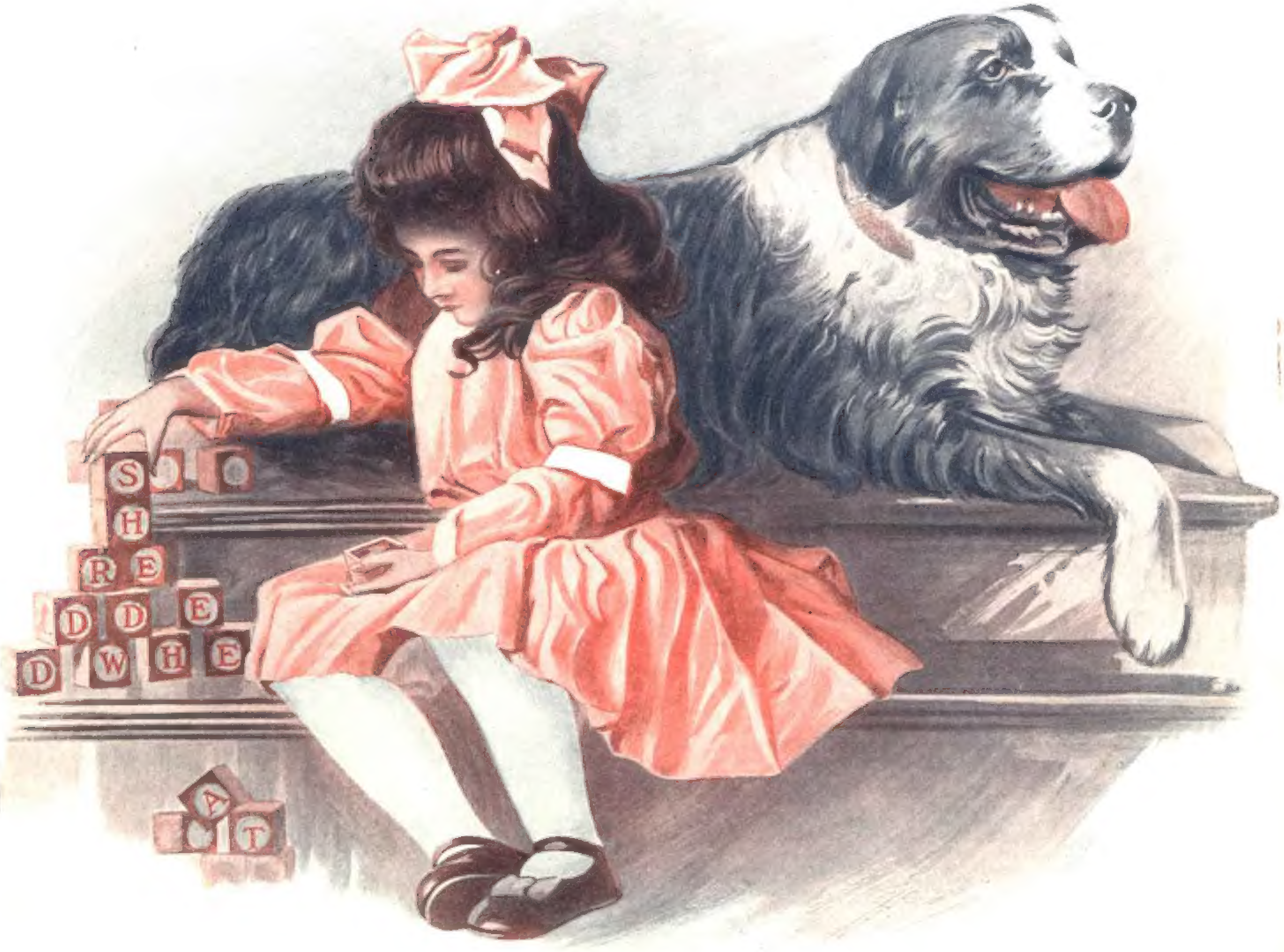

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